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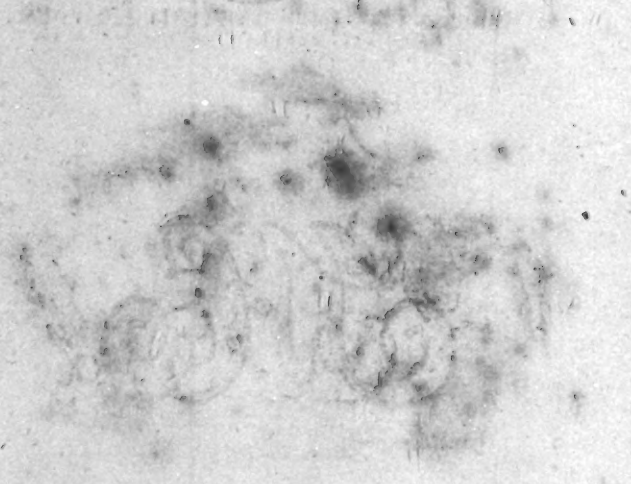
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THE

R A M B L E R.

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI,
QUO ME CUNQUE RAPIT TEMPESTAS, DEFERO HOSPEM.

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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THE



THE
R A M B L E R.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

N^o I. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1750.

CUR TAMEN HOC LIBEAT POTIUS DECURRERE CAMPO,
PER QUEM MAGNUS EQUOS AURUNCAE FLEXIT ALUMNUS,
SI VACAT, ET PLACIDI RATIONEM ADMITTITIS, EDAM.

WHY TO EXPATIATE IN THIS BEATEN FIELD;
WHY ARMS, OFT US'D IN VAIN, I MEAN TO WIELD;
IF TIME PERMIT, AND CANDOUR WILL ATTEND,
SOME SATISFACTION THIS ESSAY MAY LEND.

JUV.

ELPHINSTON.

THE difficulty of the first address on any new occasion is felt by every man in his transactions with the world, and confessed by the settled and regular forms of salutation which necessity has introduced into all languages. Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient that some easy method of introduction should be established, which, if it wanted the allurements of novelty, might enjoy the security of prescription.

Perhaps few authors have presented themselves before the publick, without wishing that such ceremonial modes of entrance had been anciently established, as might have freed them from those dangers which the desire of pleasing is certain to produce, and precluded the vain expedients of softening censure by apologies, or rousing attention by abruptness.

The epic writers have found the proemial part of the poem such an addition to their undertaking, that they have almost unanimously adopted the first lines of Homer; and the reader needs

only be informed of the subject, to know in what manner the poem will begin.

But this solemn repetition is hitherto the peculiar distinction of heroick poetry; it has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature, but seems to be considered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which the injudicious use of this prerogative suggested to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and its conformity to the general opinion of the world; yet there have been always some, that thought it no deviation from modesty to recommend their own labours, and imagined themselves entitled by indisputable merit to an exemption from general re-

straints, and to elevations not allowed in common life. They perhaps believed, that when, like Thucydides, they bequeathed to mankind *Quæcunque scripsimus* "an estate for ever," it was an additional favour to inform them of it's value.

It may, indeed, be no less dangerous to claim, on certain occasions, too little than too much. There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield, as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various occasions on which a man may without just offence proclaim his own excellences, has omitted the case of an author entering the world; unless it may be comprehended under his general position—that a man may lawfully praise himself for those qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among strangers, and can have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the case of an author is parallel, will scarcely be granted, because he necessarily discovers the degree of his merit to his judges when he appears at his trial. But it should be remembered, that unless his judges are inclined to favour him, they will hardly be persuaded to hear the cause.

In love, the state which fills the heart with a degree of solicitude next that of an author, it has been held a maxim, that success is most easily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches: he who too soon professes himself a lover, raises obstacles to his own wishes; and those whom disappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their passion till they believe their mistress wishes for the discovery. The same method, if it were practicable to writers, would save many complaints of the severity of the age, and the caprices of criticism. If a man could glide imperceptibly into the favour of the publick, and only proclaim his pretensions to literary honours when he is sure of not being rejected, he might commence author with better hopes, as his failings might escape contempt, though he shall never attain much regard.

But since the world supposes every man that writes ambitious of applause, as some ladies have taught themselves to believe that every man intends love who expresses civility, the multicariage of any

endeavour in learning raises an unbounded contempt, indulged by most minds without scruple, as an honest triumph over unjust claims and exorbitant expectations. The artifices of those who put themselves in this hazardous state, have therefore been multiplied in proportion to their fear as well as their ambition; and are to be looked upon with more indulgence, as they are incited at once by the two great movers of the human mind, the desire of good, and the fear of evil: for who can wonder that, allured on one side, and frightened on the other, some should endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with an appearance of respect which they do not feel, to excite compassion by confessing weakness of which they are not convinced; and others to attract regard by a shew of openness and magnanimity, by a daring profession of their own deserts, and a publick challenge of honours and rewards.

The ostentatious and haughty display of themselves has been the usual refuge of diurnal writers; in vindication of whose practice it may be said, that what it wants in prudence is supplied by sincerity; and who at least may plead, that if their boasts deceive any into the perusal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

*—Quid enim? Concurrunt—bona
Memento cito arma gerat, aut victoria laeta.*

The battle join; and, in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.

FRANCIS.

The question concerning the merit of the day is soon decided; and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promise.

It is one among many reasons for which I purpose to endeavour the entertainment of my countrymen by a short essay on Tuesday and Saturday, that I hope not much to tire those whom I shall not happen to please; and if I am not commended for the beauty of my works, to be at least pardoned for their brevity. But whether my expectations are most fixed on pardon or praise, I think it not necessary to discover; for having accurately weighed the reasons for arrogance and submission, I find them so nearly equiponderant, that my impatience to try the event of my first performance will not suffer me to attend any longer the trepidations of the balance.

There

There are, indeed, many conveniences almost peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the sprightliness of his imagination, has in his own opinion already secured the praises of the world, willingly takes that way of displaying his abilities which will soonest give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of fame; it heightens his alacrity to think in how many places he shall hear what he is now writing, read with extasies to-morrow. He will often please himself with reflecting, that the author of a large treatise must proceed with anxiety, lest, before the completion of his work, the attention of the publick may have changed it's object; but that he who is confined to no single topic may follow the national taste through all it's variations, and catch the *aura popularis*—the gale of favour, from what point soever it shall blow.

Nor is the prospect less likely to ease the doubts of the cautious, and the terrors of the fearful; for to such the shortness of every single paper is a powerful encouragement. He that questions

his abilities to arrange the dissimilar parts of an extensive plan, or fears to be lost in a complicated system, may yet hope to adjust a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repositories of his memory, he finds his collection too small for a volume, he may yet have enough to furnish out an essay. He that would fear to lay out too much time upon an experiment of which he knows not the event, persuades himself that a few days will shew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not sufficiently enlightened, he may, by attending the remarks which every paper will produce, rectify his opinions. If he should with too little premeditation encumber himself by an unwieldy subject, he can quit it without confessing his ignorance, and pass to other topics less dangerous, or more tractable. And if he finds, with all his industry, and all his artifices, that he cannot deserve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let the design fall at once; and, without injury to others or himself, retire to amusements of greater pleasure, or to studies of better prospect.

Nº II. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1750.

STARE LOCO NESCIT, PERKUNT VESTIGIA MILLE
ANTE FUGAM, ABSENTEMQUE PERIT GRAVIS UNGULA CAMPUM.
STATIM,
TH' IMPATIENT COURSER PANTS IN EVERY VEIN;
AND, PAWING, SEEMS TO BEAT THE DISTANT PLAINS;
HILLS, VALES, AND FLOODS, APPEAR ALREADY CROSS'D;
AND, ERE HE STARTS, A THOUSAND STEPS ARE LOST.

POPE.

THAT the mind of man is never satisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the present moment, and losing itself in schemes of future felicity; and that we forget the proper use of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which, perhaps, may never be granted us; has been frequently remarked: and as this practice is a commodious subject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the serious, it has been ridiculed with all the pleasantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetoric. Every instance, by which it's absurdity might appear most flagrant, has been studiously collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all the tropes and figures have been called forth against it.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority; men please themselves with imagining that they have made a deeper search, or wider survey, than others, and detected faults and follies which escape vulgar observation. And the pleasure of wantoning in common topics is so tempting to a writer, that he cannot easily resign it; a train of sentiments generally received enables him to shine without labour, and to conquer without a contest. It is so easy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuses immediate ease for distant pleasures, and, instead of enjoying the blessings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords such opportunities of triumphant exultation, to exemplify the uncertainty of the human state, to rouse mortals from their

their dream, and inform them of the silent celerity of time; that we may believe authors willing rather to transmit than examine so advantageous a principle, and more inclined to pursue a track so smooth and so flowery, than attentively to consider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity seems the unavoidable condition of a being whose motions are gradual, and whose life is progressive: as his powers are limited, he must use means for the attainment of his ends, and intend first what he performs last; as by continual advances from his first stage of existence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his prospects, he must always discover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of desire.

The end, therefore, which at present calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to some remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his steps to a certain point, must frequently turn his eyes to that place which he strives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, must solace his weariness with the contemplation of it's reward. In agriculture, one of the most simple and necessary employments, no man turns up the ground but because he thinks of the harvest; that harvest which blights may intercept, which inundations may sweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet as few maxims are widely received, or long retained, but for some conformity with truth and nature, it must be confessed, that this caution against keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without it's propriety or usefulness, though it may have been recited with too much levity, or enforced with too little distinction: for, not to speak of that vehemence of desire which presses through right and wrong to it's gratification, or that anxious inquietude which is justly chargeable with distrust of Heaven, subjects too solemn for my present purpose, it frequently happens that, by indulging early the raptures of success, we forget the measures necessary to secure it, and suffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of some possible good, till the time of obtaining it has slipped away.

There would, however, be few enterprises of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them. When the Knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to signalize himself in such a manner that he shall be summoned to the support of empires, solicited to accept the heiress of the crown which he has preserved, have honours and riches to scatter about him, and an island to bestow on his worthy squire; very few readers, amidst their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted visions of the same kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally strange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own disappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourselves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The understanding of a man naturally sanguine, may, indeed, be easily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however necessary to the production of every thing great or excellent; as some plants are destroyed by too open exposure to that sun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no class of the human species requires more to be cautioned against this anticipation of happiness, than those that aspire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no sooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excursions to the press, and to the world; and, with a little encouragement from flattery, pushes forward into future ages, and prognosticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct and faction forgotten, and those whom partiality now suffers to obscure him shall have given way to the triflers of as short duration as themselves.

Those who have proceeded so far as to appeal to the tribunal of succeeding times, are not likely to be cured of their insatiation; but all endeavours ought to be used for the prevention of a disease, for which, when it has attained it's height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of Philosophy, however she may boast her physick of the mind, her catharticks of vice, or lenitives of passion.

I shall, therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the symptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myself

myself against the infection, not without some weak hope, that my preservatives may extend their virtue to others whose employment exposes them to the same danger:

*Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterant recreare libello.*

Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,
If thrice read over, shall it's force disarm.

FRANCIS.

It is the sage advice of Epictetus, that a man should accustom himself often to think of what is most shocking and terrible, that by such reflections he may be preserved from too ardent wishes for seeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, hatred, and opposition, are names of happiness: yet this worst, this meanest fate, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.

I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.

Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays.

ELPHINSTON.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, so far to suspect his own powers, as to believe that he possibly may deserve neglect; that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embellish knowledge, nor sent him forth entitled by indisputable superiority to regulate the conduct of the rest of mankind; that, though the world must be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not destined to dispel the cloud, nor to shine out as

one of the luminaries of life. For this suspicion, every catalogue of a library will furnish sufficient reason; as he will find it crowded with names of men who, though now forgotten, were once no less enterprising or confident than himself, equally pleased with their own productions, equally caressed by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it should happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may pass without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miscellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, solicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in measures, or immersed in business, without time for intellectual amusements; he appeals to judges prepossessed by passions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till it's reputation is established; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by it's increase. What is new is opposed, because most are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, because it is not sufficiently considered, that men more frequently require to be reminded than informed. The learned are afraid to declare their opinion early, lest they should put their reputation in hazard; the ignorant always imagine themselves giving some proof of delicacy, when they refuse to be pleased; and he that finds his way to reputation through all these obstructions, must acknowledge that he is indebted to other causes besides his industry, his learning, or his wit.

Nº III. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1750.

VIRTUS, REPULSÆ NESCIA SORDIDÆ,
INTAMINATIS FULGET HONORIBUS,
NEC SUMIT AUT PONIT SECURUS
ARBITRIO POPULARIS AURÆ.

HOR.

UNDISAPPOINTED IN DESIGNS,
WITH NATIVE HONOURS VIRTUE SHINES;
NOR TAKES UP POWER, NOR LAYS IT DOWN,
AS GIDDY RABBLES SMILE OR FROWN.

ELPHINSTON.

THE task of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to commend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light

in upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or to vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions;

traditions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made it's progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over or negligently regarded.

Either of these labours is very difficult; because, that they may not be fruitless, men must not only be persuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they must not only confess their ignorance, but, what is still less pleasing, must allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themselves.

It might be imagined that such an employment was in itself sufficiently irksome and hazardous; that none would be found so malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the stone of Sisyphus; and that few endeavours would be used to obstruct those advances to reputation, which must be made at such an expence of time and thought, with so great hazard in the miscarriage, and with so little advantage from the success.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amusement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who stand as sentinels in the avenues of fame, and value themselves upon giving Ignorance and Envy the first notice of a prey.

To these men, who distinguish themselves by the appellation of Criticks, it is necessary for a new author to find some means of recommendation. It is probable, that the most malignant of these persecutors might be somewhat softened, and prevailed on, for a short time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpose considered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that Argus was lulled by music, and Cerberus quieted with a sop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe that modern criticks, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulness of Argus, and can bark as loud as Cerberus, though perhaps they cannot bite with equal force, might be subdued by methods of the same kind. I have heard how some have been pacified with claret and a supper, and others laid asleep with the soft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me sufficient reason to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto persuaded myself to take any measures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act against me by lawful authority, and su-

spect that they have presumed upon a forged commission, stiled themselves the ministers of Criticism, without any authentick evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

Criticism, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of writers, was the eldest daughter of Labour and of Truth: she was, at her birth, committed to the care of Justice, and brought up by her in the palace of Wisdom. Being soon distinguished by the celestials for her uncommon qualities, she was appointed the governess of Fancy, and empowered to beat time to the chorus of the Muses, when they sung before the throne of Jupiter.

When the Muses condescended to visit this lower world, they came accompanied by Criticism, to whom, upon her descent from her native regions, Justice gave a sceptre, to be carried aloft in her right-hand; one end of which was incircled with ambrosia, and enwreathed with a golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was encircled with cypress and poppies, and dipped in the waters of Oblivion. In her left-hand she bore an unextinguishable torch, manufactured by Labour, and lighted by Truth, of which it was the particular quality immediately to shew every thing in it's true form, however it might be disguised to common eyes. Whatever Art could complicate, or Folly could confound, was, upon the first gleam of the torch of Truth, exhibited in it's distinct parts and original simplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of sophistry, and shewed at once all the absurdities to which they served for refuge; it pierced through the robes, which Rhetorick often sold to Falshood, and detected the disproportion of parts, which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

Thus furnished for the execution of her office, Criticism came down to survey the performances of those who professed themselves the votaries of the Muses. Whatever was brought before her, she beheld by the steady light of the torch of Truth; and when her examination had convinced her that the laws of just writing had been observed, she touched it with the amaranthine end of the sceptre, and consigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works which required her inspection, there was some imposture attempt-

ed; that false colours were laboriously laid; that some secret inequality was found between the words and sentiments, or some dissimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that some parts were of no use but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to it's beauty, solidity, or usefulness.

Wherever such discoveries were made, and they were made whenever these faults were committed, Criticism refused the touch which conferred the sanction of immortality; and, when the errors were frequent and gross, reversed the sceptre, and let drops of Lethe distil from the poppies and cypress, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waste the work away, till it was at last totally destroyed.

There were some compositions brought to the test, in which, when the strongest light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared so equally mingled, that Criticism stood with her sceptre poised in her hand, in doubt whether to shed Lethe or ambrosia upon them. These at last increased to so great a number, that she was weary of attending such doubtful claims; and, for fear of using improperly the sceptre of Justice, referred the cause to be considered by Time.

The proceedings of Time, though very dilatory, were, some few caprices excepted, conformable to justice: and many who thought themselves secure by a short forbearance, have sunk under his scythe, as they were passing down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was observ-

able that some were destroyed by little and little, and others crushed for ever by a single blow.

Criticism, having long kept her eye fixed steadily upon Time, was at last so well satisfied with his conduct, that she withdrew from the earth with her patroness Astrea, and left Prejudice and False Taste to ravage at large as the associates of Fraud and Mischief; committing herself thenceforth to shed her influence from afar upon some select minds, fitted for it's reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure she broke her sceptre; of which the shivers that formed the ambrosial end were caught up by Flattery, and those that had been infected with the waters of Lethe were, with equal haste, seized by Malevolence. The followers of Flattery, to whom she distributed her part of the sceptre, neither had nor desired light, but touched indiscriminately whatever Power or Interest happened to exhibit. The companions of Malevolence were supplied by the Furies with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal lustre, that it's light fell only upon faults.

No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe.

With these fragments of authority, the slaves of Flattery and Malevolence marched out, at the command of their mistresses, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the sceptre had now lost it's power; and Time passes his sentence at leisure, without any regard to their determinations.

N^o IV. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1750.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

HOR.

AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

CÆCILIUS.

THE works of fiction, with which the present generation seems more particularly delighted, are such as exhibit life in it's true state, diversified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by passions and qualities which are really to be found in conversing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comick poetry. It's province is to bring about natural events by easy means, and to keep up curiosity with-

out the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroick romance, and can neither employ giants to snatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder it's personages in desarts, nor lodge them in imaginary castles.

I remember a remark made by Scalliger upon Pontanus—that all his writings are filled with the same images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roses, his Satyrs and his Dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called

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poetry.

poetry. In like manner, almost all the fictions of the last age will vanish, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a shipwreck.

Why this wild strain of imagination found reception so long, in polite and learned ages, it is not easy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained some fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his closet, let loose his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities: a book was thus produced without fear of criticism, without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The task of our present writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expresses it—*Plus oneris quantum venia minus*—little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactness of resemblance. Other writings are safe, except from the malice of learning; but these are in danger from every common reader: as the slipper, ill executed, was censured by a shoemaker who happened to stop in his way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as just copiers of human manners, is not the most important concern that an author of this sort ought to have before him. These books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they serve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurnished with ideas, and therefore easily susceptible of impressions; not fixed by principles, and therefore easily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and consequently open to every false suggestion and partial account.

That the highest degree of reverence should be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent should be suffered to approach their eyes or ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue from an ancient writer by no means eminent for

chastity of thought. The same kind, though not the same degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to secure them from unjust prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every transaction and sentiment was so remote from all that passes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himself; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his sphere of activity; and he amused himself with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and persecutors, as with beings of another species, whose actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellences in common with himself.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the rest of the world, and acts in such scenes of the universal drama as may be the lot of any other man, young spectators fix their eyes upon him with closer attention, and hope, by observing his behaviour and success, to regulate their own practices when they shall be engaged in the like part.

For this reason these familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is so great as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not be mischievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which these fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to select objects, and to cull from the mass of mankind those individuals upon which the attention ought most to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may be polished by art, and placed in such a situation as to display that lustre which before was buried among common stones.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is necessary to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation; greater care is still required in re-
pre-

presenting life, which is so often discoloured by passion, or deformed by wickedness. If the world be promiscuously described, I cannot see of what use it can be to read the account; or why it may not be as safe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirror, which shews all that presents itself without discrimination.

It is therefore not a sufficient vindication of a character, that it is drawn as it appears, for many characters ought never to be drawn; nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to observation and experience, for that observation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpose of these writings is surely not only to shew mankind, but to provide that they may be seen hereafter with less hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the snares which are laid by Treachery for Innocence, without infusing any wish for that superiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting fraud, without the temptation to practise it; to initiate youth by mock encounters in the art of necessary defence, and to increase prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the sake of following nature, so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favour, we lose the abhorrence of their faults, because they do not hinder our pleasure, or perhaps regard them with some kindness for being united with so much merit.

There have been men, indeed, splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villainy made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellences: but such have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world; and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the consequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correspondent faults; and, therefore, that to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are observed by

Swift to be 'grateful in the same degree as they are resentful.' This principle, with others of the same kind, supposes man to act from a brute impulse, and pursue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for, otherwise, though it should be allowed that gratitude and resentment arise from the same constitution of the passions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reason is consulted; yet unless that consequence be admitted, this sagacious maxim becomes an empty sound; without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the first motions to these effects are always in the same proportion. For pride, which produces quickness of resentment, will obstruct gratitude, by unwillingness to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the utmost importance to mankind, that positions of this tendency should be laid open and confuted; for while men consider good and evil as springing from the same root, they will spare the one for the sake of the other; and, in judging, if not of others, at least of themselves, will be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all those will contribute who confound the colours of right and wrong; and, instead of helping to settle their boundaries, mix them with so much art, that no common mind is able to disunite them.

In narratives, where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we shall never imitate, but the highest and purest that humanity can reach, which, exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is necessary to be shewn, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either parts

er spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thousands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It

is therefore to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness: and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.

Nº V. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1750.

ET NUNC OMNIS AGER, NUNC OMNIS PARTURIT ARBOS;
NUNC FRONDENT SILVÆ, NUNC FORMOSISSIMUS ANNUS.

VIRG.

NOW EVERY FIELD, NOW EVERY TREE, IS GREEN;
NOW GENIAL NATURE'S FAIREST FACE IS SEEN.

ELPHINSTON.

EVERY man is sufficiently discontented with some circumstances of his present state, to suffer his imagination to range more or less in quest of future happiness, and to fix upon some point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquisition of the advantage which he at present wants, he shall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at last arrives, it generally comes without the blessing for which it was desired; but we solace ourselves with some new prospect, and press forward again with equal eagerness.

It is lucky for a man in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; since he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the sake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the blissful hour with less neglect of the measures necessary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a person of this temper, who indulged his dream of happiness with less hurt to himself than such chimerical wishes commonly produce, and adjusted his scheme with such address, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blasted. Many, perhaps, would be desirous of learning by what means he procured to himself such a cheap and lasting satisfaction. It was gained by a constant practice of referring the removal of all his uneasiness to the coming of the next spring: if his health was impaired, the spring would restore it; if what he wanted was at a

high price, it would fall its value in the spring.

The spring, indeed, did often come without any of these effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced that the present spring would fail him before the middle of summer: for he always talked of the spring as coming till it was past; and, when it was once past, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converse with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleasure in the contemplation of this delightful season: but I have the satisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no shame to resemble, infected with the same enthusiasm; for there is, I believe, scarce any poet of eminence who has not left some testimony of his fondness for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the spring. Nor has the most luxuriant imagination been able to describe the serenity and happiness of the golden age, otherwise than by giving a perpetual spring, as the highest reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, something inexpressibly pleasing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new display of the treasures of nature. The cold and darkness of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the succeeding season, as well for what we have escaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm situation brings early to our view, is considered by us as a messenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The Spring affords to a mind, so free from the disturbance of cares or passions

as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the gladness apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather; throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, significantly expressed by the smile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom these scenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to lose their hours and divert their thoughts by cards or assemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a position which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he feels a tediousness in life from the equipoise of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasant ideas, and perhaps is struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

Those whom sorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleasures of contemplation, may properly apply to such diversions, provided they are innocent, as lay strong hold on the attention; and those whom fear of any future affliction chains down to misery must endeavour to obviate the danger.

My considerations shall, on this occasion, be turned on such as are burdensome to themselves merely because they want subjects for reflection, and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open without affording them pleasure or instruction, because they never learned to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this seeming paradox—that 'very few men know how to take a walk; and, indeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk with a prospect of any other pleasure than the same company would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and consequently vary their hue as they hap-

pen to change their place. In like manner it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. The mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts as easily to accommodate itself to occasional entertainment.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhaustible stock of materials upon which he can employ himself without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, seldom totally avoided by those whose judgment is much exercised upon the works of art. He has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the sovereign Author of the universe, and probable hopes of making some discovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himself. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great use, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration, or fatigue of study, but only frequent experiments and close attention. What is said by the chymists of their darling mercury, is perhaps true of every body through the whole creation, that if a thousand lives should be spent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind must necessarily be diversified by various tastes, since life affords and requires such multiplicity of employments; and a nation of naturalists is neither to be hoped nor desired: but it is surely not improper to point out a fresh amusement to those who languish in health, and repine in plenty, for want of some source of diversion that may be less easily exhausted, and to inform the multitudes of both sexes, who are burdened with every new day, that there are many shews which they have not seen.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; and therefore the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal speculation, must excuse me for calling upon them, to make use at once of the spring of the year, and the spring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures,

sure, and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the

vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

Nº VI. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1750.

STRENUA NOS EXERCET INERTIA, NAVIUS ATQUE
QUADRIGES PETIMUS BENE VIVERE: QUOD PETIS, HIC EST;
TEST ULURIS, ANIMUS SI TE NON DEFICIT AQUUS.

HOR.

ACTIVE IN INDOLENCE, ABROAD WE ROAM
IN QUEST OF HAPPINESS, WHICH DWELLS AT HOME;
WITH VAIN PURSUITS FATIGU'D, AT LENGTH YOU'LL FIND,
NO PLACE EXCLUDES IT FROM AN EQUAL MIND.

ELPHINSTON.

THAT man should never suffer his happiness to depend upon external circumstances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philosophy; a precept, indeed, which that lofty sect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which some of them seem to have comprised an utter exclusion of all corporal pain and pleasure from the regard or attention of a wise man.

Such *sapientia infansiens*, as Horace calls the doctrine of another sect, such extravagance of philosophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation: it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature rise up against it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted state it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourselves from outward influences, and secure to our minds a state of tranquillity: for though the boast of absolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulse, and a patient submission to the tyranny of casual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind which, however depraved or weakened, boasts its derivation from a celestial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodness and unvariable felicity.

Ni vitis pejora foveas

Proptum desecat artem.

Unless the soul, to vice a thrall,

Desert her own original.

The necessity of erecting ourselves to some degree of intellectual dignity, and of preserving resources of pleasure which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon those whom for-

tune has let loose to their own conduct; who, not being chained down by their condition to a regular and stated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themselves business or diversion; and, having nothing within that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of destroying time.

The numberless expedients practised by this class of mortals to alleviate the burden of life, is not less shameful, nor perhaps much less pitiable, than those to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have seen melancholy overspread a whole family at the disappointment of a party for cards; and when, after the proposal of a thousand schemes, and the dispatch of the footmen upon a hundred messages, they have submitted, with gloomy resignation, to the misfortune of passing one evening in conversation with each other, on a sudden, such are the revolutions of the world, an unexpected visitor has brought them relief, acceptable as provision to a starving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of those who are uneasy without knowing the cause, is change of place; they are willing to imagine that their pain is the consequence of some local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their shadows; always hoping for some more satisfactory delight from every new scene, and always returning home with disappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on those that suffer under the dreadful symptom of canine madness, termed by physicians the *dread of water*? These miserable wretches, unable to drink, though burn-

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ing with thirst, are sometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themselves that they can swallow in one posture that liquor which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet such folly is not peculiar to the thoughtless or ignorant, but sometimes seizes those minds which seem most exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickness of penetration, or severity of judgment; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding that they confer no security against the common errors which mislead the weakest and meanest of mankind.

These reflections arose in my mind upon the remembrance of a passage in Cowley's preface to his poems; where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by study, he informs us of a scheme of happiness to which the imagination of a girl upon the loss of her first lover could have scarcely given way, but which he seems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten it's absurdity, and would probably have put in execution had he been hindered only by his reason.

'My desire,' says he, 'has been for some years past, though the execution has been accidentally diverted, and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American Plantations; not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffick of those parts, which is the end of most men that travel thither, but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy.'

Such was the chimerical provision which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life; and which he seems to recommend to posterity, since there is no other reason for disclosing it. Surely no stronger instance can be given of a persuasion, that content was the inhabitant of particular regions; and that a man might set sail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled so far with no other purpose than to bury himself in some obscure retreat, he might have found, in his own country, innumerable coverts sufficiently dark to have concealed the genius of

Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he might be summoned back into publick life, a short experience would have convinced him, that privation is easier than acquisition, and that it would require little continuance to free himself from the intrusion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much desire of acquaintance with a man by whom we are sure to be neglected, however his reputation for science or virtue may excite our curiosity or esteem; so that the lover of retirement needs not be afraid lest the respect of strangers should overwhelm him with visits. Even those to whom he has formerly been known will very patiently support his absence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diversions for those moments which his company contributed to exhilarate.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannising over one another, that no individual should be of such importance as to cause, by his retirement or death, any chasm in the world. And Cowley had conversed to little purpose with mankind, if he had never remarked, how soon the useful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the sight, give way to the succession of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been safe enough from violation, though he had chosen it within the limits of his native island; he might have found here preservatives against the vanities and vexations of the world, not less efficacious than those which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind imbittered with disgust, he conceived it impossible to be far enough from the cause of his uneasiness; and was posting away with the expedition of a coward, who, for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with business, he so strongly imaged to himself the happiness of leisure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling satisfaction. He forgot, in the vehemence of desire, that solitude and quiet owe their pleasures to those miseries which he was

so studious to obviate: for such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all it's parts, that day and night, labour and rest, hurry and retirement; endear each other: such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed his habitation in the most delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted, whether his distance from the vanities of life would have enabled him to keep away the vexations. It is common for a man who feels pain to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily persuaded himself that no-

thing worse was to be found; and that every alteration would bring some improvement; he never suspected that the cause of his unhappiness was within; that his own passions were not sufficiently regulated; and that he was harassed by his own impatience, which could never be without something to awaken it, would accompany him over the sea, and find it's way to his American elysium. He would, upon the trial, have been soon convinced, that the fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and that he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purports to remove.

N^O VII. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1750.

O QUI PERPETUA MUNDUM RATIONE GUBERNAS,
TERRARUM COLLEQUE SATOR!—

DISPICE, TERRENAE NEBULAE ET FONDERE MOLIS;

ATQUE Tuo SPLENDORE MICA! TU NAMQUE SERENUM,

TE ACQUIES TRANQUILLA PIIS. TE CERNERE, FINIS,

PRINCIPIMUM, VICTOR, DUX, SEMITA, TERMINUS, IDEM.

O WHOSE POWER O'ER MOVING WORLDS PRESIDES,

WHOSE VOICE CREATES, AND WHOSE WISDOM GUIDES,

ON WARRLING MAN IN PURE EFFULGENCE SHINE,

AND GREEN THE CLOUDED MIND WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

THIS THINK ALONE TO CALM THE STORMY BREAST

WITH SILENT CONFIDENCE AND HOLY REST;

FROM THEE, GREAT GOD, WE SEEK; TO THEE WE TEND;

PATH, MOTIVE, GUIDE, ORIGINAL, AND END.

THE love of Retirement has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed every thing generally supposed to confer happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they possessed both power and riches, and were therefore surrounded by men who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them every thing that might offend their ease, or interrupt their pleasure, they have soon felt the languors of satiety, and found themselves unable to pursue the race of life without frequent respirations of intermediate solitude.

To produce this disposition nothing appears requisite but quick sensibility, and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or science, the man

whose faculties enable him to make ready comparisons of the present with the past, will find such a constant recurrence of the same pleasures and troubles, the same expectations and disappointments; that he will gladly snatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and seek for that variety in his own ideas which the objects of sense cannot afford him.

Nor will greatness, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this desire; since, if he is born to think, he cannot restrain himself from a thousand enquiries and speculations, which he must pursue by his own reason; and which the splendour of his condition can only hinder, for those who are most exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay so large a tribute of their time to custom, ceremony, and

and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, no man in the house is more a slave than the master.

When a king asked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was answered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

These are some of the motives which have had power to sequester kings and heroes from the crowds that soothed them with flatteries, or inspired them with acclamations: but their efficacy seems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common classes of mankind, to whose conceptions the present assemblage of things is adequate, and who seldom range beyond those entertainments and vexations which solicit their attention by pressing on their senses.

But there is an universal reason for some stated intervals of solitude, which the institutions of the church call upon me now especially to mention; a reason which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future state; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; since none can imagine themselves not comprehended in it's obligation, but such as determine to set their Maker at defiance by obstinate wickedness, or whose enthusiastick security of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another against the threats of calamity.

It is not without reason that the Apostle represents our passage through this stage of our existence by images drawn

from the alarms and solitude of a military life; for we are placed in such a state, that almost every thing about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleasure has a tendency to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside, or retard our progress.

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides in most things that relate solely to this life; and therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance; every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former; and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated.

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience, which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence; or suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

From the necessity of dispossessing the sensitive faculties of the influence which they must naturally gain by this pre-occupation of the soul, arises that conflict between opposite desires in the first endeavours after a religious life; which, however enthusiastickly it may have been defended, or however contemptuously ridiculed, will naturally be felt in some degree, though varied without end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumstances of health or condition, greater or less fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapse.

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties, in our provision for the present life, arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses,

even in cases where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of sense are instantaneous, it's objects strike unsought, we are accustomed to follow it's directions, and therefore often submit to the sentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoise between the pleasures of this life and the hopes of futurity, present objects falling more frequently into the scale would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all it's activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite; not less than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of it's excellence, it's

importance, and it's necessity; which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which every thing proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is necessary that we weaken the temptations of the world, by retiring at certain seasons from it; for it's influence arising only from it's presence, is much lessened when it becomes the object of solitary meditation. A constant residence amidst noise and pleasure inevitably obliterates the impressions of piety, and a frequent abstraction of ourselves into a state, where this life, like the next, operates only upon the reason, will reinstate religion in it's just authority, even without those irradiations from above, the hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from the sincere and the diligent.

This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves, which has been always considered as the perfection of human nature: and this is only to be obtained by fervent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity; from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance; from the lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting sight of prosperous wickedness.

N^o VIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1750.

TATTUR POENAS PECCANDI SOLA VOLUNTAS;
NAM SCIEUS INTRA SE TACITUM QUI COGITAT ULLUM,
FACTI CRIMEN HABET.

FOR HE THAT BUT CONCEIVES A CRIME IN THOUGHT,
CONTRACTS THE DANGER OF AN ACTUAL FAULT.

JUV.

CREECH.

IF the most active and industrious of mankind was able, at the close of life, to recollect distinctly his past moments, and distribute them, in a regular account, according to the manner in which they have been spent, it is scarcely to be imagined how few would be marked out to the mind by any permanent or visible effects, how small a proportion his real action would bear to his seeming possibilities of action, how many chasms he would find of wide and continued vacuity, and how many interstitial spaces unfilled, even in the most

tumultuous hurries of business, and the most eager vehemence of pursuit.

It is said by modern philosophers, that not only the great globes of matter are thinly scattered through the universe, but the hardest bodies are so porous, that, if all matter were compressed to perfect solidity, it might be contained in a cube of a few feet. In like manner, if all the employment of life were crowded into the time which it really occupied, perhaps a few weeks, days, or hours, would be sufficient for it's accomplishment, so far as the mind was engaged

engaged in the performance. For such is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual faculties, that we contrive in minutes what we execute in years; and the soul often stands an idle spectator of the labour of the hands and expedition of the feet.

For this reason, the ancient generals often found themselves at leisure to pursue the study of philosophy in the camp; and Lucan, with historical veracity, makes Cæsar relate of himself, that he noted the revolutions of the stars in the midst of preparations for battle.

*Media inter prælia semper
Sideribus, cœlique plagis, superisque vacavi.*

Amid the storms of war, with curious eyes
I trace the planets and survey the skies.

That the soul always exerts her peculiar powers, with greater or less force, is very probable, though the common occasions of our present condition require but a small part of that incessant cogitation; and by the natural frame of our bodies, and general combination of the world, we are so frequently condemned to inactivity, that as through all our time we are thinking, so for a great part of our time we can only think.

Left a power so restless should be either unprofitably or hurtfully employed, and the superfluities of intellect run to waste, it is no vain speculation to consider how we may govern our thoughts, restrain them from irregular motions, or confine them from boundless dissipation.

How the understanding is best conducted to the knowledge of science, by what steps it is to be led forwards in its pursuit, how it is to be cured of its defects, and habituated to new studies, has been the inquiry of many acute and learned men, whose observations I shall not either adopt or censure; my purpose being to consider the moral discipline of the mind, and to promote the increase of virtue rather than of learning.

This inquiry seems to have been neglected for want of remembering that all action has its origin in the mind, and that therefore to suffer the thoughts to be vitiated is to poison the fountains of morality; irregular desires will produce licentious practices; what men allow themselves to wish they will soon believe, and will be at last incited to execute what they please themselves with contriving.

For this reason the casuists of the Romish church, who gain, by confession, great opportunities of knowing human nature, have generally determined that what it is a crime to do, it is a crime to think. Since, by revolving with pleasure the facility, safety, or advantage of a wicked deed, a man soon begins to find his constancy relax, and his detestation soften; the happiness of success glittering before him, withdraws his attention from the atrociousness of the guilt, and acts are at last confidently perpetrated, of which the first conception only crept into the mind, disguised in pleasing complications, and permitted rather than invited.

No man has ever been drawn to crimes by love or jealousy, envy or hatred, but he can tell how easily he might at first have repelled the temptation, how readily his mind would have obeyed a call to any other object, and how weak his passion has been after some casual avocation, till he has recalled it again to his heart, and revived the vigor by too warm a fondness.

Such, therefore, is the importance of keeping reason a constant guard over imagination, that we have otherwise no security for our own virtue, but may corrupt our hearts in the most reclusive solitude, with more pernicious and tyrannical appetites and wishes than the commerce of the world will generally produce: for we are easily shocked by crimes which appear at once in their full magnitude; but the gradual growth of our own wickedness, endeared by interest, and palliated by all the artifices of self-deceit, gives us time to form distinctions in our own favour, and reason by degrees submits to absurdity, as the eye is in time accommodated to darkness.

In this disease of the soul, it is of the utmost importance to apply remedies at the beginning; and therefore I shall endeavour to shew what thoughts are to be rejected or improved, as they regard the past, present, or future; in hopes that some may be awakened to caution and vigilance, who perhaps indulge themselves in dangerous dreams; so much the more dangerous, because being yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the past is only useful by way of provision for the future; and therefore, in reviewing all occurrences that fall under a religious con-

sideration, it is proper that a man stop at the first thoughts, to remark how he was led thither, and why he continues the reflection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a stratagem of successful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or an intrigue of guilty pleasure, let him summon off his imagination as from an unlawful pursuit, expel those passages from his remembrance, of which, though he cannot seriously approve them, the pleasure overpowers the guilt, and refer them to a future hour, when they may be considered with greater safety. Such an hour will certainly come; for the impressions of past pleasure are always lessening, but the sense of guilt, which respects futurity, continues the same.

The serious and impartial retrospect of our conduct is indisputably necessary to the confirmation or recovery of virtue, and is therefore recommended under the name of self-examination, by divines, as the first act previous to repentance. It is, indeed, of so great use, that without it we should always be to begin life, be seduced for ever by the same allurements, and misled by the same fallacies. But in order that we may not lose the advantage of our experience, we must endeavour to see every thing in its proper form, and excite in ourselves those sentiments which the great Author of nature has decreed the concomitants or followers of good or bad actions:

Μὴδ' ὕπνῳ μαλακοῖσιν ἐν ὁμασίαις προδιδέσθαι,

Πρὶν τὰν ἡμετέραν ἔλθῃ τρεῖς ἡμέρας ἐπιθεῖν
Παρίστησι τὰ δ' ἔργα, τί μὲν διόντα τέλεισθαι;
Ἀρξάμενος δ' ἀπὸ πρῶτου ἐπιτίθει καὶ μετρίως,

Ἀλλὰ μὴν ἱστορίαις, ἐπισπλήσεις, χρεὺς δὲ διττῶς.

Let not sleep, says Pythagoras, fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

Our thoughts on present things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under those indulgences, or excursions, which I am now considering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, to caution pious and tender minds, that

are disturbed by the irruptions of wicked imaginations, against too great dejection, and too anxious alarms; for thoughts are only criminal when they are first chosen, and then voluntarily continued.

Evil into the mind of god or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or stain behind. *MILTON.*

In futurity chiefly are the snares lodged by which the imagination is intangled. Futurity is the proper abode of hope and fear, with all their train and progeny of subordinate apprehensions and desires. In futurity, events and chances are yet floating at large, without apparent connection with their causes; and we therefore easily indulge the liberty of gratifying ourselves with a pleasing choice. To pick and cull among possible advantages is, as the civil law terms it, *in vacuum venire*—to take what belongs to nobody: but it has this hazard in it, that we shall be unwilling to quit what we have seized, though an owner should be found. It is easy to think on that which may be gained, till at last we resolve to gain it; and to image the happiness of particular conditions, till we can be easy in no other. We ought at least to let our desires fix upon nothing in another's power for the sake of our quiet, or in another's possession for the sake of our innocence. When a man finds himself led, though by a train of honest sentiments, to wish for that to which he has no right, he should start back as from a pitfall covered with flowers. He that fancies he should benefit the publick more in a great station than the man that fills it, will in time imagine it an act of virtue to supplant him; and, as opposition readily kindles into hatred, his eagerness to do that good to which he is not called will betray him to crimes which in his original scheme were never proposed.

He therefore that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue must regulate his thoughts by those of reason: he must keep guilt from the recesses of his heart; and remember that the pleasures of fancy, and the emotions of desire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, since they escape the awe of observation, and operate equally in every situation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

N^o. IX. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1750.

QUOD SIS RISE VELLIS, NIBILQUI MALIS.

MART.

CHOOSE WHAT YOU ARE; NO OTHER STATE PREFERE.

ELPHINSTON.

IT is justly remarked by Horace, that, howsoever every man may complain occasionally of the hardships of his condition, he is seldom willing to change it for any other on the same level: for whether it be that he who follows an employment made choice of it at first on account of it's suitability to his inclination; or that, when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular station, he, by endeavouring to reconcile himself to it, gets the custom of viewing it only on the fairest side; or whether every man thinks that class to which he belongs the most illustrious, merely because he has honoured it with his name; it is certain that, whatever be the reason, most men have a very strong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is sufficiently visible in every rank of the human species; but it exerts itself more frequently and with greater force among those who have never learned to conceal their sentiments for reasons of policy, or to model their expressions by the laws of politeness; and therefore the chief contests of wit among artificers and handicraftsmen arise from a mutual endeavour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the same principles are derived many consolations to alleviate the inconveniences to which every calling is peculiarly exposed. A blacksmith was lately pleasing himself at his anvil, with observing that, though his trade was hot and sooty, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had the honour of living by his hammer; he got his bread like a man; and if his son should rise in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a taylor.

A man truly zealous for his fraternity, is never so irresistibly flattered as when some rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle a linen-draper boasted that he had got a new customer whom he could safely trust, for he could have no doubt of his

honesty, since it was known, from unquestionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the cloaths which he had worn the last seven years; and he himself had heard him declare, in a public coffee-house, that he looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be such despicable wretches that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been observed that physicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to discover the reason of such a combination between men who agree in nothing else, and who seem less to be affected, in their own provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion; but they have all seen a parson; seen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war against him. A young student from the inns of court, who has often attacked the curate of his father's parish with such arguments as his acquaintances could furnish, and returned to town without success, is now gone down with a resolution to destroy him; for he has learned at last how to manage a prig, and if he pretends to hold him again to syllogism, he has a catch in reserve, which neither logick nor metaphysics can resist.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cath.
Will look aghast, when unforeseen destruc-
tion
Pours in upon him thus.

The malignity of soldiers and sailors against each other has been often experienced at the cost of their country; and, perhaps, no orders of men have an enmity of more acrimony, or longer continuance. When, upon one late success at sea, some new regulations were concerted for establishing the rank of the naval commanders, a captain of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was more absurd than to give any honorary rewards to seamen: 'For honour,' says he, 'ought only to be won by bra-
very;

very; and all the world knows that in a sea-fight there is no danger, and therefore no evidence of courage.

But although this general desire of aggrandizing themselves by raising their profession, betrays men to a thousand ridiculous and mischievous acts of supplantation and detraction, yet as almost all passions have their good as well as bad effects, it likewise excites ingenuity, and sometimes raises an honest and useful emulation of diligence. It may be observed in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had it's professors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent spectators; the advances, from the first rude essays, must have been made by men who valued themselves for performances for which scarce any other would be persuaded to esteem them.

It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacture rising gradually from it's first mean state by the successive labours of innumerable minds; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook, swelled with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifying nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginnings the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit

the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature; and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself.

This passion for the honour of a profession, like that for the grandeur of our own country, is to be regulated, not extinguished. Every man, from the highest to the lowest station, ought to warm his heart and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being useful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exercise; and for that end he must necessarily consider the whole extent of it's application, and the whole weight of it's importance. But let him not too readily imagine that another is ill employed; because, for want of fuller knowledge of his business, he is not able to comprehend it's dignity. Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity. The philosopher may very justly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readiness of his hands: but let the one remember, that without mechanical performances, refin'd speculation is an empty dream; and the other, that, without theoretical reasoning, dexterity is little more than a brute instinct.

N^o. X. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1750.

POSTHABUI TAMEN ILLOM NEA SERIA LUDO. VIRG.

FOR TRAVELLING SPORTS I QUITTED GRAVE AFFAIRS.

THE number of correspondents which increases every day upon me, shews that my Paper is at least distinguished from the common productions

of the press. It is no less a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends; and I look upon every letter, whether it contains encomiums or reproaches,

proaches, as an equal attestation of rising credit. The only pain which I can feel from my correspondence, is the fear of disgusting those whose letters I shall neglect; and therefore I take this opportunity of reminding them, that, in disapproving their attempts, whenever it may happen, I only return the treatment which I often receive. Besides, many particular motives influence a writer, known only to himself, or his private friends; and it may be justly concluded, that not all letters which are postponed are rejected, nor all that are rejected, critically condemned.

Having thus eased my heart of the only apprehension that sat heavy on it, I can please myself with the candour of Benevolus, who encourages me to proceed, without sinking under the anger of Flirtilla, who quarrels with me for being old and ugly, and for wanting both activity of body and sprightliness of mind; feeds her monkey with my lucubrations, and refuses any reconciliation till I have appeared in vindication of masquerades. That she may not however imagine me without support, and left to rest wholly upon my own fortitude, I shall now publish some letters which I have received from men as well dressed, and as handsome, as her favourite; and others from ladies whom I sincerely believe as young, as rich, as gay, as pretty, as fashionable, and as often flattered and treated as herself.

A Set of candid readers send their respects to the Rambler, and acknowledge his merit in so well beginning a work that may be of publick benefit. But, superior as his genius is to the impertinences of a trifling age, they cannot help a wish, that he would condescend to the weakness of minds softened by perpetual amusements, and now and then throw in, like his predecessor, some papers of a gay and humorous turn. Too fair a field now lies open, with too plentiful a harvest of follies! Let the cheerful Thalia put in her sickle; and, singing at her work, deck her hair with red and blue.

A Lady sends her compliments to the Rambler, and desires to know by what other name she may direct to him; what are his set of friends, his amusements; what his way of thinking, with regard to the living world and it's ways; in short, whether he is

a person now alive, and in town? If he be, she will do herself the honour to write to him pretty often: and hopes, from time to time, to be the better for his advice and animadversions; for his animadversions on her neighbours at least. But, if he is a mere essayist, and troubles not himself with the matters of the age, she is sorry to tell him, that even the genius and correctness of an Addison will not secure him from neglect.

No man is so much abstracted from common life, as not to feel a particular pleasure from the regard of the female world; the candid writers of the first billet will not be offended, that my haste to satisfy a lady has hurried their address too soon out of my mind, and that I refer them for a reply to some future paper, in order to tell this curious inquirer after my other names, the answer of a philosopher to a man who, meeting him in the street, desired to see what he carried under his cloak—'I carry at there,' says he, 'that you may not see it.' But, though she is never to know my name, she may often see my face: for I am of her opinion, that a diurnal writer ought to view the world; and that he who neglects his contemporaries, may be, with justice, neglected by them.

LADY Racket sends compliments to the Rambler; and lets him know, she shall have cards at her house every Sunday, the remainder of the season, where he will be sure of meeting all the good company in town. By this means she hopes to see his papers interspersed with living characters. She longs to see the torch of Truth produced at an assembly, and to admire the charming lustre it will throw on the jewels, complexions, and behaviour of every dear creature there.

It is a rule with me to receive every offer with the same civility as it is made; and, therefore, though Lady Racket may have had some reason to guess that I seldom frequent card-tables on Sundays, I shall not insist upon an exception which may to her appear of so little force. My business has been to view, as opportunity was offered, every place in which mankind was to be seen; but at card-tables, however brilliant, I have always thought my visit lost, for I could know nothing

thing of the company; but their cloaths and their faces. I saw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game with an uniform solicitude, now and then in it's progress varied with a short triumph, at one time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with despondency, or by accident flushed with rage at the unskilful or unlucky play of a partner. From such assemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire; they were too trifling for me when I was grave, and too idill when I was cheerful.

Yet I cannot but value myself upon this token of regard from a lady who is not afraid to stand before the torch of Truth. Let her not, however, consult her curiosity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if she could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty, or terrestrial virtue, to be examined by too strong a light. The torch of Truth shews much that we cannot, and all that we would not see. In a face dimpled with smiles, it has often discovered malevolence and envy; and detected, under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of poverty and distress. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thousand species of sickness, misery, and vexation; and immense sums of money, while the winner counted them with transport, have at the first glimpse of this unwelcome lustre vanished from before him. If her ladyship therefore designs to continue her assembly, I would advise her to shun such dangerous experiments, to satisfy herself with common appearances, and to light up her apartments rather with myrtle than the torch of Truth.

A Modest young man sends his service to the author of the Rambler, and will be very willing to assist him in his work, but is sadly afraid of being discouraged by having his first essay rejected; a disgrace he has woefully experienced in every offer he had made of it to every new writer of every new paper: but he comforts himself by thinking, without vanity, that this has been from a peculiar favour of the Muses, who saved his performance from being buried in trash, and reserved it to appear with lustre in the Rambler.

I am equally a friend to modesty and enterprize; and therefore shall think it an honour to correspond with a young man who possesses both in so eminent a degree. Youth is, indeed, the time in which these qualities ought chiefly to be found; modesty suits well with inexperience, and enterprize with health and vigour, and an extensive prospect of life. One of my predecessors has justly observed, that, though modesty has an amiable and winning appearance, it ought not to hinder the exertion of the active powers, but that a man should shew under his blushes a latent resolution. This point of perfection, nice as it is, my correspondent seems to have attained. That he is modest, his own declaration may evince; and, I think, the *latent resolution* may be discovered in his letter by an acute observer. I will advise him, since he so well deserves my precepts, not to be discouraged, though the Rambler should prove equally envious, or tasteless, with the rest of this fraternity. If his paper is refused, the presses of England are open; let him try the judgment of the publick. If, as it has sometimes happened in general combinations against merit, he cannot persuade the world to buy his works, he may present them to his friends; and if his friends are seized with the epidemical insatiation, and cannot find his genius, or will not confess it, let him then refer his cause to posterity, and reserve his labours for a wiser age.

Thus have I dispatched some of my correspondents in the usual manner, with fair words and general civility. But to Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla, what shall I reply? Unable as I am to fly, at her command, over land and seas, or to supply her, from week to week, with the fashions of Paris, or the intrigues of Madrid, I am yet not willing to incur her further displeasure, and would save my papers from her monkey on any reasonable terms. By what propitiation, therefore, may I atone for my former gravity, and open, without trembling, the future letters of this sprightly persecutor! To write in defence of masquerades is no easy task; yet something difficult and daring may well be required, as the price of so important an approbation. I therefore consulted, in this great emergency, a man of high reputation in gay life; who, having added, to his other accomplishments,

accomplishments, no mean proficiency in the minute philosophy, after the fifth perusal of her letter, broke out with rapture into these words—“And can you, Mr. Rambler, stand out against this charming creature? Let her know, at least, that from this moment Nigrinus devotes his life and his labours to her service. Is there any stubborn prejudice of education that stands between thee and the most amiable of mankind? Behold, Flirtilla, at thy feet, a man grown grey in the study of those noble arts by which right and wrong may be confounded; by which reason may be blinded when we have a mind to escape from her inspection; and caprice and appetite instated in uncontrouled command, and boundless dominion! Such a casuist may surely engage, with certainty of success, in vindication of an entertainment which in an instant gives confidence to the

timorous, and kindles ardour in the cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of jealousy has so often been eluded, and the virgin is set free from the necessity of languishing in silence, where all the outworks of chastity are at once demolished; where the heart is laid open without a blush; where bashfulness may survive virtue, and no wish is crushed under the frown of modesty. Far weaker influence than Flirtilla's might gain over an advocate for such amusements. It was declared by Pompey, that, if the commonwealth was violated, he could stamp with his foot, and raise an army out of the ground: if the rights of pleasure are again invaded, let but Flirtilla crack her fan, neither pens nor swords shall be wanting at the summons; the wit and the colonel shall march out at her command; and neither law nor reason shall stand before us.

Nº XL. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1750.

NON DINDYMENE, NON ADYTIS QUATIT
MENTEM SACERDOTUM INCOLA PYTHIUS,
NON LIBERÆQUE, NON ACUTA
SIC GERMINANT CORYMBANTES ARÆ,
TAISTES UT IRE.

YET O! REMEMBER, NOR THE GOD OF WINE,
NOR PYTHIAN PROEBUS FROM HIS INMOST SHRINE,
NOR DINDYMENE, NOR HER PRIESTS POSSEST,
CAN WITH THEIR SOUNDING CYMBALS SHAKE THE BRAST,
LIKE FURIOUS ANGER.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, *χόλος ἔσται ὁ βασιλεὺς τοῦ θυμοῦ*—be master of thy anger. He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of publick happiness and private tranquillity; and thought that he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will scarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in it's full import, protruded into malevolence, and exerted in revenge, arise, indeed, many of the evils

to which the life of man is exposed. By anger operating upon power are produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and all those dreadful and astonishing calamities which fill the histories of the world, and which could not be read at any distant point of time, when the passions stand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to it's natural force, without some doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not see the same causes still tending to the same effects, and only acting with less vigour for want of the same concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantic and enormous species of anger falls not properly under the animadversion of a writer whose chief end is the regulation of common life; and

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whose precepts are to recommend themselves by their general use. Nor is this essay intended to expose the tragical or fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propose now for my subject is such as makes those who indulge it more troublesome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and wasps, than with basilisks and lions. I have therefore prefixed a motto, which characterises this passion, not so much by the mischief that it causes as by the noise that it utters.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of 'passionate men,' who imagine themselves entitled by that distinction to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and vicious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the most part, fumes away in outcries of injury, and protestations of vengeance, and seldom proceeds to actual violence, unless a drawer or linkboy fall in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of those that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obstruct the course of conversation, and disturb the enjoyment of society.

Men of this kind are sometimes not without understanding or virtue; and are, therefore, not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke: they have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not masters of their conduct or language; as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than censured, and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience, and boasting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

Those sudden bursts of rage generally break out upon small occasions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged; therefore the first reflection upon his violence must shew him that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident, that he is the mere slave of casualty, and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of these loud extravagances, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always discover to himself. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and by consequence his suffrage not much regarded, is sometimes in hope of gaining that attention by his clamours which he cannot otherwise obtain, and is pleased with remembering that at least he made himself heard, that he had the power to interrupt those whom he could not confute, and suspend the decision which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their servants and domesticks; they feel their own ignorance; they see their own insignificance; and therefore they endeavour, by their fury, to fright away contempt from before them, when they know it must follow them behind; and think themselves eminently masters, when they see one folly tamely complied with, only lest refusal or delay should provoke them to a greater.

These temptations cannot but be owned to have some force. It is so little pleasing to any man to see himself wholly overlooked in the mass of things, that he may be allowed to try a few expedients for procuring some kind of supplemental dignity, and use some endeavour to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightness of his other powers. But this has now been long practised, and found, upon the most

exact estimate, not to produce advantages equal to it's inconveniences; for it appears not that a man can by uproar, tumult, and bluster, alter any one's opinion of his understanding, or gain influence except over those whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a steady perseverance in his ferocity, fright his children, and harass his servants; but the rest of the world will look on and laugh, and he will have the comfort at last of thinking, that he lives only to raise contempt and hatred, emotions to which wisdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occasion. He has contrived only to make those fear him whom every reasonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindness, and must content himself with the pleasure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not resist. He must perceive that the apprehension which his presence causes is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality, and that he has given up the felicity of being loved without gaining the honour of being revered.

But this is not the only ill consequence of the frequent indulgence of this blustering passion, which a man, by often calling to his assistance, will teach, in a short time, to intrude before the summons, to rush upon him with resistless violence, and without any previous notice of it's approach. He will find himself liable to be inflamed at the first touch of provocation, and unable to retain his resentment, till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cause, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once suffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the most hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no security to himself that he shall not, at the next interview, alienate by some

sudden transport his dearest friend; or break out, upon some slight contradiction, into such terms of rudeness as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converses with him, lives with the suspicion and solicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a necessity of watching the moment in which the capricious savage shall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyrick on the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparations. Or, if there be any who hardens himself in oppression, and justifies the wrong, because he has done it, his insensibility can make small part of his praise, or his happiness; he only adds deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and destroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderness and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment equal to it's guilt. Nothing is more despicable or more miserable than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks by decay of strength into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expresses it, *φθιόντα φθιόντι κίε*—to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.

№ XII. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1750.

—MISERUM PARVA STIFE VOCILAT, UT PUDIBUNDOS
EXERCERE SALES INTER CONVIVIA POSSIT.—

—TU MITIS, ET ACRI
ASPERITATE CAREN, POSITOQUE PER OMNIA FASTU,
INTER UT Aequales UNUS NUMERARIS AMICOS,
OBSEQUIUMQUE DOCES, ET AMOREM QUÆRIS AMANDO.

LUCANUS AD PISONEM.

UNLIKE THE RIBALD, WHOSE LICENTIOUS JEST
POLLUTES HIS BANQUET, AND INSULTS HIS GUEST;
FROM WEALTH AND GRANDEUR EASY TO DESCEND,
THOU JOY'ST TO LOSE THE MASTER IN THE FRIEND:
WE ROUND THY BOARD THE CHEERFUL MENIALS SEE,
GAY WITH THE SMILE OF BLAND EQUALITY;
NO SOCIAL CARE THE GRACIOUS LORD DISDAINS;
LOVE PROMPTS TO LOVE, AND REVERENCE REVERENCE GAINS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,
AS you seem to have devoted your labours to virtue, I cannot forbear to inform you of one species of cruelty with which the life of a man of letters perhaps does not often make him acquainted; and which, as it seems to produce no other advantage to those that practice it than a short gratification of thoughtless vanity, may become less common when it has been once exposed in its various forms, and it's full magnitude.

I am the daughter of a country gentleman, whose family is numerous, and whose estate, not at first sufficient to supply us with affluence, has been lately so much impaired by an unsuccessful law-suit, that all the younger children are obliged to try such means as their education affords them, for procuring the necessaries of life. Distress and curiosity concurred to bring me to London, where I was received by a relation with the coldness which misfortune generally finds. A week, a long week, I lived with my cousin, before the most vigilant enquiry could procure us the least hopes of a place, in which time I was much better qualified to bear all the vexations of servitude. The first two days she was content to pity me, and only wished I had not been quite so well bred; but people must comply with their circumstances. This lenity, however, was soon at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week, I

heard every hour of the pride of my family, the obstinacy of my father, and of people better born than myself that were common servants.

At last, on Saturday noon, she told me, with very visible satisfaction, that Mrs. Bombasine, the great silk-mercer's lady, wanted a maid; and a fine place it would be, for there would be nothing to do, but to clean my mistress's room, get up her linen, dress the young ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a little mistress just come from nurse, and then sit down to my needle. But Madam was a woman of great spirit; and would not be contradicted, and therefore I should take care, for good places were not easily to be got.

With these cautions I waited on Madam Bombasine, of whom the first sight gave me no ravishing ideas. She was two yards round the waist, her voice was at once loud and squeaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full moon. "Are you the young woman," says she, "that are come to offer yourself?" It is strange when people of substance want a servant how soon it is the town-talk. But they know they shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of?" I then told her that my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate. "A great misfortune indeed, to come to me

"me, and have three meals a-day! So your father was a gentleman; and you are a gentlewoman, I suppose: such gentlewomen!"—"Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions; I only answered your enquiry."—"Such gentlewomen! People should set their children to good trades, and keep them off the parish. Pray go to the other end of the town; there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am sure we have lost enough by gentlewomen!" Upon this, her broad face grew broader with triumph; and I was afraid she would have taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult; but happily the next word was—"Pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down stairs." You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned, and met with a better reception from my cousin than I expected; for, while I was out, she had heard that Mrs. Standish, whose husband had lately been raised from a clerk in an office, to be commissioner of the excise, had taken a fine house, and wanted a maid.

To Mrs. Standish I went; and, after having waited six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs, when she came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a smell of punch. "So, young woman, you want a place; whence do you come?"—"From the country, Madam."—"Yes, they all come out of the country. And what brought you to town; a bastard? Where do you lodge?"—"At the Seven Dials?"—"What, you never heard of the Foundling-house?" Upon this they all laughed so obstreperously, that I took the opportunity of sneaking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. She was at cards; but in two hours, I was told, she would speak to me. She asked me if I could keep an account; and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of some book that lay by her. She wondered what people meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that rate. "I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to see your work, it would be fine stuff! You may walk. I will not have love-letters written from my house to every young fellow in the street."

Two days after, I went on the same

pursuit to Lady Lofly, dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, because she had lately got a place at court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that shewed me in—"Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place would you have, Miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants, now-a-days!"—"Madam, I heard you wanted—" "Wanted what? Somebody finer than myself! A pretty servant, indeed! I should be afraid to speak to her.—I suppose, Mrs. Minx, those fine hands cannot bear wetting. A servant, indeed! Pray move off; I am resolved to be the head person in this house. You are ready dressed; the taverns will be open."

I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown; and heard the servant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he saw she would not do. I was brought up however. "Are you the trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that nasty gown, and are come to steal a better."—"Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—" "Then these are your manners, with your blushes, and your courtesies, to come to me in your worst gown!"—"Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other."—"Wait on me, you saucy slut! Then you are sure of coming: I could not let such a drab come near me.—Here, you girl, that came up with her, have you touched her? If you have, wash your hands before you dress me.—Such trollops!—Get you down! What, whimpering? Pray walk!"

I went away with tears; for my cousin had lost all patience. However, she told me, that having a respect for my relations, she was willing to keep me out of the street, and would let me have another week.

The first day of this week I saw two places. At one I was asked where I had lived; and, upon my answer, was told by the lady, that people should qualify themselves in ordinary places, for she should never have done if she was to follow girls about. At the other house I was a smirking hussy, and that sweet face I might make money of; for her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herself handsome.

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The three next days were spent in Lady Bluff's entry, where I waited six hours every day for the pleasure of seeing the servants peep at me, and go away laughing. "Madam will stretch her small thanks in the entry; she will know the house again." At sun-set the two first days I was told that my lady would see me to-morrow; and, on the third, that her woman staid.

My week was now near it's end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miscarriage, told me that I must learn to humble myself, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, she could not tell who would keep me; she had known many that had refused places sell their cloaths, and beg in the streets.

It was to no purpose that the refusal was declared by me to be never on my side; I was reasoning against interest, and against stupidity: and therefore I comforted myself with the hope of succeeding better in my next attempt; and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routes at her house, and saw the best company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable sign, and stood at the lower end of the room in expectation of the common questions. At last Mr. Courtly called out, after a whisper—"Stand facing the light, that one may see you." I changed my place, and blushed. They frequently turned their eyes upon me, and seemed to discover many subjects of merriment; for at every look they whispered, and laughed with the most violent agitations of delight. At last Mr. Courtly cried out, "Is that colour your own, child?"

"Yes," says the lady, "if she has not robbed the kitchen hearth." This was so happy a conceit, that it renewed the storm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better sport. The lady then called me to her, and began with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do. But first turn about, and let us see your fine shape. Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tongue, I suppose, in the kitchen.—"No, no," says Mr. Court-

ly, "the girl's a good girl yet; but I am afraid a brisk young fellow, with fine tags on his shoulder—Come, child, hold up your head; what, you have stole nothing?"—"Not yet," says the lady; "but she hopes to steal your heart quickly." Here was a laugh of happiness and triumph, prolonged by the confusion which I could no longer repress. At last the lady recollected herself—"Stole! no; but if I had her, I should watch her; for that downcast eye—Why cannot you look people in the face?"—"Steal!" says her husband, "she would steal nothing but perhaps a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady."—"Sir," answered I, "why should you, by supposing me a thief, insult one from whom you have received no injury?"—"Insult!" says the lady; "are you come here to be a servant, you saucy baggage, and talk of insulting?" "What will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jest with a servant? Well, such servants! Pray be gone, and see when you will have the honour to be so insulted again—Servants insulted—a fine time! Insulted! Get down stairs, you slut, or the footman shall insult you!"

The last day of the last week was now coming; and my kind cousin talked of sending me down in the wagon to preserve me from bad courses. But in the morning she came and told me that she had one trial more for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, she must fall her crest, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loss of half her fortune by bad securities; and, with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, she could have little beforehand; therefore I might serve her; for, with all her fine sense, she must not pretend to be nice.

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman; who told me she had herself been hired that morning, but that she was ordered to bring any that offered up stairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia; who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that she sent for me not to gratify an idle curiosity, but lest my disappointment might be made still more grating by incivility; that she was in pain to deny any thing,

much

' much more what was no favour; that
' she saw nothing in my appearance
' which did not make her wish for my
' company; but that another, whose
' claims might perhaps be equal, had
' come before me. The thought of be-
' ing so near to such a place, and missing
' it, brought tears into my eyes; and
' my sobs hindered me from returning
' my acknowledgments. She rose up
' confused; and supposing, by my con-

' cern, that I was distressed, placed me
' by her, and made me tell her my story;
' which, when she had heard, she put
' two guineas in my hand, ordering me
' to lodge near her, and make use of her
' table till she could provide for me. I
' am now under her protection; and
' know not how to shew my gratitude
' better than by giving this account to
' the Rambler.

' ZOSIMA.'

Nº XIII. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1750.

COMMISSUMQUE TEGES ET VINO TORTUS ET IRA.

AND LET NOT WINE OR ANGER WREST
TH' INTRUSTED SECRET FROM YOUR BREAST.

Hoc;

FRANCIS.

IT is related by Quintus Curtius, that the Persians always conceived an invincible contempt of a man who had violated the laws of secrecy; for they thought that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requisite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at least were in his power; and though he, perhaps, could not speak well if he was to try, it was still easy for him not to speak.

In forming this opinion of the easiness of secrecy, they seem to have considered it as opposed, not to treachery, but loquacity; and to have conceived the man whom they thus censured, not frightened by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promises to betray, but incited by the mere pleasure of talking, or some other motive equally trifling, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew slip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their settled and avowed scorn of thoughtless talkers, the Persians were able to diffuse, to any great extent, the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the distance of those times from being able to discover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Persopolis, nor any distinct accounts handed down to us of their office-clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In these latter ages, though the old animosity against a prattler is still retained, it appears wholly to have lost its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for secrets are so seldom kept, that it

may with some reason be doubted, whether the ancients were not mistaken in their first postulate; whether the quality of retention be so generally bestowed; and whether a secret has not some subtle volatility by which it escapes imperceptibly at the smallest vent, or some power of fermentation by which it expands itself so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.

Those that study either the body or the mind of man, very often find the most specious and pleasing theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and, instead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from causes, they are always reduced, at last, to conjecture causes from effects. That it is easy to be secret, the speculatist can demonstrate in his retreat; and therefore thinks himself justified in placing confidence: the man of the world knows that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon; and therefore finds himself rather inclined to search after the reason of this universal failure in one of the most important duties of society.

The vanity of being known to be trusted with a secret is generally one of the chief motives to disclose it; for however absurd it may be thought to boast an honour by an act which shews that it was conferred without merit, yet most men seem rather inclined to confess the want of virtue than of importance; and more willingly shew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleasure than the private consciousness of fidelity; which, while it is preserved, must

must be without praise, except from the single person who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a secret by which a man exempts himself from the reproaches of his conscience, and gratifies his pride, without suffering himself to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to those from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to those who have no temptation to betray the trust, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendship, if he discovers that they become publick.

Secrets are very frequently told in the first ardour of kindness, or of love, for the sake of proving, by so important a sacrifice, sincerity or tenderness; but with this motive, though it be strong in itself, vanity concurs, since every man desires to be most esteemed by those whom he loves, or with whom he converses, with whom he passes his hours of pleasure, and to whom he retires from business and from care.

When the discovery of secrets is under consideration, there is always a distinction carefully to be made between our own and those of another: those of which we are fully masters, as they affect only our own interest; and those which are repositied with us in trust, and involve the happiness or convenience of such as we have no right to expose to hazard. To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery, for the most part, combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been some enthusiastick and irrational zealots for friendship, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in possession of another; and that, therefore, it is a violation of kindness to exempt any secret from this boundless confidence. Accordingly, a late female minister of state has been shameless enough to inform the world, that she used, when she wanted to extract any thing from her sovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reasoning; who has determined, that to tell a secret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, because the number of persons trusted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the same.

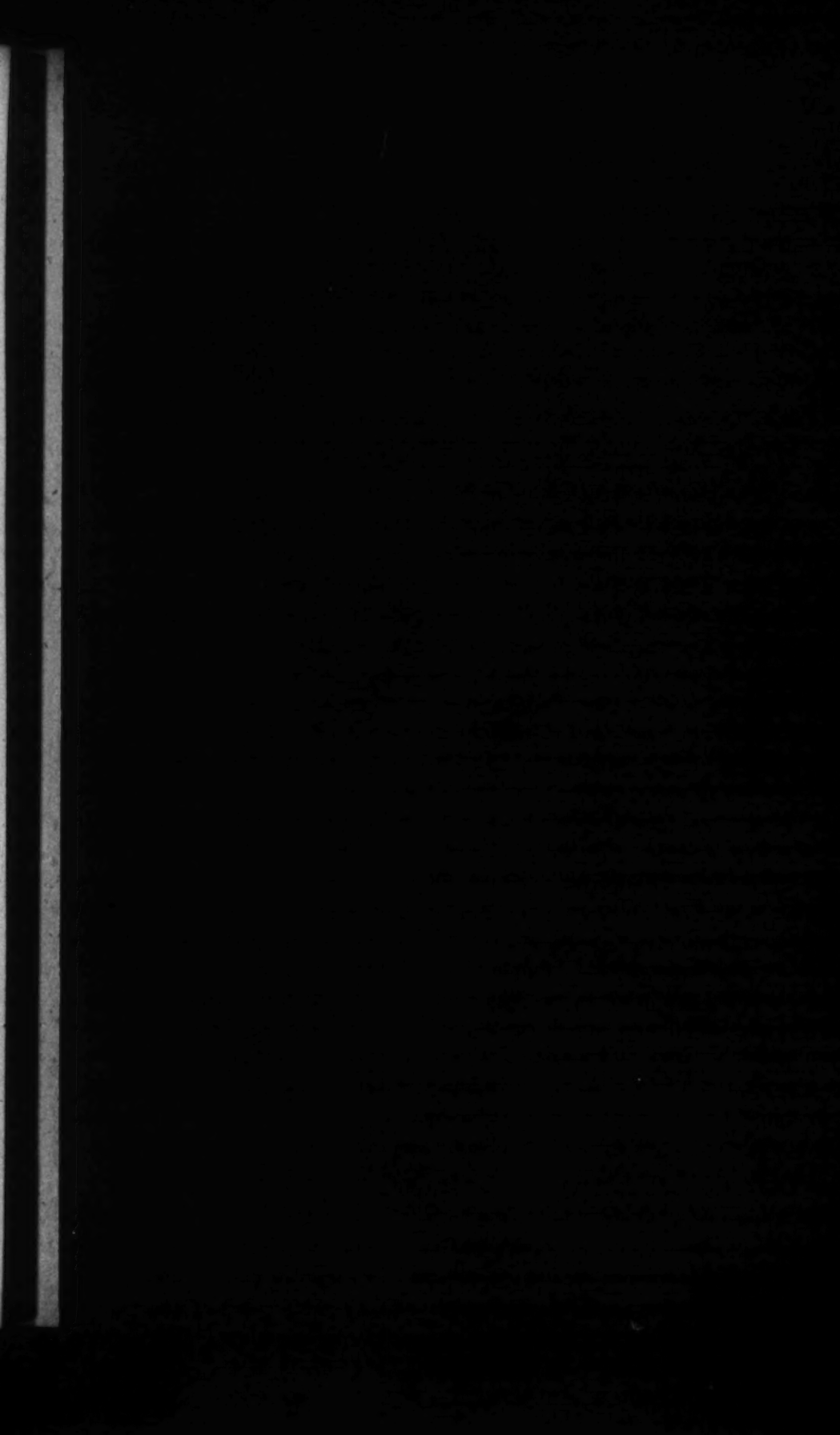
That such a fallacy could be imposed

upon any human understanding, or that an author could have advanced a position so remote from truth and reason, any other ways than as a declaimer, to shew to what extent he could stretch his imagination, and with what strength he could press his principle, would scarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly shewn us how far weakness may be deluded, or indolence amused. But, since it appears that even this sophistry has been able, with the help of a strong desire to repose in quiet upon the understanding of another, to mislead honest intentions, and an understanding not contemptible, it may not be superfluous to remark, that those things which are common among friends are only such as either possess in his own right, and can alienate or destroy without injury to any other person. Without this limitation, confidence must run on without end; the second person may tell the secret to the third, upon the same principle as he received it from the first; and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till, at last, it is told in the round of friendship to them from whom it was the first intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithfulness of Titius is nothing more than an opinion which himself cannot know to be true, and which Claudius, who first tells his secret to Caius, may know to be false; and therefore the trust is transferred by Caius, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the person originally concerned would have withheld it; and whatever may be the event, Caius has hazarded the happiness of his friend, without necessity and without permission, and has put that trust in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of security, he must upon reflection know to be uncertain, because he finds them without effect upon himself. When he is imagining that Titius will be cautious, from a regard to his interest, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himself, at that instant, acting in opposition to all these reasons, and revealing what interest, reputation, and duty, direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that, in his own case, he should consider the man incapable of trust, who believed himself at liberty to



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tell whatever he knew to the first whom he should conclude deserving of his confidence; therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the affairs imparted only to himself, must know that he violates his faith, since he acts contrary to the intention of Claudius, to whom that faith was given; for promises of friendship are, like all others, useless and vain, unless they are made in some known sense, adjusted and acknowledged by both parties.

I am not ignorant that many questions may be started relating to the duty of secrecy where the affairs are of public concern, where subsequent reasons may arise to alter the appearance and nature of the trust, that the manner in which the secret was told may change the degree of obligation, and that the principles upon which a man is chosen for a confidant may not always equally constrain him; but these scruples, if not too intricate, are of too extensive consideration for my present purpose, nor are they such as generally occur in common life: and though casuistical knowledge be useful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be carelessly exposed, since most will use it rather to lull than awaken their own consciences; and the threads of reasoning, on which truth is suspended, are

frequently drawn to such subtilty, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common sensibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice, of secrecy is so perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to trust, I think him unhappy who is chosen to be trusted; for he is often involved in scruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other understanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt under the appearance of friendship and honesty; and sometimes subjected to suspicion by the treachery of others who are engaged without his knowledge in the same schemes: for he that has one confidant has generally more, and when he is at last betrayed, is in doubt on whom he shall fix the crime.

The rules, therefore, that I shall propose concerning secrecy, and from which I think it not safe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are—Never to solicit the knowledge of a secret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept such confidence when it is offered. When a secret is once admitted, to consider the trust as of a very high nature, important as society, and sacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or slight appearance of contrary fitness.

N^o. XIV. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1750.

NIL TUU UNQUAM

SIC DISPAR SIBI

HOR.

THUS SUCH A VARIOUS CREATURE NE’ER WAS KNOWN.

FRANCIS.

AMONG the many inconsistencies which folly produces, or infirmity suffers, in the human mind, there has often been observed a manifest and striking contrariety between the life of an author and his writings: and Milton, in a letter to a learned stranger, by whom he had been visited, with great reason congratulates himself upon the consciousness of being found equal to his own character, and having preserved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Those whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer, in whose performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent rea-

son to repent their curiosity; the bubble that sparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vanished when they wished to press it to their bosom. They have lost the pleasure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted; and, perhaps, felt themselves less inclined to toil up the steep of virtue, when they observe those who seem best able to point the way loitering below, as either afraid of the labour, or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the custom of the oriental monarchs to hide themselves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the conversation of mankind, and to be known to their subjects only by their edicts.

THE

The same policy is no less necessary to him that writes, than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently submit to be taught, than commanded; by one known to have the same follies and weaknesses with themselves. A sudden intruder into the closet of an author would perhaps feel equal indignation with the officer who, having long solicited admission into the presence of Sardanapalus, saw him not consulting upon laws, enquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amusements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reasons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined speculations, it may be shewn much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear; and is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind always prosperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure science, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of it's laws to the use of life, in which they are constrained to submit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral discussions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obstruct our practice, which very easily give way to theory. The speculatist is only in danger of erroneous reasoning, but the man involved in life has his own passions and those of others to encounter; and is embarrassed with a thousand inconveniences, which confound him with variety of impulse, and either perplex or obstruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to chuse before he can examine; he is surprised by sudden alterations of the state of things; and changes his measures according to superficial appearances; he is led by others, either because he is indolent, or because he is timorous; he is sometimes afraid to know what is right, and sometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that most fail, amidst tumult and snares, and danger, in the observance of those precepts which they lay down in soli-

tude, safety, and tranquillity, with a mind unbiassed, and with liberty unobstructed. It is the condition of our present state to see more than we can attain; the exactest vigilance and caution can never maintain a single day of unmingled innocence, much less can the utmost efforts of incorporated mind reach the summits of speculative virtue.

It is, however, necessary for the idea of perfection to be proposed, that we may have some object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he that is most deficient in the duties of life, makes some atonement for his faults, if he warns others against his own failings, and hinders, by the salubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be sincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions without having yet obtained the victory; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglects himself.

The interest which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themselves against every motive to amendment, has disposed them to give to these contradictions, when they can be produced against the cause of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other case. They see men act in opposition to their interest, without supposing that they do not know it; those who give way to the sudden violence of passion, and forsake the most important pursuits for petty pleasures, are not supposed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious questions alone they determine the sentiments by the actions, and charge every man with endeavouring to impose upon the world, whose writings are not confirmed by his life. They never consider that themselves neglect or practise something every day inconsistently with their own settled judgment; nor discover that the conduct of the advocates for virtue can little increase, or lessen, the obligations of their dictators: argument is to be invalidated only by argument, and is in itself of the same force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is proposed.

Yet since this prejudice, however unreasonable,

reasonable, is always likely to have some prevalence, it is the duty of every man to take care lest he should hinder the efficacy of his own instructions. When he desires to gain the belief of others, he should shew that he believes himself; and when he teaches the fitness of virtue by his reasonings, he should, by his example, prove it's possibility: thus much at least may be required of him, that he shall not act worse than others, because he writes better; nor imagine that, by the merit of his genius, he may claim indulgence beyond mortals of the lower classes; and be excused for want of prudence, or neglect of virtue.

Bacon, in his History of the Winds, after having offered something to the imagination as desirable, often proposes lower advantages in its place to the reason as attainable. The same method may be sometimes pursued in moral endeavours, which this philosopher has observed in natural enquiries: having first set positive and absolute excellence before us, we may be pardoned though we sink down to humbler virtue; trying, however, to keep our point always in view, and struggling not to lose ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he for a long time concealed the consecration of himself to the stricter duties of religion, lest, by some flagitious and shameful action, he should bring piety into disgrace. For the same reason it may be prudent for a writer who apprehends that he shall not enforce his own maxims by his domestick character, to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whose curiosity to gain a more familiar knowledge of successful writers is not so much prompted by an opinion of their power to improve as to delight; and who expect from them not arguments against vice, or dissertations on temperance or justice, but flights of wit, and sallies of pleasantry, or, at least, acute remarks, nice distinctions, justness of sentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, specious and probable; and yet, such is the fate of all human hopes, that it is very often frustrated, and those who raise admira-

tion by their books, disgust by their company. A man of letters for the most part spends, in the privacies of study, that season of life in which the manners are to be softened into ease, and polished into elegance; and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be respected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleased. When he enters life, if his temper be soft and timorous, he is diffident and bashful, from the knowledge of his defects; or if he was born with spirit and resolution, he is ferocious and arrogant, from the consciousness of his merit: he is either dissipated by the awe of company, and unable to recollect his reading, and arrange his arguments; or he is hot and dogmatical, quick in opposition, and tenacious in defence; disabled by his own violence, and confused by his haste to triumph.

The graces of writing and conversation are of different kinds; and though he who excels in one might have been with opportunities and application equally successful in the other, yet as many please by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties, which composition requires; so it is very possible that men, wholly accustomed to works of study, may be without that readiness of conception, and affluence of language, always necessary to colloquial entertainment. They may want address to watch the hints which conversation offers for the display of their particular attainments, or they may be so much unfurnished with matter on common subjects, that discourse not professedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their conceptions to mix in the circulation.

A transition from an author's book to his conversation is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a distant prospect. Remotely, we see nothing but spires of temples, and turrets of palaces; and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.

N^o XV. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1750.ET QUANDO UBERIOR VITIORUM COPIA? QUANDO
MAJOR AVARITIE TATUIT SINUS? ALIA QUANDO
NOS ANIMOS?

JUV.

WHAT AGE SO LARGE A CROP OF VICES BORE,

OR WHEN WAS AVARICE EXTENDED MORE?

WHEN WERE THE DICE WITH MORE PROFUSION THROWN?

DRYDEN.

THERE is no grievance, publick or private, of which, since I took upon me the office of a periodical monitor, I have received so many, or so earnest complaints, as of the predominance of play; of a fatal passion for cards and dice, which seems to have overturned, not only the ambition of excellence, but the desire of pleasure; to have extinguished the flames of the lover, as well as of the patriot; and threatens, in it's further progress, to destroy all distinctions, both of rank and sex, to crush all emulation but that of fraud, to corrupt all those classes of our people whose ancestors have, by their virtue, their industry, or their parsimony, given them the power of living in extravagance, idleness, and vice, and to leave them without knowledge, but of the modish games, and without wishes, but for lucky hands.

I have found, by long experience, that there are few enterprizes so hopeless as contests with the fashion; in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and strong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagonist, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean conversation, and narrow fortune; who envies the elevations which he cannot reach, who would gladly imbitter the happiness which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice than to revenge his own mortification by hindering those whom their birth and taste have set above him, from the enjoyment of their superiority, and bringing them down to a level with himself.

Though I have never found myself much affected by this formidable censure, which I have incurred often enough to be acquainted with it's full force, yet I shall, in some measure, obviate it on this occasion, by offering very little in my own name, either of argument or

intreaty, since those who suffer by this general infatuation may be supposed best able to relate it's effects.

THERE seems to be so little knowledge left in the world, and so little of that reflection practised by which knowledge is to be gained, that I am in doubt whether I shall be understood when I complain of want of opportunity for thinking; or whether a condemnation, which at present seems irreversible, to perpetual ignorance, will raise any compassion either in you or your readers; yet I will venture to lay my state before you, because I believe it is natural to most minds to take some pleasure in complaining of evils of which they have no reason to be ashamed,

I am the daughter of a man of great fortune, whose diffidence of mankind, and perhaps the pleasure of continual accumulation, incline him to reside upon his own estate; and to educate his children in his own house, where I was bred, if not with the most brilliant examples of virtue before my eyes, at least remote enough from any incitements to vice; and wanting neither leisure nor books, nor the acquaintance of some persons of learning in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured to acquire such knowledge as might most recommend me to esteem, and thought myself able to support a conversation upon most of the subjects which my sex and condition made it proper for me to understand.

I had, besides my knowledge, as my mamma and my maid told me, a very fine face, and elegant shape; and with all these advantages had been seventeen months the reigning toast for twelve miles round, and never came to the monthly assembly, but I heard the old ladies that sat by, wishing that it might

and

end will, and their daughters criticising my air, my features, or my dress.

'You know, Mr. Rambler, that ambition is natural to youth, and curiosity to underitanding; and therefore will hear, without wonder, that I was desirous to extend my victories over those who might give more honour to the conqueror; and that I found in a country life a continual repetition of the same pleasures, which was not sufficient to fill up the mind for the present, or raise any expectations of the future; and I will confess to you, that I was impatient for a sight of the town, and filled my thoughts with the discoveries which I should make, the triumphs that I should obtain, and the praises that I should receive.

'At last the time came. My aunt, whose husband has a seat in parliament, and a place at court, buried her only child, and sent for me to supply the loss. The hope that I should so far ingratiate myself into their favour, as to obtain a considerable augmentation of my fortune, procured me every convenience for my departure, with great expedition; and I could not, amidst all my transports, forbear some indignation to see with what readiness the natural guardians of my virtue sold me to a state which they thought more hazardous than it really was, as soon as a new accession of fortune glittered in their eyes.

'Three days I was upon the road, and on the fourth morning my heart danced at the sight of London. I was set down at my aunt's, and entered upon the scene of action. I expected now, from the age and experience of my aunt, some prudential lessons: but, after the first civilities and first tears were over, was told what pity it was to have kept so fine a girl so long in the country; for the people who did not begin young, seldom dealt their cards handsomely, or played them tolerably.

'Young persons are commonly inclined to slight the remarks and counsels of their elders. I smiled, perhaps, with too much contempt, and was upon the point of telling her that my time had not been past in such trivial attainments. But I soon found that things are to be estimated, not by the importance of their effects, but the frequency of their use,

'A few days after, my aunt gave me notice, that some company, which she had been six weeks in collecting, was to meet that evening, and she expected a finer assembly than had been seen all the winter. She expressed this in the jargon of a gamester; and, when I asked an explication of her terms of art, wondered where I had lived. I had already found my aunt so incapable of any rational conclusion, and so ignorant of every thing, whether great or little, that I had lost all regard to her opinion, and dressed myself with great expectations of an opportunity to display my charms among rivals whose competition would not dishonour me. The company came in, and after the customary compliments of salutation, alike easy to the lowest and the highest understanding, what was the result? The cards were broke open, the parties were formed, the whole night passed in a game upon which the young and old were equally employed: nor was I able to attract an eye, or gain an ear, but being compelled to play without skill, I perpetually embarrassed my partner, and soon perceived the contempt of the whole table gathering upon me.

'I cannot but suspect, Sir, that this odious fashion is produced by a conspiracy of the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, against the young and beautiful, the witty and the gay, as a contrivance to level all distinctions of nature and of art; to confound the world in a chaos of folly, to take from those who could outshine them all the advantages of mind and body, to withhold youth from it's natural pleasures, deprive wit of it's influence, and beauty of it's charms, to fix those hearts upon money, to which love has hitherto been entitled, to sink life into a tedious uniformity, and to allow it no other hopes or fears but those of robbing and being robbed.

'Be pleased, Sir, to inform those of my sex who have minds capable of nobler sentiments, that, if they will unite in vindication of their pleasures and their prerogatives, they may fix a time at which cards shall cease to be in fashion, or be left only to those who have neither beauty to be loved, nor spirit to be feared; neither knowledge to teach, nor modesty to learn; and who, having passed their youth in vice,

are justly condemned to spend their age in folly. 'I am Sir, &c.

'CLEORA.'

'SIR,

'**V**EXATION will burst my heart, if I do not give it vent. As you publish a Paper, I insist upon it, that you insert this in your next, as ever you hope for the kindness and encouragement of any woman of taste, spirit, and virtue. I would have it published to the world, how deserving wives are used by imperious coxcombs, that thenceforth no woman may marry who has not the patience of Grizzel. Nay, if even Grizzel had been married to a gamester, her temper would never have held out. A wretch that loses his good-humour and humanity along with his money, and will not allow enough from his own extravagances to support a woman of fashion in the necessary amusements of life! Why does not he employ his wife head to make a figure in parliament, raise an estate, and get a title? That would be fitter for the master of a family, than rattling a noisy dice-box; and then he might indulge his wife in a few slight expences, and elegant diversions.

'What if I was unfortunate at Brag?—Should he not have stayed to see how luck would turn another time? Instead of that, what does he do, but picks a quarrel, upbraids me with loss of beauty, abuses my acquaintance, ridicules my play, and insults my understanding; says, forsooth, that women have not heads enough to play with any thing but dolls, and that they should be employed in things proportionable to their understanding, keep at home, and mind family affairs.

'I do stay at home, Sir; and all the world knows I am at home every Sunday. I have had six routes this winter, and sent out ten packs of cards in invitations to private parties. As for management, I am sure he cannot call me extravagant, or say I do not mind my family. The children are out

at nurse in villages as cheap as any two little brats can be kept, nor have I ever seen them since; so he has no trouble about them. The servants live at board-wages. My own dinners come from the Thatched House; and I have never paid a penny for any thing I have bought since I was married. As for play, I do think I may, indeed, indulge in that, now I am my own mistress. Papa made me drudge at Whist till I was tired of it; and, far from wanting a head, Mr. Hoyle, when he had not given me above forty lessons, said I was one of his best scholars. I thought then with myself, that, if once I was at liberty, I would leave play, and take to reading romances, things so forbidden at our house, and so railed at, that it was impossible not to fancy them very charming. Most unfortunately, to save me from absolute un-
 dutifulness, just as I was married, came dear Brag into fashion, and ever since it has been the joy of my life; so easy, so cheerful and careless, so void of thought, and so genteel! Who can help loving it? Yet the perfidious thing has used me very ill of late, and to-morrow I should have changed it for Faro. But, oh! this detestable to-morrow, a thing always expected, and never found. Within these few hours must I be dragged into the country. The wretch, Sir, left me in a fit which his threatenings had occasioned, and unmercifully ordered a post-chaise. Stay! I cannot, for money I have none, and credit I cannot get—But I will make the monkey play with me at piquet upon the road for all I want. I am almost sure to beat him, and his debts of honour I know he will pay. Then who can tell but I may still come back and conquer Lady Packer? Sir, you need not print this last scheme; and, upon second thoughts, you may.—Oh, distraction! the post-chaise is at the door. Sir, publish what you will, only let it be printed without a name.'

N^o XVI. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1750.—MULTIS DICENDI SOPITA TORRENS,
ET SUA MORTIFERA EST FACUNDIA—

JUV.

SOME WHO THE DEPTHS OF ELOQUENCE HAVE FOUND,
IN THAT UNNAVIGABLE STREAM WERE DROWN'D.

DAYDEN.

I. Am the modest young man whom you favoured with your advice in a late paper; and, as I am very far from suspecting that you foresaw the numberless inconveniences which I have, by following it, brought upon myself, I will lay my condition open before you, for you seem bound to extricate me from the perplexities in which your counsel, however innocent in the intention, has contributed to involve me.

You told me, as you thought, to my comfort, that a writer might easily find means of introducing his genius to the world, for the *presses of England were open*. This I have now fatally experienced; the press is, indeed, open.

—*Facilis descensus Averni,
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Diis.*

VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way.

DAYDEN.

The means of doing hurt to ourselves are always at hand. I immediately sent to a printer, and contracted with him for an impression of several thousands of my pamphlet. While it was at the press, I was seldom absent from the printing-house; and continually urged the workmen to haste, by solicitations, promises, and rewards. From the day all other pleasures were excluded, by the delightful employment of correcting the sheets; and from the night sleep generally was banished, by anticipations of the happiness which every hour was bringing nearer.

At last, the time of publication approached, and my heart beat with the raptures of an author. I was above all little precautions; and, in defiance of envy or of criticism, set my name upon the title, without sufficiently considering, that what has once passed the press is irrevocable; and that, though

the printing-house may properly be compared to the infernal regions for the facility of its entrance, and the difficulty with which authors return from it; yet there is this difference, that a great genius can never return to his former state by a happy draught of the waters of oblivion.

I am now, Mr. Rambler, known to be an author; and am condemned, irreversibly condemned, to all the miseries of high reputation. The first morning after publication my friends assembled about me; I presented each, as is usual, with a copy of my book: they looked into the first pages; but were hindered, by their admiration, from reading farther. The first pages are, indeed, very elaborate. Some passages they particularly dwelt upon, as more eminently beautiful than the rest; and some delicate strokes, and secret elegancies, I pointed out to them, which had escaped their observation. I then begged of them to forbear their compliments; and invited them, I could do no less, to dine with me at a tavern. After dinner, the book was resumed; but their praises very often so much overpowered my modesty, that I was forced to put about the glass, and had often no means of repressing the clamours of their admiration, but by thundering to the drawer for another bottle.

Next morning another set of my acquaintance congratulated me upon my performance with such importunity of praise, that I was again forced to obviate their civilities by a treat. On the third day, I had yet a greater number of applauders to put to silence in the same manner; and, on the fourth, those whom I had entertained the first day came again, having, in the pursuit of the remaining part of the book, discovered so many forcible sentences and masterly touches, that it was impossible for me to bear the repetition of their commendations: I therefore persuaded them once more to adjourn to

the tavern, and chuse some other subject, on which I might share in the conversation; but it was not in their power to withhold their attention from my performances; which had so entirely taken possession of their minds; that no entreaties of mine could change their topic; and I was obliged to stifle, with civility, that praise which neither my modesty could hinder, nor my uneasiness represent.

The whole week was thus spent in a kind of literary revel; and I have now found that nothing is so expensive as great abilities, unless there is joined with them an insatiable eagerness of praise; for, to escape from the pain of hearing myself exalted above the greatest names, dead and living, of the learned world, it has already cost me two hogsheads of port, fifteen gallons of arrack, ten dozen of claret, and five and forty bottles of champagne.

I was resolved to stay at home no longer, and therefore rose early, and went to the coffee-house; but found that I had now made myself too eminent for happiness, and that I was no longer to enjoy the pleasure of mixing, upon equal terms, with the rest of the world. As soon as I enter the room, I see part of the company raging with envy, which they endeavour to conceal, sometimes with the appearance of laughter, and sometimes with that of contempt; but the disguise is such that I can discover the secret rancour of their hearts; and, as envy is deservedly its own punishment, I frequently indulge myself in tormenting them with my presence.

But, though there may be some slight satisfaction received from the mortification of my enemies, yet my benevolence will not suffer me to take any pleasure in the terrors of my friends. I have been cautious, since the appearance of my work, not to give myself more premeditated airs of superiority than the most rigid humility might allow. It is, indeed, not impossible that I may sometimes have laid down my opinion in a manner that shewed a consciousness of my ability to maintain it; or interrupted the conversation, when I saw a tendency, without suffering the speaker to waste his time in explaining his sentiments; and, indeed, I did indulge myself for two days in a custom of drumming with my fingers, when

the company began to lose themselves in absurdities, or to encroach upon subjects which I knew them unqualified to discuss. But I generally acted with great appearance of respect, even to those whose stupidity I pitied in my hearts. Yet, notwithstanding this exemplary moderation, so universal is the dread of uncommon powers, and such the unwillingness of mankind to be made wiser, that I have now for some days found myself shunned by all my acquaintances. If I knock at a door, nobody is at home; if I enter a coffee-house, I have the box to myself. I live in the town like a lion in his den; I sit, or an eagle on his rock, too great for friendship, or society, and condemned to solitude by unhappy elevation and dreaded ascendancy.

Nor is my character only formidable to others, but burdensome to myself. I naturally love to talk without much thinking, to scatter my merriment at random, and to relax my thoughts with ridiculous remarks and fanciful images; but such is now the importance of my opinion, that I am afraid to offer it, lest, by being established too hastily into a maxim, it should be the occasion of error to half the nation: and such is the expectation with which I am attended when I am going to speak, that I frequently pause to reflect whether what I am about to utter is worthy of myself.

This, Sir, is sufficiently miserable; but there are still greater calamities behind. You must have read in Pope and Swift how men of parts have had their closets rifled, and their cabinets broke open, at the instigation of piratical book-sellers, for the profit of their works; and it is apparent, that there are many prints now sold in the shops of men whom you cannot suspect of sitting for that purpose, and whose likenesses must have been certainly stolen when their names made them most vendible. These considerations at first put me on my guard; and I have, indeed, found sufficient reason for my caution, for I have discovered many people examining my countenance with a curiosity that shewed their intention to draw it; I immediately left the house, but find the same behaviour in another.

Others may be persecuted, but I am haunted; I have good reason to be-
lieve

‘I lieve that eleven painters are now dogging me, for they know that he who can get my face first will make his fortune. I often change my wig, and wear my hat over my eyes, by which I hope somewhat to confound them; for you know it is not fair to sell my face without admitting me to share the profit.’

‘I am, however, not so much in pain for my face as for my papers, which I dare neither carry with me nor leave behind. I have, indeed, taken some measures for their preservation, having put them in an iron chest, and fixed a padlock upon my closet. I change my lodgings five times a week, and always remove at the dead of night.’

‘Thus I live, in consequence of having given too great proofs of a predo-

‘minant genius, in the solitude of a hermit, with the anxiety of a miser, and the caution of an outlaw: afraid to shew my face, lest it should be copied; afraid to speak, lest I should injure my character; and to write, lest my correspondents should publish my letters; always uneasy lest my servants should steal my papers for the sake of money, or my friends for that of the publick. This it is to soar above the rest of mankind: and this representation I lay before you, that I may be informed how to divest myself of the laurels which are so cumbersome to the wearer, and descend to the enjoyment of that quiet from which I find a writer of the first class so fatally debarred.’

‘MISCELLANEOUS.’

N^O XVII. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1750.

—ME NON ORACULA CERTUM,
SED MORIS CERTA FACIT.

LUCAN.

LET THOSE WEAK MINDS WHO LIVE IN DOUBT AND FEAR,
TO JUGGLING PRIESTS FOR ORACLES REPAIR;
ONE CERTAIN HOUR OF DEATH TO EACH DECREED,
MY FID^E, MY CERTAIN SOUL, FROM DOUBT HAS FREED.

Rowe.

IT is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour—‘Remember, prince, that thou shalt die!’ And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages—‘Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.’

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection that he is born to die.

The disturbers of our happiness, in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. ‘Think,’ says E-

pictetus, ‘frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments.’

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation, will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds. We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but it’s attainment, or any misery but it’s loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of Providence has scattered over life is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when

F

a sharp

a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, have appeared vain and empty things when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thought was always predominant. We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire; we are uneasy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happiness would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depresses immoderate wishes, will, at the same time, set the heart free from the corrosion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above most others, tormenting to ourselves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and fordid projects. He that considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well; and will therefore look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out that the state of others is not more permanent; and that what can confer nothing on himself very desirable cannot so much improve the condition of a rival as to make him much superior to those from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deserve a very obstinate opposition.

Even grief, that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly subject, will be obviated or alleviated by the same thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our most lively hopes can promise us may be made less by ten thousand accidents, we shall not much repine at a loss of which we cannot estimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know, with sufficient certainty, the

greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But if any passion has so much usurped our understanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation prescribed by reason, it is not too late to apply this remedy when we find ourselves sinking under sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vanished. We may then usefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had stayed a little longer, we should ourselves have been taken away.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness, it may be observed, that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms than that one must some time mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Nor is fear, the most overbearing and restless of all our passions, less to be tempered by this universal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it shows the vanity of all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts; and, according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.

— *Riderque sui ludibria trunci.*

And, soaring, mocks the broken frame below.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another is that death which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard; and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, since he knows not how small a portion of time he can purchase, but knows that, whether short or long, it will be made less valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys his happiness, but

but is not sure that he lengthens his life.

The known shortness of life, as it ought to moderate our passions, may likewise, with equal propriety, contract our designs. There is not time for the most forcible genius, and most active industry, to extend its effects beyond a certain sphere. To project the conquest of the world, is the madness of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every science, has been the folly of literary heroes: and both have found, at last, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have lost many opportunities of making themselves useful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a species of honour, which the eternal laws of Providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miscarriages of the great designs of princes are recorded in the histories of the world, but are of little use to the bulk of mankind, who seem very little interested in admonitions against errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper subject for every scholar to consider; for who has not had occasion to regret the diffi-

pation of great abilities in a boundless multiplicity of pursuits; to lament the sudden desertion of excellent designs, upon the offer of some other subject made inviting by its novelty, and to observe the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfinished by too great an extension of the plan?

It is always pleasing to observe, how much more our minds can conceive than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition by some regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleasures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with schemes which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add increments to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavours, we may either check or animate ourselves by recollecting, with the father of physick—that *art is long, and life is short*.

N^O XVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1750.

ILLIC MATRE CARENTIRUS,
PRIVIGNIS MULIERE TEMPERAT INNOCENS,
NEC DOTATA REGIT VIRUM
CONJUX, NEC NITIDO FIDIT ADULTERO:
BOE EST MAGNA PARENTUM
VIRTUS, ET METUENS ALTERIUS TORI
CERTO FODERE CASTITAS.

HOR.

NOT THERE THE GUILTY STEPDAME KNOWS
THE BALEFUL DRAUGHT FOR ORPHANS TO COMPOSE;
NO WIFE HIGH-PORTEON'D RULES HER SPOUSE,
OR TRUSTS HER ESSENC'D LOVER'S FAITHLESS VOWS:
THE LOVERS THERE FOR DOW'RY CLAIM
THE FATHER'S VIRTUE, AND THE SPOTLESS FAME,
WHICH DARES NOT BREAK THE NUPTIAL TIE.

FRANCIS.

THERE is no observation more frequently made by such as employ themselves in surveying the conduct of mankind, than that Marriage, though the dictate of nature, and the institution of providence, is yet very often the cause of misery; and that those who enter into that state can seldom forbear to express their repentance, and their envy of those whom either chance or caution hath withheld from it.

This general unhappiness has given occasion to many sage maxims among the serious, and smart remarks among the gay; the moralist and the writer of epigrams have equally shown their abilities upon it; some have lamented, and some have ridiculed it: but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a masculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miserable has been always thrown upon the women; and the grave

and the merry have equally thought themselves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints, or satirical censures, of female folly or fickleness, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or lust.

Led by such numbers of examples, and incited by my share in the common interest, I sometimes venture to consider this universal grievance, having endeavoured to divert my heart of all partiality, and place myself as a kind of neutral being between the sexes, whose clamours, being equally vented on both sides with all the vehemence of distrests, all the apparent confidence of justice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, seem entitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their superiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raise prejudices in their favour by the venerable testimonies of philosophers, historians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to passions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity. If they have not so great names on their side, they have stronger arguments: it is to little purpose that Socrates or Euripides are produced against the sighs of softness, and the tears of beauty. The most frigid and inexorable judge would, at least, stand suspended between equal powers; as Lucan was perplexed in the determination of the cause where the deities were on one side and Cato on the other.

But I, who have long studied the severest and most abstracted philosophy, have now, in the cool maturity of life, arrived at such command over my passions, that I can hear the vociferations of either sex without catching any of the fire from those that utter them. For I have found, by long experience, that a man will sometimes rage at his wife, when in reality his mistress has offended him; and a lady complain of the cruelty of her husband, when she has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not suffer myself to be any longer imposed upon by oaths on one side, or hits on the other; nor when the husband hastens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her closet, am I always confident that they are driven by their miseries; since I have sometimes reason to believe that they purpose not so much to sooth their sorrows as to animate their fury. But how little credit soever may be given to particular accusations, the general ac-

cumulation of the charge shews, with too much evidence, that married persons are not very often advanced in felicity; and, therefore, it may be proper to examine at what avenues so many evils have made their way into the world. With this purpose, I have reviewed the lives of my friends, who have been least successful in connubial contracts; and attentively considered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the first of my acquaintances that resolved to quit the unsettled thoughtless condition of a bachelor, was Prudentius, a man of slow parts, but not without knowledge or judgment in things which he had leisure to consider gradually before he determined them. Whenever we met at a tavern, it was his province to settle the scheme of our entertainment, contrast with the cook, and inform us when we had called for wine to the sum originally proposed. This grave considerer found, by deep meditation, that a man was no loser by marrying early, even though he contented himself with a less fortune; for estimating the exact worth of annuities, he found that, considering the constant diminution of the value of life, with the probable fall of the interest of money, it was not worse to have ten thousand pounds at the age of two and twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thirty: 'For many opportunities,' says he, 'occur of improving money, which if a man misses, he may not afterwards recover.'

Full of these reflections, he threw his eyes about him, not in search of beauty or elegance, dignity or understanding, but of a woman with ten thousand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her father, whose ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he boasted to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a settlement of seventy-three pounds a year less than her fortune might have claimed; and less than he would himself have given, if the fools had been but wise enough to delay the bargain.

Thus, at once delighted with the superiority of his parts, and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own house, in which he never afterwards

wards enjoyed one hour of happiness. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, violent passions, a strong voice, and low education, without any sense of happiness but that which consisted in eating and counting money. Furia was a scold. They agreed in the desire of wealth, but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parsimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour; but Furia very wisely observing that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*; thought all traffick too great a hazard; and was for putting it out at low interest, upon good security. Prudentius ventured, however, to insure a ship, at a very unreasonable price; but happening to lose his money, was so tormented with the clamour of his wife, that he never durst try a second experiment. He has now grovelled seven and forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, since his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the insurer*.

The next that married from our society was Florentius. He happened to see Zephyretta in a chariot, at a horse-race; danced with her at night, was confirmed in his first ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himself her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world to distinguish between the flutter of coquetry and the sprightliness of wit, or between the smile of allurement and that of cheerfulness. He was soon waked from his rapture by conviction, that his pleasure was but the pleasure of a day. Zephyretta had in four and twenty hours spent her stock of repartee, gone round the circle of her airs, and had nothing remaining for him but childish insipidity, or for herself but the practice of the same artifices upon new men.

Melissus was a man of parts, capable of enjoying and of improving life. He had passed through the various scenes of gaiety with that indifference and possession of himself, natural to men who have something higher and nobler in their prospect. Retiring to spend the summer in a village little frequented, he happened to lodge in the same house with Ianthé, and was unavoidably drawn to some acquaintance, which her wit and politeness soon invited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any

other company, they were always together; and, as they owed their pleasures to each other, they began to forget that any pleasure was enjoyed before their meeting. Melissus, from being delighted with her company, quickly began to be uneasy in her absence, and being sufficiently convinced of the force of her understanding, and finding, as he imagined, such a conformity of temper as declared them formed for each other, addressed her as a lover; after a very long courtship obtained her for his wife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Melissus had only seen her in one scene, where there was no variety of objects to produce the proper exertions to contrary desires. They had both loved solitude and reflection, where there was nothing but solitude and reflection to be loved; but when they came into public life, Ianthé discovered those passions which accident rather than hypocrisy had hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of thinking, but was wholly without the exertion of that power when either gaiety or splendour played on her imagination. She was expensive in her diversions, vehement in her passions, insatiate of pleasure, however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applause by whomsoever it might be given. This was the wife which Melissus the philosopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an associate in his studies, and an assistant to his virtues.

Prosapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his housekeeper, and has ever since been complaining to his friends that mean notions are instilled into his children, that he is ashamed to sit at his own table, and that his house is uneasy to him for want of suitable companions.

Avaro, master of a very large estate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the condition on which he should be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's and his uncle's, insufficient to give him that happiness which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life; and shall therefore make no reflection upon the

historical,

histories, except that all whom I have mentioned failed to obtain happiness, for want of considering that marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship; that there can be no friendship without

confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches; or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

Nº XIX. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1750.

DUM TE CAUSIDICUM, DUM TE MODORHETORA FINGIS,
ET NON DECERNIS, TAURE, QUID ESSE VELLIS,
VELEOS ET PRIAMITRANSIT, VEL NESTORIS ETAS,
ET SERUM FUTURAT JAM TIBI DESINERE—
EJA, AGE, RUMPE MORAS, QUO TE SPECTABIMUS USQUE?
DUM QUID SIS DUBITAS, JAM POTES ESSE NIMIL.

MART.

TO RETORCE NOW, AND NOW TO LAW INCLIN'D,
UNCERTAIN WHERE TO FIX THY CHANGING MIND;
OLD PRIAM'S AGE OR NESTOR'S MAY BE OUT,
AND THOU, O TAUREUS! STILL GO ON IN DOUBT.
COME THEN, HOW LONG SUCH WAY'RING SHALL WE BE?
THOU MAY'ST DOUBT ON; THOU NOW CAN'ST NOTHING BE.

F. LEWIS.

IT is never without very melancholy reflections that we can observe the misconduct, or miscarriage, of those men who seem by the force of understanding, or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with scenes of calamity, we look upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of slaughter, but follow the hero, with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thousands that are falling round him.

With the same kind of anxious veneration, I have for many years been making observations on the life of Polyphilus, a man whom all his acquaintances have, from his first appearance in the world, feared for the quickness of his discernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments; but whose progress in life, and usefulness to mankind, have been hindered by the superfluity of his knowledge, and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable, at the school, for surpassing all his companions, without any visible application; and at the university was distinguished equally

for his successful progress as well through the thorny mazes of science, as the flowery path of polite literature, without any strict confinement to hours of study, or remarkable forbearance of the common amusements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age in which men usually chuse their profession, and prepare to enter into a publick character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; all were curious to enquire what this universal genius would fix upon for the employment of his life; and no doubt was made but that he would leave all his contemporaries behind him, and mount to the highest honours of that class in which he should enlist himself, without those delays and pauses which must be endured by meaner abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no means insolent or assuming, had been sufficiently encouraged, by uninterrupted success, to place great confidence in his own parts; and was not below his companions in the indulgence of his hopes, and expectations of the astonishment with which the world would be struck, when first his lustre should break out upon it; nor could he forbear (for whom does not constant flattery intoxicate?) to join sometimes in the mirth of his friends, at the sudden disappearance of those who, having shone a while, and drawn the eyes of the publick upon their feeble radiance, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to esteem advantages

vanageous notions of the condition which those with whom he converses are striving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally among the physicians, and was so much pleased with the prospect of turning philosophy to profit, and so highly delighted with a new theory of fevers which darted into his imagination, and which, after having considered it a few hours, he found himself able to maintain against all the advocates for the ancient system, that he resolved to apply himself to anatomy, botany and chemistry, and to leave no part unconquered, either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms.

He therefore read authors, constructed systems, and tried experiments; but unhappily, as he was going to see a new plant in flower in Chelsea, he met, in crossing Westminster to take water, the chancellor's coach; he had the curiosity to follow him into the Hall, where a remarkable cause happened to be tried, and found himself able to produce so many arguments which the lawyers had omitted on both sides, that he determined to quit physick for a profession in which he found it would be so easy to excel, and which promised higher honours and larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon misery, mean submission to peevishness, and continual interruption of rest and pleasure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought a common-place book, and confined himself some months to the perusal of the statutes, year-books, pleadings, and reports; he was a constant hearer of the courts, and began to put cases with reasonable accuracy. But he soon discovered, by considering the fortune of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got by acuteness, learning, and eloquence. He was perplexed by the absurdities of attorneys, and misrepresentations made by his clients of their own causes, by the useless anxiety of one, and the incessant importunity of another; he began to repent of having devoted himself to a study which was so narrow in it's comprehension that it could never carry his name to any other country, and thought it unworthy of a man of parts to sell his life only for money. The barrenness of his fellow-students forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment, and among the varieties of conversation through which his curiosity was daily

wandering, he by chance mingled at a tavern with some intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was easily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance, and softened into kindness by the politeness of their address: he, therefore, cultivated this new acquaintance; and when he saw how readily they found in every place admission and regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank and order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for military honours, and wondered how the prejudices of the university should make him so long insensible of that ambition, which has fired so many hearts in every age, and negligent of that calling, which is, above all others, universally and invariably illustrious, and which gives, even to the exterior appearance of it's professors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the rest of mankind.

These favourable impressions were made still deeper by his conversation with ladies, whose regard for soldiers he could not observe without wishing himself one of that happy fraternity to which the female world seemed to have devoted their charms and their kindness. The love of knowledge, which was still his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and therefore he concluded that there was no way of life in which all his views could so completely concenter as in that of a soldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having observed his new friends not very much versed in the principles of tactics or fortification; he therefore studied all the military writers, both ancient and modern, and, in a short time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that has been lost from the beginning of the world. He often shewed at table, how Alexander should have been checked in his conquests, what was the fatal error at Pharsalia, how Charles of Sweden might have escaped his ruin at Poltowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper, so that no superiority of numbers could force them, and modelled in clay many impregnable fortresses, on which all the present arts of attack would be exhausted without effect.

Polyphilus, in a short time, obtained a commission; but before he could rub
off

off the solemnity of a scholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces sent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found that study alone would not make a soldier; for being much accustomed to think, he let the sense of danger sink into his mind, and felt, at the approach of any action, that terror which a sentence of death would have brought upon him. He saw that, instead of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his gay friends was only to escape them; but his philosophy chained his mind to its object, and rather loaded him with shackles than furnished him with arms. He, however, suppressed his misery in silence, and passed through the campaign with honour; but found himself utterly unable to support another.

He then had recourse again to his books, and continued to range from one study to another. As I usually visit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice, I have found him, within this last half year, decyphering the Chinese language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obsolete terms of the English law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian brass, and forming a new scheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended the sphere of any science, or benefited the world in any profession, dissipated in a boundless variety, without profit to others or himself. He makes sudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and sees all obstacles give way before him; but he never stays long enough to complete his conquest, to establish laws, or bring away the spoils.

Such is often the folly of men, whom nature has enabled to obtain skill and knowledge, on terms so easy, that they have no sense of the value of the acquisition; they are qualified to make such speedy progress in learning, that they think themselves at liberty to loiter in the way, and by turning aside after every new object, lose the race, like Ata-

lanta, to slower competitors, who press diligently forward, and whose force is directed to a single point.

I have often thought those happy that have been fixed, from the first dawn of thought, in a determination to some state of life, by the choice of one whose authority may preclude caprice, and whose influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of consulting the genius is of little use, unless we are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be discovered only by experiment, life will be lost before the resolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be very early discerned. At least, if to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius, men appear not less frequently deceived with regard to themselves than to others; and therefore no one has much reason to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he should have had either more honour or happiness by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was said of the learned Bishop Sanderfon, that, when he was preparing his lectures, he hesitated so much, and rejected so often, that, at the time of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was best, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the state of every man who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every side: the complication is so intricate, the motives and objections so numerous, there is so much play for the imagination, and so much remains in the power of others, that reason is forced at last to rest in neutrality, the decision devolves into the hands of chance, and after a great part of life spent in inquiries which can never be resolved, the rest must often pass in repenting the unnecessary delay, and can be useful to few other purposes than to warn others against the same folly, and to shew, that of two states of life equally consistent with religion and virtue, he who chuses earliest, chuses best.

N^O XXV. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1750.

AMONG the numerous stratagems which my white and black friends have contrived to employ, in order to make me believe that I am a great man, and that I am a great man, I have observed one that seems to me to be the most successful of all. It is to make me believe that I am a great man, and that I am a great man, by making me believe that I am a great man, and that I am a great man. This is a very common practice among my correspondents, of writing under characters which they cannot support, which are of no use to the explanation or enforcement of that which they describe or recommend; and which, therefore, since they assume them only for the sake of displaying their abilities, I will advise them for the future to forbear, as laborious without advantage.

It is almost a general ambition of those who favour me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their contribution for the assistance of my understanding, to affect the style and the names of ladies. And I cannot always withhold some expression of anger, like Sir Hugh in the comedy, when I happen to find that a woman has a beard. I must therefore warn the gentle Phyllis, that she send me no more letters from the Horse-Guards: and require of Bel-

mont to inform me of the progress of his studies, and to send me a list of the names of the authors which he has read. I have observed one that seems to me to be the most successful of all. It is to make me believe that I am a great man, and that I am a great man, by making me believe that I am a great man, and that I am a great man.

Among all my female friends, there was none who gave me more trouble to decypher her true character than Penrhys, whose letter lay upon my desk three days before I could fix upon the real writer. There was a confusion of images, and medley of barbarity, which held me long in suspense, till by perseverance I disentangled the perplexity, and found that Penrhys is the son of a wealthy stock-jobber, who spends his morning, under his father's eye, in Change-Alley, dines at a tavern in Covent-Garden, passes his evening in the play-house, and part of the night at a gaming-table; and, having learned the dialects of these various regions, has mingled them all in a studied composition.

When Lee was once told by a critic, that it was very easy to write like a madman, he answered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but easy enough to write like a fool: and I hope to be excused by my kind contributors, in imitation of this great author, I presume to remind them, that it is much easier not to write like a man than to write like a woman.

I have, indeed, some ingenious well-wishers, who, without departing from their sex, have found very wonderful appellations. A very smart letter has been sent me from a puny ensign, signed Ajax Telamonius; another, in re-

commendation

commendation of a new treatise upon cards, from a gamester, who calls himself Sesostris; and another upon the improvements of the fishery from Dioclesian: but as these seem only to have picked up their appellations by chance, without endeavouring at any particular inposure, their improprieties are rather instances of blunder than of affectation, and are therefore not equally fitted to inflame the hostile passions; for it is not folly but pride, not error but deceit, which the world means to persecute, when it raises the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation.

The hatred which dissimulation always draws upon itself is so great, that if I did not know how much cunning differs from wisdom, I should wonder that any men have so little knowledge of their own interest as to aspire to wear a mask for life; to try to impose upon the world a character, to which they feel themselves void of any just claim; and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and even their profit, by exposing themselves to the danger of that reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which such a discovery as they have always to fear will certainly bring upon them.

It might be imagined, that the pleasure of reputation should consist in the satisfaction of having our opinion of our own merit confirmed by the suffrage of the publick; and that to be extolled for a quality which a man knows himself to want, should give him no other happiness than to be mistaken for the owner of an estate over which he chances to be travelling. But he who subsists upon affectation knows nothing of this delicacy: like a desperate adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation upon trust, mortgages possessions which he never had, and enjoys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with a thousand terrors and anxieties, the unnecessary splendor of borrowed riches.

Affectation is always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Thus the man who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigour of devotion, and exactness of life, is guilty of hypocrisy; and his guilt is greater, as the end for which he puts on the false appearance is more pernicious. But he that, with

an awkward address, and unpleasant countenance, boasts of the conquests made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thousands which he might have possessed if he would have submitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a fop. Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

With the hypocrite it is not at present my intention to expostulate; though even he might be taught the excellency of virtue, by the necessity of seeming to be virtuous; but the man of affectation may perhaps be reclaimed, by finding how little he is likely to gain by perpetual constraint and incessant vigilance, and how much more securely he might make his way to esteem by cultivating real, than displaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be estimated by a wise man, in proportion to the probability of attaining it, and it's value when attained; and neither of these considerations will much contribute to the encouragement of affectation. For if the pinnacles of fame be, at best, slippery, how unsteady must his footing be who stands upon pinnacles without foundation! If praise be made by the inconsistency and maliciousness of those who must confer it, a blessing which no man can promise himself from the most conspicuous merit and vigorous industry, how faint must be the hope of gaining it, when the uncertainty is multiplied by the weakness of the pretensions! He that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds; but he that endeavours after it by false merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel. Though he should happen to keep above water for a time, by the help of a soft breeze and a calm sea, at the first gust, he must inevitably founder, with this melancholy reflection, that, if he would have been content with his natural station, he might have escaped his calamity. Affectation may possibly succeed for a time; and a man may, by great attention, persuade others that he really has the qualities which he presumes to boast; but the

hour will come when he should exert them; and then whatever he enjoyed in praise he must suffer in reproach.

Applause and admiration are by no means to be counted among the necessities of life, and therefore any indirect arts to obtain them have very little claim to pardon or compassion. There is scarcely any man without some valuable or improveable qualities, by which he might always secure himself from contempt. And perhaps exemption from ignominy is the most eligible reputation; as freedom from pain is, among some philosophers, the definition of happiness.

If we therefore compare the value of the praise obtained by fictitious excel-

lence, even while the cheat is yet undiscovered, with that kindness which every man may suit by his virtue, and that esteem to which most men may rise by common understanding steadily and honestly applied, we shall find that when from the adfictitious happiness all the deductions are made by fear and casualty, there will remain nothing equiponderant to the security of truth. The state of the possessor of humble virtues, to the affecter of great excellences, is that of a small cottage of stone, to the palace raised with ice by the Empress of Russia; it was for a time splendid and luminous, but the first sunshine melted it to nothing.

N^o XXI. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1750.

TERRA SALUTIFERAS HERBAS, EADEMQUE NOCENTES;
NUTRIT, ET VITICÆ PROXIMA SÆPE ROSA EST.

OVID.

OUR BANE AND PHYSICK THE SAME EARTH BESTOWS,
AND NEAR THE NOISOME NETTLE BLOOMS THE ROSE.

EVERY man is prompted by the love of himself to imagine, that he possesses some qualities, superior, either in kind or in degree, to those which he sees allotted to the rest of the world; and, whatever apparent disadvantages he may suffer in the comparison with others, he has some invisible distinctions, some latent reserve of excellence, which he throws into the balance, and by which he generally fancies that it is turned in his favour.

The studious and speculative part of mankind always seem to consider their fraternity as placed in a state of opposition to those who are engaged in the tumult of publick business; and have pleased themselves, from age to age, with celebrating the felicity of their own condition, and with recounting the perplexity of politicks, the dangers of greatness, the anxieties of ambition, and the miseries of riches.

Among the numerous topicks of declamation that their industry has discovered on this subject, there is none which they press with greater efforts, or on which they have more copiously laid out their reason and their imagination, than the instability of high stations, and the uncertainty with which the profits and honours are possessed, that must be ac-

quired with so much hazard, vigilance, and labour.

This they appear to consider as an irrefragable argument against the choice of the statesman and the warrior; and swell with confidence of victory, thus furnished by the muses with the arms which never can be blunted, and which no art or strength of their adversaries can elude or resist.

It is well known by experience to the nations which employed elephants in war, that though by the terror of their bulk, and the violence of their impression, they often threw the enemy into disorder, yet there was always danger in the use of them, very nearly equivalent to the advantage; for if their first charge could be supported, they were easily driven back upon their confederates; they then broke through the troops behind them, and made no less havock in the precipitation of their retreat than in the fury of their onset.

I know not whether those who have so vehemently urged the inconveniences and danger of an active life, have not made use of arguments that may be retorted with equal force upon themselves; and whether the happiness of a candidate for literary fame be not subject to the same uncertainty with that of him who governs

provinces, commands armies, presides in the senate, or dictates in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not to be gained without labour, at least equal to that which any other kind of greatness can require, will be allowed by those who wish to elevate the character of a scholar; since they cannot but know that every human acquisition is valuable in proportion to the difficulty employed in its attainment. And that those who have gained the esteem and veneration of the world, by their knowledge or their genius, are by no means exempt from the sollicitude which any other kind of dignity produces; may be conjectured from the innumerable artifices which they make use of to degrade a superior, to repress a rival, or obstruct a follower; artifices so gross and mean, as to prove evidently how much a man may excel in learning, without being either more wise or more virtuous than those whose ignorance he pities or despises.

Nothing therefore remains by which the student can gratify his desire of appearing to have built his happiness on a more firm basis than his antagonist, except the certainty with which his honours are enjoyed. The garlands gained by the heroes of literature must be gathered from summits equally difficult to climb with those that bear the civic or triumphal wreaths; they must be worn with equal envy, and guarded with equal care from those hands that are always employed in efforts to tear them away; the only remaining hope is, that their verdure is more lasting, and that they are less likely to fail by time, or less obnoxious to the blasts of accident.

Even this hope will receive very little encouragement from the examination of the history of learning, or observation of the fate of scholars in the present age. If we look back into past times, we find innumerable names of authors once in high reputation, read perhaps by the beautiful, quoted by the witty, and commented by the grave; but of whom we now know only that they once existed. If we consider the distribution of literary fame in our own time, we shall find it a possession of very uncertain tenure; sometimes bestowed by a sudden caprice of the publick, and again transferred to a new favourite, for no other reason than that he is new; sometimes refused to long labour, and eminent desert, and sometimes granted to very slight preten-

sions; lost sometimes by security and negligence, and sometimes by too diligent endeavours to retain it.

A successful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceases to write. The regard of the publick is not to be kept but by tribute, and the remembrance of past service will quickly languish unless successive performances frequently revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard; and there are few who do not, at some unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

There are many possible causes of that inequality which we may so frequently observe in the performances of the same man, from the influence of which no ability or industry is sufficiently secured, and which have so often sullied the splendor of genius, that the wit, as well as the conqueror, may be properly cautioned not to indulge his pride with too early triumphs, but to defer to the end of life his estimate of happiness.

—Ultima semper
Exspectanda diis homini, digni beatus il-
Ante obitum nemo supremæq; funera dabit.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

—ADDITION.

Among the motives that urge an author to undertakings by which his reputation is impaired, one of the most frequent must be mentioned with tenderness, because it is not to be counted among his follies, but his miseries. It very often happens that the works of learning or of wit are performed at the direction of those by whom they are to be rewarded; the writer has not always the choice of his subject, but is compelled to accept any task which is thrown before him, without much consideration of his own convenience, and without time to prepare himself by previous studies.

Miscarriages of this kind are likewise frequently the consequence of that acquaintance with the great, which is generally considered as one of the chief privileges of literature and genius. A man who has once learned to think himself exalted by familiarity with those whom nothing but their birth or their fortunes, or such stations as are seldom gained by moral excellence, set above him, will not

be

be long without submitting his understanding to their conduct; he will suffer them to prescribe the course of his studies, and employ him for their own purposes either of diversion or interest. His desire of pleasing those whose favour he has weakly made necessary to himself will not suffer him always to consider how little he is qualified for the work imposed. Either his vanity will tempt him to conceal his deficiencies, or that cowardice which always encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the company of persons higher than themselves, will not leave him resolution to assert the liberty of choice.

But, though we suppose that a man by his fortune can avoid the necessity of dependence, and by his spirit can repel the usurpations of patronage, yet he may easily, by writing long, happen to write ill. There is a general succession of events in which contraries are produced by periodical vicissitudes; labour and care are rewarded with success, success produces confidence, confidence relaxes industry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raised.

He that happens not to be lulled by praise into supineness, may be animated by it to undertakings above his strength, or incited to fancy himself alike qualified for every kind of composition, and

able to comply with the publick taste through all its variations. By some opinion like this, many men have been engaged, at an advanced age, in attempts which they had not time to complete, and, after a few weak efforts, sunk into the grave with vexation to see the rising generation gain ground upon them. From these failures the highest genius is not exempt; that judgment which appears so penetrating when it is employed upon the works of others, very often fails where interest or passion can exert their power. We are blinded in examining our own labours by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile compositions please us, because they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to esteem, because we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement: what flows easily from the pen charms us, because we read with pleasure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was composed with great struggles of the mind we do not easily reject, because we cannot bear that so much labour should be fruitless. But the reader has none of these prepossessions, and wonders that the author is so unlike himself, without considering that the same soil will, with different culture, afford different products.

Nº XXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1750.

—SICUT SINE STUDIO SINE DIVITE VENA,

NEC RUDE QUID PROBIT VIDEO INGENIUM, ALTERIUS SIC

ALTERA POSCIT OPERA, ET CONJUNCT AMICE.

HOR.

WITHOUT A GENIUS LEARNING SOARS IN VAIN;

AND, WITHOUT LEARNING, GENIUS SINKS AGAIN:

THEIR FORCE UNITED CROWN THE SPRIGHTLY REIGN.

ELPHINSTON.

WIT and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity; Learning was born of Sophia, and retained her seriousness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition; and all means were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who forelaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to soften them by

dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindness were without effect; the maternal animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by asping the solemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronise and support them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and false appearances.

At last the day came when they were both, with the usual solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauses of the associate powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and that, at the first sallies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with unextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence; and, by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or by shewing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions; and rose, at last, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every

debate by rapidity and confusion; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being intangled in consequences which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and Antiquity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new was specious; to Learning, whatever was ancient was venerable. Wit, however, seldom failed to divert those whom he could not convince; and to convince was not often his ambition; Learning always supported her opinion with so many collateral truths, that, when the cause was decided against her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common, on either side, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conquest by the use of the weapons which had been employed against them. Wit would sometimes labour a syllogism, and Learning distort her features with a jest; but they always suffered by the experiment, and betrayed themselves to confusion or contempt. The seriousness of Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learning without vivacity.

Their contests, by long continuance, grew at last important, and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Smiles and Jests, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning still continued the favourite of Minerva, and seldom went out of her palace without a train of the severer virtues, Chastity, Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour. Wit, cohabiting with Malice, had a son named Satyr, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poisoned arrows, which, where they once drew blood, could by no skill ever be extracted. These arrows he frequently shot

shot at Learning, when she was most earnestly or usefully employed, engaged in abstruse enquiries, or giving instructions to her followers. Minerva therefore deputed Criticism to her aid, who generally broke the point of Satyr's arrows, turned them aside, or retorted them on himself.

Jupiter was at last angry, that the peace of the heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals; nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects; theatres were built for the reception of Wit, and colleges, endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outry the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist in one of the factions; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were indeed a class of mortals by whom Wit and Learning were equally disregarded: these were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches; among these it seldom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raise a smile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers against them; but the forces that were sent on those expe-

ditions frequently betrayed their trust; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in publick, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of superiority on those who still remained in the service of Wit and Learning.

Disgusted with these desertions, the two rivals, at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admission to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right-hand, and they prepared to obey the happy summons. Wit readily spread his wings, and soared aloft; but not being able to see far, was bewildered in the pathless immensity of the ethereal spaces. Learning, who knew the way, shook her pinions; but, for want of natural vigour, could only take short flights: so, after many efforts, they both sunk again to the ground; and learned, from their mutual distress, the necessity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight: Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicacity of Learning. They soon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were so endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. Wit persuaded Learning to converse with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the service of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their presence. They soon after married, at the command of Jupiter; and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

N^o XXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1750.

UT MIHI CONVIVAE PROPE DISSENTIRE VIDENTUR;
POSCENTUR VARIIS MOLLIUM DIVERSA PALATO.

HORACE.

THREE COURTESY HAVE, DIVERGING AT MY FEAST,
REQUIRING BACK TO GRATE MY TASTE.

WITH DISSENTIENT FOOD.

FRANCIS.

THAT every man should regulate his actions by his own conscience, without any regard to the opinions of the rest of the world, is one of the first precepts of moral prudence; justified not only by the suffrage of reason, which declares that none of the gifts of heaven are to be useless, but by the voice

likewise of experience, which will soon inform us, that, if we make the praise or blame of others the rule of our conduct, we shall be distracted by a boundless variety of irreconcilable judgments; be held in perpetual suspense between contrary impulses, and consult for ever without determination.

I know

I know not whether, for the same reason, it is not necessary for an author to place some confidence in his own skill, and to satisfy himself in the knowledge that he has not deviated from the established laws of composition, without submitting his works to frequent examinations before he gives them to the publick, or endeavouring to secure success by a solicitous conformity to advice and criticism.

It is, indeed, quickly discoverable, that consultation and compliance can conduce little to the perfection of any literary performance: for whoever is so doubtful of his own abilities as to encourage the remarks of others, will find himself every day embarrassed with new difficulties, and will harass his mind, in vain, with the hopeless labour of uniting heterogeneous ideas, digesting independent hints, and collecting into one point the several rays of borrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, those who retail their labours in periodical sheets would be most unhappy, if they were much to regard the censures or the admonitions of their readers: for, as their works are not sent into the world at once, but by small parts in gradual succession, it is always imagined, by those who think themselves qualified to give instructions, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to better judges, and supply the deficiencies of their plan by the help of the criticisms which are so liberally afforded.

I have had occasion to observe, sometimes with vexation, and sometimes with merriment, the different temper with which the same man reads a printed and manuscript performance. When a book is once in the hands of the publick, it is considered as permanent and unalterable; and the reader, if he be free from personal prejudices, takes it up with no other intention than of pleasing or instructing himself; he accommodates his mind to the author's design; and, having no interest in refusing the amusement that is offered him, never interrupts his own tranquillity by studied cavils, or destroys his satisfaction in that which is already well, by an anxious enquiry how it might be better; but is often contented without pleasure, and pleased without perfection.

But if the same man be called to con-

sider the merit of a production yet unpublished, he brings an imagination heated with objections to passages which he has yet never heard; he invokes all the powers of criticism, and stores his memory with Taste and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Virtues; sounds which, having been once uttered by those that understood them, have been since repeated without meaning, and kept up to the disturbance of the world, by a constant repercussion from one coxcomb to another. He considers himself as obliged to shew, by some proof of his abilities, that he is not consulted to no purpose, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propose some specious alteration. Such opportunities a very small degree of sagacity will enable him to find; for, in every work of imagination, the disposition of parts, the insertion of incidents, and use of decorations, may be varied a thousand ways with equal propriety; and as in things nearly equal, that will always seem best to every man which he himself produces, the critic, whose business is only to propose, without the care of execution, can never want the satisfaction of believing that he has suggested very important improvements, nor the power of enforcing his advice by arguments, which as they appear convincing to himself, either his kindness or his vanity will press obstinately and importunately, without suspicion that he may possibly judge too hastily in favour of his own advice, or enquiry whether the advantage of the new scheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is observed by the younger Pliny, that an orator ought not so much to select the strongest arguments which his cause admits, as to employ all which his imagination can afford: for, in pleading, those reasons are of most value which will most affect the judges; and the judges, says he, will be always most touched with that which they had before conceived. Every man who is called to give his opinion of a performance, decides upon the same principle; he first suffers himself to form expectations, and then is angry at his disappointment. He lets his imagination rove at large, and wonders that another, equally unconfin'd in the boundless ocean of possibility, takes a different course.

But, though the rule of Pliny be judiciously

diciously laid down, it is not applicable to the writer's cause, because there always lies an appeal from domestick criticism to a higher judicature; and the publick, which is never corrupted, nor often deceived, is to pass the last sentence upon literary claims.

Of the great force of preconceived opinions I had many proofs, when I first entered upon this weekly labour. My readers having, from the performances of my predecessors, established an idea of unconnected essays, to which they believed all future authors under a necessity of conforming, were impatient of the least deviation from their system; and numerous remonstrances were accordingly made by each, as he found his favourite subject omitted or delayed. Some were angry that the Rambler did not, like the Spectator, introduce himself to the acquaintance of the publick, by an account of his own birth and studies, an enumeration of his adventures, and a description of his physiognomy. Others soon began to remark that he was a solemn, serious, didtatorial writer, without sprightliness or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mirth and humour. Another admonished him to have a special eye upon the various clubs of this great city; and informed him, that much of the Spectator's vivacity was laid out upon such assemblies. He has been censured for not imitating the politeness of his predecessors, having hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protection, and give them rules for the just opposition of colours, and the proper dimensions of ruffles and pinners. He

has been required by one to fix a particular censure upon those matrons who play at cards with spectacles. And another is very much offended whenever he meets with a speculation in which naked precepts are comprised without the illustration of examples and characters.

I make not the least question that all these monitors intend the promotion of my design, and the instruction of my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himself; and selects those subjects which he is best qualified to treat, by the course of his studies, or the accidents of his life; that some topics of amusement have been already treated with too much success to invite a competition; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers must try various arts of invitation, essay every avenue of pleasure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but consider myself, amidst this tumult of criticism, as a ship in a poetical tempest, impelled at the same time by opposite winds, and dashed by the waves from every quarter, but held upright by the contrariety of the assailants, and secured, in some measure, by multiplicity of distress. Had the opinion of my censures been unanimous; it might perhaps have overset my resolution; but since I find them at variance with each other, I can, without scruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the publick by following the direction of my own reason, and indulging the sallies of my own imagination.

Nº XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1750.

NEMO IN DEUS TENTAT DESCENDERE.

PERSIUS.

NONE, NONE DESCENDS INTO HIMSELF.

DAYDEN.

AMONG the precepts, or aphorisms, admitted by general consent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous among the masters of ancient wisdom, than that compendious lesson, *Γινώσκω σε, γινώσκω σε*. Be acquainted with thyself; ascribed by some to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedæmon.

This is, indeed, a dictate which in the whole extent of it's meaning may

be said to comprise all the speculation requisite to a moral agent. For what more can be necessary to the regulation of life, than the knowledge of our original, our end, our duties, and our relation to other beings?

It is however very improbable that the first author, whoever he was, intended to be understood in this unlimited and complicated sense; for of the inquiries which in so large an acceptation

it would seem to recommend, some are too extensive for the powers of man, and some require light from above, which was not yet indulged to the heathen world.

We might have had more satisfaction concerning the original import of this celebrated sentence, if history had informed us, whether it was uttered as a general instruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to some private inquirer; whether it was applied to some single occasion, or laid down as the universal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the slightest consideration, many possible circumstances in which this monition might very properly be enforced; for every error in human conduct must arise from ignorance in ourselves, either perpetual or temporary; and happen either because we do not know what is best and fittest, or because our knowledge is at the time of action not present to the mind.

When a man employs himself upon remote and unnecessary subjects, and wastes his life upon questions which cannot be resolved, and of which the solution would conduce very little to the advancement of happiness; when he lavishes his hours in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjusting successive systems of worlds beyond the reach of the telescope; he may be very properly recalled from his excursions by this precept, and reminded, that there is a nearer Being with which it is his duty to be more acquainted; and from which his attention has hitherto been withheld by studies to which he has no other motive than vanity or curiosity.

The great praise of Socrates is, that he drew the wits of Greece, by his instruction and example, from the vain pursuit of natural philosophy to moral inquiries, and turned their thoughts from stars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue, and relations of life. All his lectures were but commentaries upon this saying; if we suppose the knowledge of ourselves recommended by Chilo, in opposition to other inquiries less suitable to the state of man.

The great fault of men of learning is still, that they offend against this rule, and appear willing to study any thing rather than themselves; for which reason they are often despised by those with whom they imagine themselves

above comparison; despised, as useless to common purposes, as unable to conduct the most trivial affairs, and unqualified to perform those offices by which the concatenation of society is preserved, and mutual tenderness excited and maintained.

Gelidus is a man of great penetration, and deep researches. Having a mind naturally formed for the abstruser sciences, he can comprehend intricate combinations without confusion; and, being of a temper naturally cool and equal, he is seldom interrupted by his passions in the pursuit of the longest chain of unexpected consequences. He has, therefore, a long time indulged hopes, that the solution of some problems, by which the professors of science have been hitherto baffled, is reserved for his genius and industry. He spends his time in the highest room of his house, into which none of his family are suffered to enter; and when he comes down to his dinner, or his rest, he walks about like a stranger that is there only for a day, without any tokens of regard or tenderness. He has totally divested himself of all human sensations; he has neither eye for beauty, nor ear for complaint; he neither rejoices at the good fortune of his nearest friend, nor mourns for any publick or private calamity. Having once received a letter, and given it his servant to read, he was informed, that it was written by his brother, who, being shipwrecked, had swam naked to land, and was destitute of necessaries in a foreign country. 'Naked and destitute!' says Gelidus; 'reach down the last volume of meteorological observations, extract an exact account of the wind, and note it carefully in the diary of the weather.'

The family of Gelidus once broke into his study, to shew him that a town at a small distance was on fire, and in a few moments a servant came to tell him that the flame had caught so many houses on both sides, that the inhabitants were confounded, and began to think of rather escaping with their lives than saving their dwellings. 'What you tell me,' says Gelidus, 'is very probable; for fire naturally sets in a circle.'

Thus lives this great philosopher, insensible to every spectacle of distress, and unmoved by the loudest call of social nature, for want of considering that men are designed for the discourse and comfort of each other; that though there

are hours which may be laudably spent upon knowledge not immediately useful, yet the first attention is due to practical virtue; and that he may be justly driven out from the commerce of mankind who has so far abstracted himself from the species, as to partake neither of the joys nor griefs of others, but neglects the endearments of his wife, and the caresses of his children, to count the drops of rain, note the changes of the wind, and calculate the eclipses of the moons of Jupiter.

I shall reserve to some future paper the religious and important meaning of this epitome of wisdom; and only remark, that it may be applied to the gay and light, as well as to the grave and solemn parts of life; and that not only the philosopher may forfeit his pretences to real learning, but the wit and the beauty may miscarry in their schemes by the want of this universal requisite, the knowledge of themselves.

It is surely for no other reason that we see such numbers resolutely struggling against nature, and contending for that which they never can attain, endeavouring to unite contradictions, and determined to excel in characters inconsistent with each other; that stock-jobbers affect dress, gaiety, and elegance; and mathematicians labour to be wits; that the soldier teases his acquaintance with questions in theology, and the academick hopes to divert the ladies by a recital of his gallantries. That absurdity of pride could proceed only from ignorance of themselves; by which Garth attempted criticism, and Congreve waved his title to dramatick reputation, and desired to be considered only as a gentleman.

Euphues, with great parts and extensive knowledge, has a clouded aspect and ungracious form; yet it has been his ambition, from his first entrance into life, to distinguish himself by particularities in his dress, to outvie beaux in embroidery, to import new trimmings, and to be foremost in the fashion. Euphues has turned on his exterior appearance that attention which would always have produced esteem had it been fixed upon his mind; and though his virtues and abilities have preserved him from the contempt which he has so diligently solicited, he has, at least, raised one impediment to his reputation; since all can judge of his dress, but few of his understanding; and many who discern that he is a fop, are unwilling to believe that he can be wise.

There is one instance in which the ladies are particularly unwilling to observe the rule of Chilo. They are desirous to hide from themselves the advances of age, and endeavour too frequently to supply the sprightliness and bloom of youth by artificial beauty and forced vivacity. They hope to inflame the heart by glances which have lost their fire, or melt it by languor which is no longer delicate; they play over the airs which pleased at a time when they were expected only to please, and forget that airs, in time, ought to give place to virtues. They continue to trifle, because they could once trifle agreeably, till those who shared their early pleasures are withdrawn to more serious engagements; and are scarcely awakened from their dream of perpetual youth, but by the scorn of those whom they endeavour to rival.

Nº XXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1750.

POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR.

VIRGIL.

FOR THEY CAN CONQUER WHO BELIEVE THEY CAN.

DAYDEN.

THERE are some vices and errors which, though often fatal to those in whom they are found, have yet, by the universal consent of mankind, been considered as entitled to some degree of respect; or have, at least, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and con-

demned by the severest moralists with pity rather than detestation.

A constant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been shown to rashness and cowardice; two vices, of which, though they may

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be conceived equally distant from the middle point, where true fortune is placed, and may equally injure any public or private interest, yet the one is never mentioned without some kind of veneration, and the other always considered as a topic of unlimited and licentious censure, on which all the violence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

The same distinction is made, by the common suffrage, between profusion and avarice; and perhaps, between many other opposite vices; and, as I have found reason to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep researches, I am inclined to believe that this distribution of respect is not without some agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults which are thus invested with extraordinary privileges, there are generally some latent principles of merit, some possibilities of future virtue; which may, by degrees, break from obstruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities than to supply defects; and therefore he that is culpable because he has passed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope than he who fails by falling short. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the excess may be easily retrenched; the other wants the qualities requisite to excellence; and who can tell how he shall obtain them? We are certain that the horse may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whose fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few strokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a shrub?

To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of error, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being; nor can I think those teachers of moral wisdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuses for vice, than incentives to virtue.

But, since to most it will happen often, and to all sometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one side or the other,

we ought always to employ our vigilance, with most attention, on that enemy from which there is the greatest danger; and to stray, if we must stray, towards those parts from whence we may quickly and easily return.

Among other opposite qualities of the mind, which may become dangerous, though in different degrees, I have often had occasion to consider the contrary effects of presumption and despondency; of heady confidence, which promises victory without contest, and heartless pusillanimity, which shrinks back from the thought of great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impossibility, and considers all advancement towards any new attainment as irreversibly prohibited.

Presumption will be easily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution; and miscarriages will hourly shew, that attempts are not always rewarded with success. The most precipitate and untutored will, in time, be taught the necessity of methodical gradation and preparatory measures; and the most daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always hastening to their own reformation; because they incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deccits which they are apt to occasion. But timidity is a disease of the mind more obstinate and fatal; for a man once persuaded that any impediment is insuperable, has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before. He can scarcely strive with vigour and perseverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and since he never will try his strength, can never discover the unreasonableness of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever converses much among them, may observe frequently to depress the alacrity of enterprise; and by consequence, to retard the improvement of science. They have annexed to every species of knowledge some chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they transmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they first fright themselves, and then propagate the panic to their scholars and acquaintance. One study is inconsistent with a lively imagination, another with a solid judgment; one is improper in the early

parts of life, another requires so much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age; one is dry, and contracts the sentiments; another is diffuse, and overburdens the memory; one is insufferable to taste and delicacy, and another wears out life in the study of words, and is useless to a wise man, who desires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbari*—boys both young and old have been hitherto frightened from digressing into new tracts of learning, none has been more mischievously efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental constitution, framed for the reception of some ideas, and the exclusion of others; and that to him whose genius is not adapted to the study which he professes, all labour shall be vain and fruitless; vain, as an endeavour to mingle oil and water; or, in the language of chemistry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

This opinion we may reasonably suspect to have been propagated by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for those who have raised a reputation by any science, to exalt themselves as endow'd by heaven with peculiar powers; or marked out by an extraordinary designation for their profession; and to fright competitors away by representing the difficulties with which they must contend, and the necessity of qualities which are supposed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this discouragement it may be possibly answered, that since a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by collision with a proper subject; it is the business of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily co-operate with his desires; and since they whose proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the same undertaking with equal spirit, and may reasonably hope for equal success.

There is another species of false intelligence, given by those who profess to shew the way to the pursuit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depress the mind with false distrust of itself, and weaken it by needless solicitude and dejection. When a scholar whom they desire to animate, consults them at his entrance on some new study, it is common to make flattering representations of its pleasantness and facility. Thus they generally attain one of two ends almost equally desirable; they either excite his industry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, since they are supposed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no less ease than they promise to their followers.

The student, inflamed by this encouragement, sets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few steps with great alacrity; but he soon finds asperities and intricacies of which he has not been forewarned; and, imagining that none ever were so entangled or fatigued before him, sinks suddenly into despair, and desists as from an expedition in which fate opposes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes; and he is defeated without resistance, because he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of these treacherous instructors, the one destroys industry, by declaring that industry is vain; the other by representing it as needless; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raises it only to be blasted. The one confines his pupil to the shore, by telling him that his wreck is certain; the other sends him to sea, without preparing him for tempests.

False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

N^o XXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1750.

INGENTES DOMINOS, ET CLARE NOMINA PAME,
ILLUSTRIQUE GRAVES NOBILITATE DOMOS
DEVITA, ET LONGE CAUTUS FUGE; CONTRANE VELA,
ET TELITTORIUS CYMEA PROPINQUA VEHAT.

SENICA.

EACH MIGHTY LORD, BIG WITH A POMPOUS NAME,
AND EACH HIGH HOUSE OF FORTUNE AND OF FAME,
WITH CAUTION FLY; CONTRACT THE AMPLER SMILE,
AND NEAR THE SHORE IMPROVE THE GENTLE GALES.

EPICHRISTUS.

MR. RAMBLER,

IT is usual for men, engaged in the same pursuits, to be inquisitive after the conduct and fortune of each other; and, therefore, I suppose it will not be unpleasing to you, to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative will not exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolutions; but may, perhaps, be not less useful, because I shall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thousand others.

I was born heir to a very small fortune; and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of an uncle. He having no children, always treated me as his son; and finding in me those qualities which old men easily discover in sprightly children, when they happen to love them, declared that a genius like mine should never be lost for want of cultivation. He therefore placed me, for the usual time, at a great school, and then sent me to the university, with a larger allowance than my own patrimony would have afforded, that I might not keep mean company, but learn to become my dignity when I should be made lord-chancellor, which he often lamented, that the increase of his infirmities was very likely to preclude him from seeing.

This exuberance of money displayed itself in gaiety of appearance, and wantonness of expence, and introduced me to the acquaintance of those whom the same superfluity of fortune betrayed to the same licence and ostentation: young heirs, who pleased themselves with a remark very frequent in their mouths—that though they were sent by their fathers to the university, they were not under the necessity of living by their learning.

Among men of this class I easily obtained the reputation of a great genius; and was persuaded that, with such lineaments of imagination and delicacy of sentiment, I should never be able to submit to the drudgery of the law. I therefore gave myself wholly to the more airy and elegant parts of learning; and was often so much elated with my superiority to the youths with whom I conversed, that I began to listen with great attention to those that recommended to me a wider and more conspicuous theatre; and was particularly touched with an observation made by one of my friends, that it was not by lingering in the university that Prior became ambassador, or Addison secretary of state.

This desire was hourly increased, by the solicitation of my companions, who removing one by one to London, as the caprice of their relations allowed them, or the legal dismissal from the hands of their guardians put it in their power, never failed to send an account of the beauty and felicity of the new world, and to remonstrate how much was lost by every hour's continuance in a place of retirement and constraint.

My uncle in the mean time frequently harassed me with monitory letters, which I sometimes neglected to open for a week after I received them, and generally read in a tavern, with such comments as might shew how much I was superior to instruction or advice. I could not but wonder how a man, confined to the country, and unacquainted with the present system of things, should imagine himself qualified to instruct a rising genius, born to give laws to the age, refine it's taste, and multiply it's pleasures.

The postman, however, still continued to bring me new remonstrances;

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for my uncle was very little depressed by the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But men of parts have quick resentments; it was impossible to bear his usurpations for ever; and I resolved, once for all, to make him an example to those who imagine themselves wise because they are old, and to teach young men, who are too tame under representation, in what manner grey-bearded insolence ought to be treated. I therefore one evening took my pen in hand; and after having animated myself with a catch, wrote a general answer to all his precepts, with such vivacity of turn, such elegance of irony, and such asperity of sarcasm, that I convulsed a large company with universal laughter, disturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations of applause, and five days afterwards was answered, that I must be content to live on my own estate.

This contraction of my income gave me no disturbance; for a genius like mine was out of the reach of want. I had friends that would be proud to open their purses at my call, and prospects of such advancement as would soon reconcile my uncle, whom, upon mature deliberation, I resolved to receive into favour, without insisting on any acknowledgement of his offence, when the splendour of my condition should induce him to wish for my countenance. I therefore went up to London, before I had shewn the alteration of my condition by any abatement of my way of living, and was received by all my academical acquaintance with triumph and congratulation. I was immediately introduced among the wits and men of spirit; and in a short time had divested myself of all my scholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation of a pretty fellow.

You will easily believe that I had no great knowledge of the world; yet I had been hindered, by the general disinclination every man feels to confess poverty, from telling to any one the resolution of my uncle; and for some time subsisted upon the stock of money which I had brought with me, and contributed my share as before to all our entertainments. But my pocket was soon emptied, and I was obliged to ask my friends for a small sum. This was a favour which we had often reciprocally received from one another, they supposed my

wants only accidental, and therefore willingly supplied them. In a short time I found a necessity of asking again, and was again treated with the same civility; but the third time they began to wonder what that old rogue my uncle could mean by sending a gentleman to town without money; and when they gave me what I asked for, advised me to stipulate for more regular remittances.

This somewhat disturbed my dream of constant affluence; but I was three days after completely awaked; for entering the tavern, where we met every evening, I found the waiters remitted their complaisance, and, instead of contending to light me up stairs, suffered me to wait for some minutes by the bar. When I came to my company, I found them unusually grave and formal; and one of them took a hint to turn the conversation upon the misconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to support the expense; an observation which the rest contributed either to enforce by repetition, or to illustrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the discourse, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote questions, and common topics.

A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected. I went, however, next morning to breakfast with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the conversation, and by a series of enquiries, drawing still nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not perhaps much against his will, to inform me, that Mr. Dash, whose father was a wealthy attorney near my native place, had, the morning before, received an account of my uncle's resentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmost industry of grovelling insolence.

It was now no longer practicable to consort with my former friends, unless I would be content to be used as an inferior guest, who was to pay for his wine by mirth and flattery; a character which, if I could not escape it, I resolved to endure only among those who had never known me in the pride of plenty. I changed my lodgings, and frequented the coffee-houses in a different region of the town; where I was very quickly distinguished by several young gentlemen of high birth and large estates, and began again to amuse my imagination with

hopes

hopes of preferment, though not quite so confidently as when I had less experience.

The first great conquest which this new scene enabled me to gain over myself was, when I submitted to confess to a party, who invited me to an expensive diversion, that my revenues were not equal to such golden pleasures; they would not suffer me however to stay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myself to some office or employment, which they unanimously promised to procure me by their joint interest.

I had now entered into a state of dependence, and had hopes, or fears, from almost every man I saw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his misery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thousand caprices, to concur in a thousand follies, and to countenance a thousand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at least from negligence, which

will creep in upon the kindest and most delicate minds, when they converse without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the spirit and vigour of liberty every moment sinking in me, and a servile fear of displeasing, stealing by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action, was my own. As the solicitude to please increased, the power of pleasing grew less, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was most my interest and wish to shine.

My patrons considering me as belonging to the community, and therefore not the charge of any particular person, made no scruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, which everyone thought more properly the business of another. An account of my expectations and disappointments, and the succeeding vicissitudes of my life, I shall give you in my following letter; which will be, I hope, of use to shew how ill he forms his schemes who expects happiness without freedom.

I am, &c.

N^o XXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1750.

—PAUPERISM MIXTUM POTIUS METALLIS
LIBERTATE CARET.—

HOMER.

SO HE, WHO POVERTY WITH HORROR VIEWS,
WHO SELLS HIS FREEDOM IN EXCHANGE FOR GOLD;
(FREEDOM FOR MINES OF WEALTH TOO CHEAPLY SOLD)
SHALL MAKE ETERNAL SERVITUDE HIS FATE,
AND FEEL A HAUGHTY MASTER'S GALLING WEIGHT.

FRANCIS.

MR. KAMBLER,

AS it is natural for every man to think himself of importance, your knowledge of the world will incline you to forgive me, if I imagine your curiosity so much excited by the former part of my narration as to make you desire that I should proceed without any unnecessary arts of connection. I shall therefore not keep you longer in such suspense, as perhaps my performance may not compensate.

In the gay company with which I was now united, I found those allurements and delights, which the friendship of young men always affords; there was that openness which naturally produced confidence, that affability which, in some measure, softened dependence, and that ardour of profession which incited hope. When our hearts were dilated with merriment, promises were poured out with

unlimited profusion, and life and fortune were but a scanty sacrifice to friendship; but when the hour came at which any effort was to be made, I had generally the vexation to find that my interest weighed nothing against the slightest amusement, and that every petty avocation was found a sufficient plea for continuing me in uncertainty and want. Their kindness was indeed sincere; when they promised they had no intention to deceive; but the same juvenile warmth which kindled their benevolence, gave force in the same proportion to every other passion, and I was forgotten as soon as any new pleasure seized on their attention.

Vagarlo told me one evening, that all my perplexities should be soon at an end, and desired me from that instant to throw upon him all care of my fortune, for a post of considerable value was that day become

become a servant, and he knew his interest sufficient to procure it in the morning. He desired me to call on him early, that he might be dressed soon enough to wait on the minister before any other application should be made. I came as he appointed, with all the flame of gratitude; and was told by his servant, that having found at his lodgings, when he came home, an acquaintance who was going to travel, he had been persuaded to accompany him to Dover, and that they had taken post-horses two hours before day.

I was once very near to preferment by the kindness of Charinus, who at my request went to beg a place, which he thought me likely to fill with great reputation, and in which I should have many opportunities of promoting his interest in return; and he pleased himself with imagining the mutual benefits that we should confer, and the advances that we should make by our united strength. Away therefore he went, equally warm with friendship and ambition, and left me to prepare acknowledgments against his return. At length he came back, and told me that he had met in his way a party going to breakfast in the country; that the ladies importuned him too much to be refused, and that, having passed the morning with them, he was come back to dress himself for a ball, to which he was invited for the evening.

I have suffered several disappointments from tailors and periwig-makers, who by neglecting to perform their work withheld my patrons from court; and once failed of an establishment for life by the delay of a servant, sent to a neighbouring shop to replenish a snuff-box.

At last I thought my solicitude at an end, for an office fell into the gift of Hippodamus's father, who being then in the country, could not very speedily fill it, and whose fondness would not have suffered him to refuse his son a less reasonable request. Hippodamus therefore set forward with great expedition, and I expected every hour an account of his success. A long time I waited without any intelligence; but at last received a letter from Newmarket, by which I was informed that the races were begun, and I knew the vehemence of his passions, too well to imagine that he could refuse himself his favourite amusement.

You will not wonder that I was at last weary of the patronage of young men, especially as I found them not generally

to promise much greater fidelity as they advance in life, for I observed that what they gained in steadiness they lost in benevolence, and grew colder to my interest as they became more diligent to promote their own. I was convinced that their liberality was only profuseness, that as chance directed they were equally generous to vice and virtue, that they were warm but because they were thoughtless, and counted the support of a friend only amongst other gratifications of passion.

My resolution was now to ingratiate myself with men whose reputation was established, whose high stations enabled them to prefer me, and whose age exempted them from sudden changes of inclination. I was considered as a man of parts, and therefore easily found admission to the table of Hilarus, the celebrated orator, renowned equally for the extent of his knowledge, the elegance of his diction, and the acuteness of his wit. Hilarus received me with an appearance of great satisfaction, produced to me all his friends, and directed to me that part of his discourse in which he most endeavoured to display his imagination. I had now learned my own interest enough to supply him opportunities for smart remarks and gay sallies, which I never failed to echo and applaud. Thus I was gaining every hour on his affections, till unfortunately, when the assembly was more splendid than usual, his desire of admiration prompted him to turn his railery upon me. I bore it for some time with great submission; and success encouraged him to redouble his attacks: at last my vanity prevailed over my prudence; I retorted his irony with such spirit, that Hilarus, unaccustomed to resistance, was disconcerted, and soon found means of convincing me that his purpose was not to encourage a rival, but to doctress a parasite.

I was then taken into the familiarity of Argutus, a nobleman eminent for judgment and criticism. He had contributed to my reputation by the praises which he had often bestowed upon my writings, in which he owned that there were proofs of a genius that might rise to high degrees of excellence, when time or information had reduced it to a commonplace. He therefore required me to consult him before the publication of any new performance, and commonly proposed innumerable alterations, without sufficient attention to the general design, or regard to my form of style, and made

of imagination. But these corrections he never failed to press as indispensably necessary, and thought the least delay of compliance an act of rebellion. The pride of an author made this treatment insufferable; and I thought any tyranny easier to be borne than that which took from me the use of my understanding.

My next patron was Eutyches the statesman, who was wholly engaged in publick affairs, and seemed to have no ambition but to be powerful and rich. I found his favour more permanent than that of the others, for there was a certain price at which it might be bought; he allowed nothing to humour, or to affection, but was always ready to pay liberally for the service that he required. His demands were, indeed, very often such as virtue could not easily consent to gratify; but virtue is not to be consulted when men are to raise their fortunes by the favour of the great. His measures were censured; I wrote in his defence,

and was recompensed with a place, of which the profits were never received by me without the pangs of remembering that they were the reward of wickedness; a reward which nothing but that necessity, which the consumption of my little estate in these wild pursuits had brought upon me, hindered me from throwing back in the face of my corruptor.

At this time my uncle died without a will, and I became heir to a small fortune. I had resolution to throw off the splendor which reproached me to myself, and retire to an humbler state; in which I am now endeavouring to recover the dignity of virtue, and hope to make some reparation for my crime and follies, by informing others, who may be led after the same pageants, that they are about to engage in a course of life, in which they are to purchase, by a thousand miseries, the privilege of repentance.

I am, &c.

EUBULUS.

Nº XXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1750.

ILLI MORIS GRAVIS INCUBAT,
QUI, NOTUS NIMIS OMNIBUS,
IGNOTUS MORITUR Sibi.

SENECA.

TO HIM, ALAS! TO HIM, I FEAR,
THE FACE OF DEATH WILL TERRIBLE APPEAR,
WHO IN HIS LIFE, FLATTERING HIS SENSELESS PRIDE,
BY BEING KNOWN TO ALL THE WORLD RESIDE,
DOES NOT HIMSELF, WHEN HE IS DYING, KNOW,
NOR WHAT HE IS, NOR WHITHER HE'S TO GO.

COWLEY.

I Have shewn, in a late essay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a mistaken opinion of their own powers, and a negligent inspection of their own character. But as I then confined my observations to common occurrences, and familiar scenes, I think it proper to inquire, how far a nearer acquaintance with ourselves is necessary to our preservation from crimes as well as follies, and how much the attentive study of our own minds may contribute to secure to us the approbation of that Being to whom we are accountable for our thoughts and our actions, and whose favour must finally constitute our total happiness.

If it be reasonable to estimate the difficulty of any enterprise by frequent mis-

carriages, it may justly be concluded that it is not easy for a man to know himself; for wheresoever we turn our view, we shall find almost all with whom we converse so nearly as to judge of their sentiments, indulging more favourable conceptions of their own virtue than they have been able to impress upon others, and congratulating themselves upon degrees of excellence which their fondest admirers cannot allow them to have attained.

Those representations of imaginary virtue are generally considered as arts of hypocrisy, and as snares laid for confidence and praise. But I believe the suspicion often unjust, those who thus propagate their own reputation only extend the fraud by which they have been them-

themselves deceived; for this failing is incident to numbers, who seem to live without designs, competitions, or pursuits; it appears on occasions which promise no accession of honour or of profit, and to persons from whom very little is to be hoped or feared. It is, indeed, not easy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love of ourselves, when we reflect how much a secondary passion can cloud our judgment, and how few faults a man, in the first raptures of love, can discover in the person or conduct of his mistress.

To lay open all the sources from which error flows in upon him who contemplates his own character, would require more exact knowledge of the human heart than perhaps the most acute and laborious observers have acquired. And since falsehood may be diversified without end, it is not unlikely that every man admits an imposture in some respect peculiar to himself, as his views have been accidentally directed, or his ideas particularly combined.

Some fallacies, however, there are, more frequently insidious, which it may, perhaps, not be useless to detect; because though they are gross, they may be fatal, and because nothing but attention is necessary to defeat them.

One sophism by which men persuade themselves that they have those virtues which they really want, is formed by the substitution of single acts for habits. A miser who once relieved a friend from the danger of a prison suffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own heroick generosity; he yields his heart up to indignation at those who are blind to merit, or insensible to misery, and who can please themselves with the enjoyment of that wealth which they never permit others to partake. From any censures of the world, or reproaches of his conscience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge; and though his whole life is a course of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himself to be tender and liberal, because he has once performed an act of liberality and tenderness.

As a glass which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, lessens them by the application of the other, so vices are extenuated by the inversion of that fallacy, by which virtues are augmented. Those faults which we can-

not conceal from our own notice, are considered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions, or settled practices, but as casual failures, and single lapses. A man who has, from year to year, set his country to sale, either for the gratification of his ambition or resentment, confesses that the heat of party now and then betrays the severest virtue to measures that cannot be seriously defended. He that spends his days and nights in riot and debauchery, owns that his passions oftentimes overpower his resolution. But each comforts himself that his faults are not without precedent, for the best and the wisest men have given way to the violence of sudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the praise of goodness with the practice, and who believe themselves mild and moderate, charitable and faithful, because they have exerted their eloquence in commendation of mildness, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error almost universal among those that converse much with dependents, with such whose fear or interest disposes them to a seeming reverence for any declamation, however enthusiastick, and submission to any boast, however arrogant. Having none to recall their attention to their lives, they rate themselves by the goodness of their opinions, and forget how much more easily men may shew their virtue in their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewise very numerous of those who regulate their lives, not by the standard of religion, but the measure of other men's virtue; who hush their own remorse with the remembrance of crimes more atrocious than their own, and seem to believe that they are not bad while another can be found worse.

For escaping these and a thousand other deceits many expedients have been proposed. Some have recommended the frequent consultation of a wise friend admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to sincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general use: for in order to secure the virtue of one, it presupposes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the first, such a desire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accusation from the mouth of him whom he esteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not discovered; and in the second such zeal and

and honesty, as will make him content for his friend's advantage to lose his kindness.

A long life may be passed without finding a friend in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for it's justness and sincerity. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain; or they are interested, and fearful to offend.

These objections have inclined others to advise, that he who would know himself should consult his enemies, remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, and listen for the censures that are uttered in private. For his great business is to know his faults; and those malignity will discover, and resentment will reveal. But this precept may be often frustrated; for it seldom happens that rivals or opponents are suffered to come near enough to know our conduct with so much exactness as that conscience should allow and reflect the accusation. The charge of an enemy is often totally false, and commonly so mingled with falsehood, that the mind takes advantage from the failure of one part to discredit the rest, and never suffers any disturbance afterward from such partial reports.

Yet it seems that enemies have been always found by experience the most faithful monitors; for adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, and this effect it must produce by withdrawing flatterers, whose business is to hide our weaknesses from us, or by giving loose to malice, and licence to reproach; or at least by cutting off those pleasures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repressing that pride which too easily persuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of these benefits it is in every man's power to procure to himself, by assigning proper portions of his life to the examination of the rest, and by putting himself frequently in such a situation, by retirement and abstraction, as may weaken the influence of external objects. By this practice he may obtain the

solitude of adversity without it's melancholy, it's instructions without it's censures, and it's sensibility without it's perturbations.

The necessity of setting the world at a distance from us, when we are to take a survey of ourselves, has sent many from high stations to the severities of a monastick life; and, indeed, every man deeply engaged in business, if all regard to another state be not extinguished, must have the conviction, though perhaps not the resolution, of Valdesio, who, when he solicited Charles the Fifth to dismiss him, being asked whether he retired upon disgust, answered that he laid down his commission for no other reason but because *there ought to be some time for sober reflection between the life of a soldier and his death.*

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with sublunary hopes and fears, from which it is necessary to be at intervals disencumbered, that we may place ourselves in his presence who views effects in their causes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expresses it, consider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourselves; or, to use language yet more awful, *may commune with our own hearts, and be still.*

Death, says Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself: and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb.

Sum Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, quem amaverunt domus muse, suspexerunt viri probi, honestaverunt reges doctissimi; jam scis qui sim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hospes, nescere in tenebris nequeo, sed te ipsum ut noscatis rogo.—I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee; but I intreat thee to know thyself.

I hope every reader of this paper will consider himself as engaged to the observation of a precept, which the wisdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce; a precept dictated by philosophers, illustrated by poets, and ratified by saints.

N^o XXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1750.

PRUDENS FUTURI TEMPORIS EXITUM
CALIGINOSA NOCTE PREMIT DEUS,
RIDETQUE SI MORTALIS ULTRA
FAS TREPIDET—

HOR.

BUT GOD HAS WISELY HID FROM HUMAN SIGHT
THE DARK DECREES OF FUTURE FATE;
AND SOWN THEIR SEEDS IN DEPTH OF NIGHT;
HE LAUGHS AT ALL THE GIDDY TURNS OF STATE;
WHEN MORTALS SEARCH TOO SOON, AND FEAR TOO LATE. DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the secure possession of the present hour, and the dismissal of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of those delights which our condition happens to set before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always considered as the fallies of a genius intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation; and, provided the passions can be engaged on it's side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

The darkness and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the pursuit of happiness, may indeed be alleged as an excuse for many of their seducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that such as had no promise of another state should eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them; but surely those who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity might think it necessary to put some restraint upon their imagination, and reflect, that by echoing the songs of the ancient bacchanals, and transmitting the maxims of past debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and submit to the servility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be ashamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are seldom without some rational grounds of understanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the inebriations to pleasure are, in those au-

thors, generally mingled with such reflections upon life, as well deserve to be considered distinctly from the purposes for which they are produced, and to be treasured up as the settled conclusions of extensive observation, acute sagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on these occasions they often warn their readers against enquiries into futurity, and solicitude about events which lie hid in causes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reason. An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance, without any struggle against calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reasonable being; in whose power Providence has put a great part even of his present happiness; but it shews an equal ignorance of our proper sphere, to harass our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why should we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprised; and, perhaps, this exemption from astonishment may be imagined to proceed from such a prospect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of those evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have less foresight. But the truth is; that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of understanding; and if a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized nonentities to his mind. He is not surprised

surprised because he is not disappointed, and he escapes disappointment because he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is so justly censured, is not the result of those general reflections on the variability of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the universal insecurity of all human acquisitions, which must always be suggested by the view of the world; but such a desponding anticipation of misfortune, as fixes the mind upon scenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominant in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the same nature with jealousy in love, and suspicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, disposes him to judge of every thing in a manner that least favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual stratagems of counteraction, wears him out in schemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length perhaps contributes to the production of those mischiefs of which it had raised such dreadful apprehensions.

It has been usual in all ages for moralists to repress the swellings of vain hope by representations of the innumerable casualties to which life is subject, and by instances of the unexpected defeat of the wisest schemes of policy, and sudden subversions of the highest eminences of greatness. It has, perhaps, not been equally observed, that all these examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no less efficacy as consolations to the timorous, than as restraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good; and for the reason that we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborn may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before

our encounter; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror by considering that our persecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourselves.

The misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast be once laid open to the dread of mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solicitude, and quiet must be lost for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is absurd to be afraid of the natural dissolution of the body; because it must certainly happen, and can by no caution or artifice be avoided. Whether this sentiment be entirely just, I shall not examine; but certainly, if it be improper to fear events which must happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reason to fear those which may never happen, and which, if they should come upon us, we cannot resist.

As we ought not to give way to fear any more than indulgence to hope, because the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, so we ought not to trust the representations of one more than of the other, because they are both equally fallacious; as hope enlarges happiness, fear aggravates calamity. It is generally allowed, that no man ever found the happiness of possession proportionate to that expectation which incited his desire, and invigorated his pursuit; nor has any man found the evils of life so formidable in reality, as they were described to him by his own imagination; every species of distress brings with it some peculiar supports, some unforeseen means of resisting, or power of enduring. Taylor justly blames some pious persons, who indulge their fancies too much, set themselves, by the force of imagination, in the place of the ancient martyrs and confessors, and question the validity of their own faith, because they shrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. 'It is,' says he, 'sufficient that you are able to encounter the temptations which now assault you; when God sends trials, he may send strength.'

All fear is in itself painful; and, when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use. Every consideration, therefore, by which groundless terrors may be removed, adds something to human happiness. It is likewise not unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are

abstracted from the present, from the only time which we can call our own; and of which, if we neglect the duties to make provision against visionary attacks, we shall certainly counteract our own purpose; for he, doubtless, mistakes his true interest, who thinks that he can increase his safety when he impairs his virtue.

N^o XXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1750.

VULTUS UBI TONS
AFFULSIT POPULO, GRATIOR IT DIES,
ET SOLES MELIUS NITENT.

HOR.

WHENE’ER THY COUNTENANCE DIVINE
TH’ ATTENDANT PEOPLE CHEERS,
THE GENIAL SUNS MORE RADIANT SHINE,
THE DAY MORE GLAD APPEARS.

ELPHINSTON.

MR. RAMBLER,

THERE are few tasks more ungrateful than for persons of modesty to speak their own praises. In some cases, however, this must be done for the general good; and a generous spirit will on such occasions assert its merit, and vindicate itself with becoming warmth.

My circumstances, Sir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deserve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my case being fairly stated in a paper so generally esteemed, I may suffer no longer from ignorant and childish prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very respectable person, but somewhat austere in his manner: highly and deservedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger society, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, succeeding him in all his dignities; and formed, as I might reasonably flatter myself, to be the object of universal love and esteem. Joy and gladness were born with me; cheerfulness, good-humour, and benevolence, always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long past. So long, that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and disagreeable; but, unless my looking-glass deceives me, I have not yet lost none charm, none beauty of my earliest years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body just what they chuse to think me, so that to very few I ap-

pear in my right shape; and, though naturally I am the friend of human kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I useful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impossible for me to avoid being in all sorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice, as some people have to a cat, many and many an assembly am I forced to endure; and, though rest and composure are my peculiar joy, am worn out and harassed to death with journeys by men and women of quality, who never take one but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they spend at least half of the time I have to stay with them; and others are so monstrously ill-bred as to take physick on purpose when they have reason to expect me.

Those who keep upon terms of more politeness with me, are generally so cold and constrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myself an unwelcome guest; and even among persons deserving of esteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that, generally, whenever I come I throw a darkness over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter must this kind of reception be to one formed to inspire delight, admiration, and love! To one capable of answering and rewarding the greatest warmth and delicacy of sentiments!

I was

I was bred up among a set of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmost honour and respect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and strange vicissitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in England there was a time when I lived according to my heart's desire. Whenever I appeared, publick assemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with persons of quality and fashion, early dressed for a court, to pay me their devoirs. Cheerful hospitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country parish as a kind of social bond between the squire, the parson, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where blest my appearance: they do to still, and keep their best cloaths to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honest country-folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head; and sometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in these my best days there were persons who thought me too demure and grave. I must, forsooth, by all means be instructed by foreign masters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was so contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not succeed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different set. They were so excessively scandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to despoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that had been tricked out with by my last misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been used to gather in the fields and gardens; nay, they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarse and awkward. I was now obliged to spend my whole life in hearing sermons; nor permitted so much as to smile upon any occasion.

In this melancholy disguise I became a perfect bugbear to all children and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general hush, and immediate stop to all pleasantness of look or discourse; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took such a disgust to me in those tedious hours of yawning, that having transmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long since I

have recovered my natural form, and pleasing tone of voice. Would they but receive my visits kindly, and listen to what I could tell them—let me say it without vanity—how charming a companion should I be! to every one could I talk on the subjects most interesting, and most pleasing. With the great and ambitious I would discourse of honours and advancements, of distinctions to which the whole world should be witness, of unenvied dignities and durable preferences. To the rich I would tell of inexhaustible treasures, and the sure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the best interest; and instruct the lovers of pleasure how to secure and improve it to the highest degree. The beauty should learn of me how to preserve an everlasting bloom. To the afflicted I would administer comfort, and relaxation to the busy.

As I dare promise myself you will attest the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be desirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in short, how I wish to be received.

You must know, I equally hate lazy idleness and hurry. I would every where be welcomed, at a tolerably early hour, with decent good-humour and gratitude. I must be attended in the great halls, peculiarly appropriated to me, with respect: but I do not insist upon finery, propriety of appearance, and perfect neatness, is all I require. I must at dinner be treated with a temperate, but cheerful social meal; both the neighbours and the poor should be the better for me. Some time I must have tête-à-tête with my kind entertainers, and the rest of my visit should be spent in pleasant walks and airings among sets of agreeable people, in such discourse as I shall naturally dictate; or in reading some few selected out of those numberless books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world stands at present, makes them oftener thrown aside than taken up. As those conversations and books should be both well chosen, to give some advice on that head may possibly furnish you with a future paper: and any thing you shall offer on my behalf will be of great service to, good Mr. Rambler, your faithful friend and servant,

SUNDAY.

Nº XXXI.

N^o XXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1750.

NON EGO MENDOSOS AUSIM DEFENDERE MORI,
FALSIQUE PRO VITIIS ARMA TENERE MEIS.

OVID.

CORRUPTED MANNERS I SHALL NE’ER DEFEND;
NOR, FALSELY WITTY, FOR MY FAULTS CONTEND.

ELPHINSTON.

THOUGH the fallibility of man’s reason, and the narrowness of his knowledge, are very liberally confessed, yet the conduct of those who so willingly admit the weakness of human nature, seems to discern that this acknowledgment is not altogether sincere; at least, that most make it with a tacit reserve in favour of themselves, and that with whatever ease they give up the claim of their neighbours, they are desirous of being thought exempt from faults in their own conduct, and from error in their opinions.

The certain and obstinate opposition, which we may observe made to confutation, however clear, and to reproof, however tender, is an undoubted argument, that some dormant privilege is thought to be attacked; for as no man can lose what he neither possesses, nor imagines himself to possess, or be defrauded of that to which he has no right, it is reasonable to suppose that those who break out into fury at the softest contradiction, or the slightest censure, since they apparently conclude themselves injured, must fancy some ancient immunity violated, or some natural prerogative invaded. To be mistaken, if they thought themselves liable to mistake, could not be considered as either shameful or wonderful, and they would not receive with so much emotion intelligence which only informed them of what they knew before, nor struggle with such earnestness against an attack that deprived them of nothing to which they held themselves entitled.

It is related of one of the philosophers, that when an account was brought him of his son’s death, he received it only with this reflection—‘I knew that my son was mortal.’ He that is convinced of an error, if he had the same knowledge of his own weakness, would, instead of striving for artifices, and brooding malignity, only regard such oversights as the appendages of humanity, and pacify himself with considering that he had always known man to be a fallible being.

If it be true that most of our passions are excited by the novelty of objects, there is little reason for doubting that to be considered as subject to fallacies of ratiocination, or imperfection of knowledge, is to a great part of mankind entirely new; for it is impossible to fall into any company where there is not some regular and established subordination, without finding rage and vehemence produced only by difference of sentiments about things in which neither of the disputants have any other interest than what proceeds from their mutual unwillingness to give way to any opinion that may bring upon them the disgrace of being wrong.

I have heard of one, that, having advanced some erroneous doctrines in philosophy, refused to see the experiments by which they were confuted: and the observation of every day will give new proofs with how much industry subtuges and evasions are sought to decline the pressure of resolute arguments, how often the state of the question is altered, how often the antagonist is wilfully misrepresented, and in how much perplexity the clearest positions are involved by those whom they happen to oppose.

Of all mortals, none seem to have been more infected with this species of vanity than the race of writers, whose reputation arising solely from their understanding, gives them a very delicate sensibility of any violence attempted on their literary honour. It is not unpleasing to remark with what solicitude men of acknowledged abilities will endeavour to palliate absurdities and reconcile contradictions, only to obviate criticisms to which all human performances must ever be exposed, and from which they can never suffer, but when they teach the world, by a vain and ridiculous impatience, to think them of importance.

Dryden, whose warmth of fancy and haste of composition very frequently hurried him into inaccuracies, heard him-
K self

self sometimes exposed to ridicule for having said in one of his tragedies—

I follow fate, which does too fast pursue.

That no man could at once follow and be followed, was, it may be thought, too plain to be long disputed; and the truth is, that Dryden was apparently betrayed into the blunder by the double meaning of the word Fate, to which in the former part of the verse he had annexed the idea of Fortune, and in the latter that of Death; so that the sense only was, *though pursued by Death, I will not resign myself to despair, but will follow Fortune, and do and suffer what is appointed*. This, however, was not completely expressed; and Dryden being determined not to give way to his critics, never confessed that he had been surprised by an ambiguity; but finding luckily in Virgil an account of a man moving in a circle, with this expression—*Et se sequiturque fugitque*—“Here,” says he, “is the passage in imitation of which I wrote the line that my critics were pleased to condemn as nonsense; not but I may sometimes write nonsense, though they have not the fortune to find it.”

Every one sees the folly of such mean doublings to escape the pursuit of criticism; nor is there a single reader of this poet who would not have paid him greater veneration, had he shewn consciousness enough of his own superiority to set such cavils at defiance, and owned that he sometimes slipped into errors by the tumult of his imagination, and the multitude of his ideas.

It is happy when this temper discovers itself only in little things, which may be right or wrong without any influence on the virtue or happiness of mankind. We may, with very little inquietude, see a man persist in a project which he has found to be impracticable, live in an inconvenient house because it was contrived by himself, or wear a coat of a particular cut in hopes by perseverance to bring it into fashion. These are indeed follies, but they are only follies; and, however wild or ridiculous, can very little affect others.

But such pride, once indulged, too frequently operates upon more important objects, and inclines men not only to vindicate their errors, but their vices; to persist in practices which their own hearts condemn, only lest they should

seem to feel reproaches, or be made wiser by the advice of others; or to search for sophisms tending to the confusion of all principles, and the evagation of all duties, that they may not appear to act what they are not able to defend.

Let every man who finds vanity so far predominant as to betray him to the danger of this last degree of corruption, pause a moment to consider what will be the consequences of the plea which he is about to offer for a practice to which he knows himself not led at first by reason, but impelled by the violence of desire, surprized by the suddenness of passion, or seduced by the soft approaches of temptation, and by imperceptible gradations of guilt. Let him consider what he is going to commit, by forcing his understanding to patronise those appetites which it is its chief business to hinder and reform.

The cause of virtue requires so little art to defend it, and good and evil, when they have been once shewn, are so easily distinguished, that such apologists seldom gain proselytes to their party, nor have their fallacies power to deceive any but those whose desires have clouded their discernment. All that the best faculties thus employed can perform is, to persuade the hearers that the man is hopeless whom they only thought vicious, that corruption has passed from his manners to his principles, that all endeavours for his recovery are without prospect of success, and that nothing remains but to avoid him as infectious, or hunt him down as destructive.

But if it be supposed that he may impose on his audience by partial representations of consequences, intricate deductions of remote causes, or perplexed combinations of ideas, which having various relations appear different as viewed on different sides; that he may sometimes puzzle the weak and well-meaning, and now and then seduce, by the admiration of his abilities, a young mind still fluctuating in unsettled notions, and neither fortified by instruction, nor enlightened by experience; yet what must be the event of such a triumph? A man cannot spend all his life in frolick: age, or disease, or solitude, will bring some hours of serious consideration; and it will then afford no comfort to think that he has extended the dominion of vice, that he has loaded himself with the crimes of others, and can

never

never know the extent of his own wickedness; or make reparation for the mischief that he has caused. There is not, perhaps in all the stores of ideal anguish, a thought more painful than the consciousness of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles, of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they should return, of having blinded them to every beauty but the paint of pleasure, and deafened them to every call but the alluring voice of the sirens of destruction.

There is yet another danger in this practice: men who cannot deceive others are very often successful in deceiving themselves; they weave their sophistry till their own reason is entangled, and repeat their positions till they are credited by themselves; by often contending they grow sincere in the cause, and by long wilking for demonstrative arguments, they at last bring themselves to fancy that they have found them. They are then at the uttermost verge of wickedness, and may die without having that light rekindled in their minds which their own pride and contumacy have extinguished.

The men who can be charged with

fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtue, are generally most ready to allow them: for, not to dwell on things of solemn and awful consideration, the humility of confessors, the tears of saints, and the dying terrors of persons eminent for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæsar wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul; and that Hippocrates, whose name is perhaps in rational estimation greater than Cæsar's, warned posterity against a mistake into which he had fallen. 'So much,' says Celsus, 'does the open and artless confession of an error become a man conscious that he has enough remaining to support his character.'

As all error is meannefs, it is incumbent on every man who consults his own dignity, to retract it as soon as he discovers it, without fearing any censure so much as that of his own mind. As justice requires that all injuries should be repaired, it is the duty of him who has seduced others by bad practices, or false notions, to endeavour that such as have adopted his errors should know his retraction, and that those who have learned vice by his example, should by his example be taught amendment.

Nº XXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1750.

Ὅσος τε δαίμωνος ἰσχυρὸς ἔσθ' ἄλγος ἰσχυρὸν,
ὅς τε παρὰ νόμον, ὡς αἰεὶ, καὶ ἀναιδέως
ἔσθ' αἰεὶ καὶ ἀναιδέως ἔσθ' αἰεὶ.

PYTHAG.

OF ALL THE WOES THAT LOAD THE MORTAL STATE,
WHAT'ER THY PORTION, MILDLY MEET THY FATE;
BUT EASE IT AS THOU CAN'ST—

ELPHINSTON.

SO large a part of human life passes in a state contrary to our natural desires, that one of the principal topics of moral instruction is the art of bearing calamities. And such is the certainty of evil, that it is the duty of every man to furnish his mind with those principles that may enable him to act under it with decency and propriety.

The sect of ancient philosophers that boasted to have carried this necessary science to the highest perfection, were the Stoicks, or scholars of Zeno, whose wild enthusiastic virtue prebended to an

exemption from the sensibilities of unlightened mortals, and who proclaimed themselves exalted, by the doctrines of their sect, above the reach of those miseries which embitter life to the rest of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loss of friends, exile, and violent death, from the catalogue of evils; and passed, in their haughty style, a kind of irreversible decree, by which they forbade them to be counted any longer among the objects of terror or anxiety, or to give any disturbance to the tranquillity of a wise man.

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This edict was, I think, not universally observed; for though one of the more resolute, when he was tortured by a violent disease, cried out, that let pain harass him to its utmost power, it should never force him to consider it as other than indifferent and neutral: yet all had not stubbornness to hold out against their senses; for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confessed, in the anguish of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an evil*.

It may however be questioned, whether these philosophers can be very properly numbered among the teachers of patience; for if pain be not an evil, there seems no instruction requisite how it may be borne; and therefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers with arguments against it, they may be thought to have given up their first position. But such inconsistencies are to be expected from the greatest understandings, when they endeavour to grow eminent by singularity, and employ their strength in establishing opinions opposite to nature.

The controversy about the reality of external evils is now at an end. That life has many miseries, and that those miseries are, sometimes at least, equal to all the powers of fortitude, is now universally confessed; and therefore it is useful to consider not only how we may escape them, but by what means those which either the accidents of affairs or the infirmities of nature, must bring upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how we may make those hours less wretched, which the condition of our present existence will not allow to be very happy.

The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical, but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts therefore to decline it wholly are useless and vain: the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side, the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armour which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them.

The great remedy which Heaven has put in our hands is patience; by which, though we cannot lessen the torments of the body, we can in a great measure preserve the peace of the mind, and shall

suffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening it's acrimony, or prolonging it's effects.

There is indeed nothing more unsuitable to the nature of man in any calamity than rage and turbulence, which without examining whether they are not sometimes impious, are at least always offensive, and incline others rather to hate and despise than to pity and assist us. If what we suffer has been brought upon us by ourselves, it is observed by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, since no one should be angry at feeling that which he has deserved.

Letitur ex meritis quodquid patiari ferendum est.
Let pain deserve without complaint to be borne.

And surely, if we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience, whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

In those evils which are allotted to us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of any of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect; but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those by whose conversation or advice we might be amused or helped; and that with regard to futurity it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he by whom it is inflicted will confer upon them that bear it well.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cause. Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately and vigorously to repair it.

Patience and submission are very carefully to be distinguished from cowardice and

and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle, for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labour and exercises of diligence. When we feel any pressures of distress, we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of Heaven by languishing under it, any more than when we perceive the pain of thirst we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of God, it is an act of favour or of punishment: but since all the ordinary dispensations of providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of things, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another; that we are only to take care lest we purchase ease with guilt; and that our Maker's purpose, whether of reward or severity, will be answered by the labours which he lays us under the necessity of performing.

This duty is not more difficult in any state than in diseases intensely painful, which may indeed suffer such exacerbations as seem to strain the powers of life to their utmost stretch, and leave very little of the attention vacant to precept or reproof. In this state the nature of man requires some indulgence, and every extravagance but impiety may be easily forgiven him. Yet, lest we should think ourselves too soon entitled to the mournful privileges of irresistible misery, it is proper to reflect, that the utmost anguish which human wit can contrive, or human malice can inflict, has been borne with constancy; and that if the pains of disease be, as I believe they are, sometimes greater than those of artificial torture, they are therefore in their own nature shorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or the union between soul and body is for a time suspended by insensibility, and we soon cease to feel our maladies when they

once become too violent to be borne. I think there is some reason for questioning whether the body and mind are not so proportioned, that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue cannot stand its ground as long as life, and whether a soul well principled will not be separated sooner than subdued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our passions, such as diminution of fortune, loss of friends, or declension of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the first attack, and many expedients have been contrived, by which the blow may be broken. Of these the most general precept is, not to take pleasure in any thing of which it is not in our power to secure the possession to ourselves. This counsel, when we consider the enjoyment of any terrestrial advantage, as opposite to a constant and habitual solicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly just, and delivered by that authority which cannot be disputed; but in any other sense, is it not like advice not to walk lest we should stumble, or not to see lest our eyes should light upon deformity? It seems to me reasonable to enjoy blessings with confidence, as well as to resign them with submission, and to hope for the continuance of good which we possess without insolence or voluptuousness, as for the restitution of that which we lose without despondency or murmurs.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience must arise from frequent reflection on the wisdom and goodness of the God of nature, in whose hands are riches and poverty, honour and disgrace, pleasure and pain, and life and death. A settled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to *bless the name of the Lord, whether he gives or takes away.*

Nº XXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1750.

QUOD CARET ALTERNA REQUIE DURABILE NON EST.

OVID.

ALTERNATE REST AND LABOUR LONG ENDURE.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was

yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty,

plenty, under the protection of Rest, a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring, eat the fruits which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity, each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor, when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief; Famine, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of Famine, who scattered the ground every where with carcases, Labour came down upon earth. Labour was the son of Necessity, the nurseling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governors. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun; he had the implements of

husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice—'Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of Rest, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either Famine or Disease, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.'

'Awake therefore to the call of Labour. I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forest its beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure.'

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered Labour as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded store-houses.

Thus Labour and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw Famine gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of Languor, who was known by her sunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their

their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of Labour fell from their grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom, they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the solicitations of Labour, and began to wish again for the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of Rest, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. Rest had not left the world; they quickly found her; and, to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which Labour had procured them.

Rest therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos with cascades playing before her. There was indeed always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity which they knew before their engagements with Labour: nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for she was obliged to share it with Luxury, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed while it seemed to be promoted.

The two soft associates, however, reigned for some time without visible disagreement, till at last Luxury betrayed her charge, and let in Disease to seize upon her worshippers. Rest then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers, who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession, and to strengthen the interest of each other.

Rest had not always the same enemy: in some places she escaped the incursions of Disease; but had her residence invaded by a more slow and subtle intruder, for very frequently, when every thing was composed and quiet; when there was neither pain within, nor danger without; when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes; Satiety would enter with a languishing and repining look, and throw herself upon the couch, placed and adorned

for the accommodation of Rest. No sooner was she seated, than a general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contrasted their leaves, and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

Rest had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to Luxury, who promised by her arts to drive Satiety away; and others, that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to Labour, by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Lassitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Rest.

Thus Rest and Labour equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to invasion from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. Labour saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to Rest, and Rest found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them; and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promised to guard the frontiers of each other; so that, whenever hostilities were attempted, Satiety should be intercepted by Labour, and Lassitude expelled by Rest. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased; and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, Rest afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health; a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign; by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between Rest and Labour.

N^o XXXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1750.—NON SINE VANO
AURABUM ET SILVÆ METU.—

HOR.

ALARM'D WITH EV'RY RISING GALE,
IN EV'RY WOOD, IN EV'RY VALL.

ELPHINSTON.

I have been censured for having hitherto dedicated so few of my speculations to the ladies; and indeed the moralist whose instructions are accommodated only to one half of the human species, must be confessed not sufficiently to have extended his views. Yet, it is to be considered, that masculine duties afford more room for counsels and observations, as they are less uniform, and connected with things more subject to vicissitude and accident; we therefore find that, in philosophical discourses which teach by precept, or historical narratives that instruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a small part; perhaps generally too small; for so much of our domestic happiness is in their hands, and their influence is so great upon our earliest years, that the universal interest of the world requires them to be well instructed in their province; nor can it be thought proper, that the qualities by which so much pain or pleasure may be given, should be left to the direction of chance.

I have, therefore, willingly given a place in my paper to a letter, which, perhaps, may not be wholly useless to them whose chief ambition is to please, as it shews how certainly the end is missed by absurd and injudicious endeavours at distinction.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am a young gentleman at my own disposal, with a considerable estate; and having passed through the common forms of education, spent some time in foreign countries, and made myself distinguished since my return in the politest company, I am now arrived at that part of life in which every man is expected to settle, and provide for the continuation of his lineage. I withstood for some time the solicitations and remonstrances of my aunts and uncles, but at last

was persuaded to visit Anthea, an heiress, whose land lies contiguous to mine, and whose birth and beauty are without objection. Our friends declared that we were born for each other, all those on both sides who had no interest in hindering our union contributed to promote it, and were conspiring to hurry us into matrimony, before we had an opportunity of knowing one another. I was, however, too old to be given away without my own consent; and having happened to pick up an opinion which to many of my relations seemed extremely odd, that a man might be unhappy with a large estate, determined to obtain a nearer knowledge of the person with whom I was to pass the remainder of my time. To protract the courtship was by no means difficult, for Anthea had a wonderful facility of evading questions which I seldom repeated, and of barring approaches which I had no great eagerness to press.

Thus the time passed away in visits and civilities, without any ardent professions of love, or formal offers of settlements. I often attended her to publick places; in which, as is well known, all behaviour is so much regulated by custom, that very little insight can be gained into the private character, and therefore I was not yet able to inform myself of her humour and inclinations.

At last I ventured to propose to her to make one of a small party, and spend a day in viewing a seat and gardens a few miles distant; and having, upon her compliance, collected the rest of the company, I brought at the hour a coach which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myself, till I should have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whose use it was intended. Anthea came down, but as she was going to step into the coach, started back with great appearance of terror, and told us that she durst not enter, for the shocking colour of the lining had so much the air

of



Southard del.

Jones sculp.

of the mourning-coach in which she followed her aunt's funeral three years before, that she should never have her poor dear aunt out of her head.

I knew that it was not for lovers to argue with their mistresses; I therefore sent back the coach, and got another more gay. Into this we all entered, the coachman began to drive, and we were amusing ourselves with the expectation of what we should see, when, upon a small inclination of the carriage, Anthea screamed out, that we were overthrown. We were obliged to fix all our attention upon her; which she took care to keep up by renewing her outcries, at every corner where we had occasion to turn: at intervals she entertained us with fearful complaints of the uneasiness of the coach, and obliged me to call several times on the coachman to take care and drive without jolting. The poor fellow endeavoured to please us, and therefore moved very slowly, till Anthea found out that this pace would only keep us longer on the stones, and desired that I would order him to make more speed. He whipped his horses, the coach jolted again, and Anthea very complaisantly told us how much she repented that she made one of our company.

At last we got into the smooth road, and began to think our difficulties at an end, when, on a sudden, Anthea saw a brook before us, which she could not venture to pass. We were, therefore, obliged to alight, that we might walk over the bridge; but when we came to it, we found it so narrow, that Anthea durst not set her foot upon it, and was content, after long consultation, to call the coach back; and with innumerable precautions, terrors, and lamentations, crossed the brook.

It was necessary after this delay to amend our pace, and directions were accordingly given to the coachman, when Anthea informed us, that it was common for the axle to catch fire with a quick motion, and begged of me to look out every minute lest we should all be consumed. I was forced to obey, and gave her from time to time the most solemn declarations that all was safe, and that I hoped we should reach the place without losing our lives either by fire or water.

Thus we passed on over ways soft and hard, with more or with less speed, but always with new vicissitudes of anxiety. If the ground was hard, we were jolted;

if soft, we were sinking. If we went fast, we should be overturned; if slowly, we should never reach the place. At length she saw something which she called a cloud, and began to consider that at that time of the year it frequently thundered. This seemed to be the capital terror, for after that the coach was suffered to move on; and no danger was thought too dreadful to be encountered, provided she could get into a house before the thunder.

Thus our whole conversation passed in dangers, and cares, and fears, and consolations, and stories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to spend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt with lightning; and no sooner had a hair-breadth escape set us free from one calamity, but we were threatened with another.

At length we reached the house where we intended to regale ourselves, and I proposed to Anthea the choice of a great number of dishes, which the place, being well provided for entertainment, happened to afford. She made some objection to every thing that was offered; one thing she hated at that time of the year, another she could not bear since she had seen it spoiled at Lady Feedwell's table; another she was sure they could not dress at this house; and another she could not touch without French sauce. At last she fixed her mind upon salmon, but there was no salmon in the house. It was however procured with great expedition; and when it came to the table she found that her fright had taken away her stomach, which indeed she thought no great loss, for she could never believe that any thing at an inn could be cleanly got.

Dinner was now over, and the company proposed, for I was now past the condition of making overtures, that we should pursue our original design of visiting the gardens. Anthea declared that she could not imagine what pleasure we expected from the sight of a few green trees and a little gravel, and two or three pits of clear water; that for her part she hated walking till the cool of the evening, and thought it very likely to rain; and again wished that she had staid at home. We then reconciled ourselves to our disappointment, and began to talk on common subjects, when Anthea told us that, since we came to the gardens, she would not hinder our satisfaction.

faction. We all rose, and walked through the inclosures for some time, with no other trouble than the necessity of watching lest a frog should hop across the way, which Anthea told us would certainly kill her, if she should happen to see him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we were within a furlong of the gardens, Anthea saw some sheep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which she was certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and therefore no assurances nor intreaties should prevail upon her to go a step farther; she was sorry to disappoint the company, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn; and Anthea now discovered that there was no time to be lost in returning, for the night would come upon us, and a thousand misfortunes might happen in the dark. The horses were immediately harnessed; and Anthea, having wondered what could seduce her to stay so long, was eager to

set out. But we had now a new scene of terror; every man we saw was a robber, and we were ordered sometimes to drive hard, lest a traveller whom we saw behind should overtake us; and sometimes to stop, lest we should come up to him who was passing before us. She alarmed many an honest man, by begging him to spare her life as he passed by the coach, and drew me into fifteen quarrels with persons who increased her fright, by kindly stopping to enquire whether they could assist us. At last we came home; and she told her company next day what a pleasant ride she had been taking.

I suppose, Sir, I need not enquire of you what deductions may be made from this narrative, nor what happiness can arise from the society of that woman who mistakes cowardice for elegance, and imagines all delicacy to consist in refusing to be pleased.

I am, &c.

Nº XXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1750.

NON PRONUA JUNO,
NON HYMENAEUS ADIST, NON ILLEGATIA LECTO.

OVID.

WITHOUT CONNUBIAL JUNO'S AID THEY WED;
NOR HYMEN NOR THE GRACES BLESS THE BED.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

AS you have hitherto delayed the performance of the promise, by which you gave us reason to hope for another paper upon Matrimony, I imagine you desirous of collecting more materials than your own experience, or observation, can supply; and I shall therefore lay candidly before you an account of my own entrance into the conjugal state.

I was about eight and twenty years old, when, having tried the diversions of the town till I began to be weary, and being awakened into attention to more serious business by the failure of an attorney to whom I had implicitly trusted the conduct of my fortune, I resolved to take my estate into my own care, and methodise my whole life according to the strictest rules of economical prudence.

In pursuance of this scheme, I took leave of my acquaintance, who dismissed

me with numberless jests upon my new system; having first endeavoured to divert me from a design so little worthy of a man of wit, by ridiculous accounts of the ignorance and rusticity into which many had sunk in their retirement, after having distinguished themselves in taverns and playhouses, and given hopes of rising to uncommon eminence among the gay part of mankind.

When I came first into the country, which, by a neglect not uncommon among young heirs, I had never seen since the death of my father, I found every thing in such confusion, that being utterly without practice in business, I had great difficulties to encounter in disentangling the perplexities of my circumstances; they however gave way to diligent application, and I perceived that the advantage of keeping my own accounts would very much overbalance the time which they could require.

I had now visited my tenants, surveyed my land, and repaired the old house, which

which for some years had been running to decay. These proofs of pecuniary wisdom began to recommend me, as a sober, judicious, thriving gentleman, to all my graver neighbours of the country, who never failed to celebrate my management in opposition to Thwifles and Latterwit, two smart fellows, who had estates in the same part of the kingdom, which they visited now and then in a frolick, to take up their rents beforehand, debauch a milk-maid, make a feast for the village, and tell stories of their own intrigues, and then rode post back to town to spend their money.

It was doubtful however for some time, whether I should be able to hold my resolution; but a short perseverance removed all suspicions. I rose every day in reputation by the decency of my conversation, and the regularity of my conduct, and was mentioned with great regard at the assizes, as a man very fit to be put in commission for the peace.

During the confusion of my affairs, and the daily necessity of visiting farms, adjusting contracts, letting leases, and superintending repairs, I found very little vacuity in my life, and therefore had not many thoughts of marriage; but in a little while the tumult of business subsided, and the exact method which I had established enabled me to dispatch my accounts with great facility. I had therefore now upon my hands the task of finding means to spend my time, without falling back into the poor amusements which I had hitherto indulged, or changing them for the sports of the field, which I saw pursued with so much eagerness by the gentlemen of the country, that they were indeed the only pleasures in which I could promise myself any partaker.

The inconvenience of this situation naturally disposed me to wish for a companion; and the known value of my estate, with my reputation for frugality and prudence, easily gained me admission into every family, for I soon found that no enquiry was made after any other virtue, nor any testimonial necessary, but of my freedom from incumbrances, and my care of what they termed the *main chance*. I saw, not without indignation, the eagerness with which the daughters, wherever I came, were set out to show; nor could I consider them in a state much different from prostitution, when I found them ordered to play their

airs before me, and to exhibit, by some seeming chance, specimens of their music, their work, or their housewifery. No sooner was I placed at table, than the young lady was called upon to pay me some civility or other; nor could I find means of eluding, from either father or mother, some account of their daughters' excellences, with a declaration that they were now leaving the world, and had no business on this side the grave, but to see their children happily disposed of; that she whom I had been pleased to compliment at table was indeed the chief pleasure of their age, so good, so dutiful, so great a relief to her mamma in the care of the house, and so much her papa's favourite for her cheerfulness and wit, that it would be with the last reluctance that they should part; but to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they might often visit, they would not so far consult their own gratification as to refuse her; and their tenderness should be shewn in her fortune, whenever a suitable settlement was proposed.

As I knew these overtures not to proceed from any preference of me, before another equally rich, I could not but look with pity on young persons condemned to be set to auction, and made cheap by injudicious commendations; for how could they know themselves offered and rejected a hundred times, without some loss of that soft elevation, and maiden dignity, so necessary to the completion of female excellence?

I shall not trouble you with a history of the stratagems practised upon my judgment, or the allurements tried upon my heart; which, if you have, in any part of your life, been acquainted with rural politicks, you will easily conceive. Their arts have no great variety, they think nothing worth their care but money; and, supposing it's influence the same upon all the world, seldom endeavour to deceive by any other means than false computations.

I will not deny that, by hearing myself loudly commended for my discretion, I began to set some value upon my character, and was unwilling to lose my credit by marrying for love. I therefore resolved to know the fortune of the lady whom I should address, before I enquired after her wit, delicacy, or beauty.

This determination led me to Missa, the daughter of Chrysophilus, whose person was at least without deformity, and

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whose manners were free from reproach, as she had been bred up at a distance from all common temptations. To Mitissa, therefore, I obtained leave from her parents to pay my court, and was referred by her again to her father, whose direction she was resolved to follow. The question then was, only, what should be settled. The old gentleman made an enormous demand, with which I refused to comply. Mitissa was ordered to exert her power; she told me, that if I could refuse her papa, I had no love for her; that she was an unhappy creature, and that I was a perfidious man; then she burst into tears, and fell into fits. All this, as I was no passionate lover, had little effect. She next refused to see me; and because I thought myself obliged to write in terms of distress, they had once hopes of starving me into measures; but finding me inflexible, the father complied with my proposal, and told me he liked me the more for being so good at a bargain.

I was now married to Mitissa, and was to experience the happiness of a match made without passion. Mitissa soon discovered that she was equally prudent with myself, and had taken a husband only to be at her own command, and to have a chariot at her own call. She brought with her an old maid recommended by her mother, who taught her all the arts of domestick management; and was, on every occasion, her chief agent and director. They soon invented one reason or other to quarrel with all my servants, and either prevailed on me to turn them away, or treated them so ill, that

they left me of themselves, and always supplied their places with some brought from my wife's relations. Thus they established a family, over which I had no authority, and which was in a perpetual conspiracy against me; for Mitissa considered herself as having a separate interest, and thought nothing her own but what she laid up without my knowledge. For this reason she brought me false accounts of the expences of the house, joined with my tenants in complaints of hard times, and, by means of a steward of her own, took rewards for soliciting abatements of the rent. Her great hope is to outlive me, that she may enjoy what she has thus accumulated, and therefore she is always contriving some improvements of her jointure-land; and once tried to procure an injunction to hinder me from selling timber upon it for repairs. Her father and mother assist her in her projects; and are frequently hinting that she is ill used, and reproaching me with the presents that other ladies receive from their husbands.

Such, Sir, was my situation for seven years, till at last my patience was exhausted; and having one day invited her father to my house, I laid the state of my affairs before him, detected my wife in several of her frauds, turned out her steward, charged a constable with her maid, took my business in my own hands, reduced her to a settled allowance, and now write this account to warn others against marrying those whom they have no reason to esteem.

I am, &c.

Nº XXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1750.

Alia ferula repulsa.

Tegetibus ovipos. Dilecti d'uri cypselus.

HOMER.

—PIPING ON THEIR REEDS, THE SHEPHERDS GO;
NOR FEAR AN AMBUSH, NOR SUSPECT A FOX.

POPE.

THERE is scarcely any species of poetry that has allured more readers, or excited more writers, than the Pastoral. It is generally pleasing, because it entertains the mind with representations of scenes familiar to almost every imagination, and of which all can equally judge whether they are well described. It exhibits a life to which we

have been always accustomed to associate peace, and leisure, and innocence; and therefore we readily set open the heart for the admission of it's images, which contribute to drive away cares and perturbations, and suffer ourselves, without resistance, to be transported to elysian regions; where we are to meet with nothing but joy, and plenty, and contentment;

ament; where every gale whispers pleasure, and every shade promises repose.

It has been maintained by some, who love to talk of what they do not know, that pastoral is the most ancient poetry; and, indeed, since it is probable that poetry is nearly of the same antiquity with rational nature, and since the life of the first man was certainly rural, we may reasonably conjecture, that, as their ideas would necessarily be borrowed from those objects with which they were acquainted, their compositions, being filled chiefly with such thoughts on the visible creation as must occur to the first observers, were pastoral hymns, like those which Milton introduces the original pair singing, in the day of innocence, to the praise of their Maker.

For the same reason that pastoral poetry was the first employment of the human imagination, it is generally the first literary amusement of our minds. We have seen fields, and meadows, and groves, from the time that our eyes opened upon life; and are pleased with birds, and brooks, and breezes, much earlier than we engage among the actions and passions of mankind. We are therefore delighted with rural pictures, because we know the original at an age when our curiosity can be very little awakened by descriptions of courts which we never beheld, or representations of passion which we never felt.

The satisfaction received from this kind of writing not only begins early, but lasts long; we do not, as we advance into the intellectual world, throw it away among other childish amusements and pastimes, but willingly return to it in any hour of indolence and relaxation. The images of true pastoral have always the power of exciting delight, because the works of nature, from which they are drawn, have always the same order and beauty, and continue to force themselves upon our thoughts, being at once obvious to the most careless regard, and more than adequate to the strongest reason, and severest contemplation. Our inclination to stillness and tranquillity is seldom much lessened by long knowledge of the busy and tumultuary part of the world. In childhood we turn our thoughts to the country; as to the region of pleasure, we recur to it in old age as a port of rest, and perhaps with that secondary and adventitious gladness, which every man feels on reviewing those places,

or recollecting those occurrences, that contributed to his youthful enjoyments, and bring him back to the prime of life, when the world was gay with the bloom of novelty, when mirth wantoned at his side, and hope sparkled before him.

The sense of this universal pleasure has invited numbers without number to try their skill in pastoral performances, in which they have generally succeeded after the manner of other imitators, transmitting the same images in the same combination from one to another, till he that reads the title of a poem may guess at the whole series of the composition; nor will a man, after the perusal of thousands of these performances, find his knowledge enlarged with a single view of nature not produced before, or his imagination amused with any new application of those views to moral purposes.

The range of pastoral is indeed narrow; for though nature itself, philosophically considered, be inexhaustible, yet its general effects on the eye and on the ear are uniform, and incapable of much variety of description. Poetry cannot dwell upon the minuter distinctions, by which one species differs from another, without departing from that simplicity of grandeur which fills the imagination; nor dissect the latent qualities of things, without losing its general power of gratifying every mind by recalling its conceptions. However, as each age makes some discoveries, and those discoveries are by degrees generally known, as new plants or modes of culture are introduced, and by little and little become common, pastoral might receive, from time to time, small augmentations, and exhibit once in a century a scene somewhat varied.

But pastoral subjects have been often, like others, taken into the hands of those that were not qualified to adorn them; men to whom the face of nature was so little known, that they have drawn it only after their own imagination, and changed or distorted her features, that their portraits might appear something more than servile copies from their predecessors.

Not only the images of rural life, but the occasions on which they can be properly produced, are few and general. The state of a man confined to the employments and pleasures of the country, is so little diversified, and exposed to so

few of those accidents which produce perplexities, terrors, and surprises, in more complicated transactions, that he can be shewn but seldom in such circumstances as attract curiosity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himself; nor any disasters to lament, but a cruel mistress, or a bad harvest.

The conviction of the necessity of some new source of pleasure induced Sannazarius to remove the scene from the fields to the sea, to substitute fishermen for shepherds, and derive his sentiments from the piscatory life; for which he has been censured by succeeding critics, because the sea is an object of terror, and by no means proper to amuse the mind and lay the passions asleep. Against this objection he might be defended by the established maxim, that the poet has a right to select his images, and is no more obliged to shew the sea in a storm, than the land under an inundation; but may display all the pleasures, and conceal the dangers of the water, as he may lay his shepherd under a shady beech, without giving him an ague, or letting a wild beast loose upon him.

There are, however, two defects in the piscatory eclogue, which perhaps cannot be supplied. The sea, though in hot countries it is considered by those who live like Sannazarius, upon the coast, as a place of pleasure and diversion, has notwithstanding much less variety than the land, and therefore will be sooner exhausted by a descriptive writer. When he has once shewn the sun rising or setting upon it, curled its waters with the vernal breeze, rolled the waves in gentle succession to the shore, and enumerated the fish sporting in the shallows,

he has nothing remaining but what is common to all other poetry, the complaint of a nymph for a drowned lover, or the indignation of a fisher that his oysters are refused, and Mycon's accepted.

Another obstacle to the general reception of this kind of poetry, is the ignorance of maritime pleasures, in which the greater part of mankind must always live. To all the inland inhabitants of every region, the sea is only known as an immense diffusion of waters, over which men pass from one country to another, and in which life is frequently lost. They have, therefore, no opportunity of tracing in their own thoughts, the descriptions of winding shores, and calm bays, nor can look on the poem in which they are mentioned, with other sensations than on a sea-chart, or the metrical geography of Dionysius.

This defect Sannazarius was hindered from perceiving, by writing in a learned language to readers generally acquainted with the works of nature; but if he had made his attempt in any vulgar tongue, he would soon have discovered how vainly he had endeavoured to make that loved which was not understood.

I am afraid it will not be found easy to improve the pastorals of antiquity, by any great additions or diversifications. Our descriptions may indeed differ from those of Virgil, as an English from an Italian summer, and, in some respects, as modern from ancient life; but as nature is in both countries nearly the same, and as poetry has to do rather with the passions of men, which are uniform, than their customs, which are changeable, the varieties which time or place can furnish will be inconsiderable: and I shall endeavour to shew, in the next paper, how little the latter ages have contributed to the improvement of the rustic muse.

N^o XXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1750.

TANTO QUAM SOLITUS, SI QUANDO ARMENTA VOCABAT,
AMPHION DICEBAS.

VIRG.

SUCH STRAINS I SING AS ONCE AMPHION PLAY'D.

WHEN LISTENING FLOCKS THE POWERFUL CALL OBEY'D.

ELPHINSTON.

IN writing or judging of Pastoral Poetry, neither the authors nor critics of latter times seem to have paid sufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity, but have entangled themselves with unnecessary difficulties, by advancing

principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a species of composition in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is therefore necessary to inquire af-

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ter some more distinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be easily found in the Pastorals of Virgil, from whose opinion it will not appear very safe to depart, if we consider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions; that he was born with great accuracy and severity of judgment, enlightened with all the learning of one of the brightest ages, and embellished with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving than inventing, and therefore must have endeavoured to recompense the want of novelty by exactness; that taking Theocritus for his original, he found pastoral far advanced towards perfection, and that having so great a rival, he must have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we search the writings of Virgil for the true definition of a pastoral, it will be found *a poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon a country life*. Whatsoever therefore may, according to the common course of things, happen in the country, may afford a subject for a pastoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur to those who are versed in the writings of the modern critics, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed easily discover why it is thought necessary to refer descriptions of a rural state to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has consistently preserved the Arcadian manners and sentiments. The only reason, that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the customs of modern life, it is improbable that shepherds should be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate sentiments; and therefore the reader must exalt his ideas of the pastoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wisest and greatest men.

These reasoners seem to have been led into their hypothesis, by considering pastoral, not in general, as a representation of rural nature, and consequently as exhibiting the ideas and sentiments of those, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleasure or employment, but simply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending sheep, and busied in the lowest and most laborious of-

fices; from whence they very readily concluded, since characters must necessarily be preserved, that either the sentiments must sink to the level of the speakers, or the speakers must be raised to the height of the sentiments.

In consequence of these original errors, a thousand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and confound. Some have thought it necessary that the imaginary manners of the golden age should be universally preserved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in pastoral, than lilies and roses, and rocks and streams, among which are heard the gentle whispers of chaste fondness, or the soft complaints of amorous impatience. In pastoral, as in other writings, chastity of sentiment ought doubtless to be observed, and purity of manners to be represented; not because the poet is confined to the images of the golden age, but because, having the subject in his own choice, he ought always to consult the interest of virtue.

These advocates for the golden age lay down other principles, not very consistent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to support the character of the shepherd, it is proper that all refinement should be avoided, and that some slight instances of ignorance should be interpersed. Thus the shepherd in Virgil is supposed to have forgot the name of Anaximander; and, in Pope, the term Zodiack is too hard for a rustic apprehension. But if we place our shepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we suffer them to allude at all to things of latter existence, which perhaps cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them speak with too much accuracy, since they conversed with divinities, and transmitted to succeeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers having the mean and despicable condition of a shepherd always before them, conceive it necessary to degrade the language of pastoral, by obsolete terms and rustic words, which they very learnedly call Dorick, without reflecting, that they thus become authors of a mangled dialect, which no human being ever could have spoken, that they may as well refine the speech as the sentiments of their personage, and

that none of the inconsistencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarseness of diction. Spenser begins one of his pastorals with studied barbarity—

Diggon Davie, I bid her good-day:
Or, Diggon her is, or I mislay.
Dig. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the subject on which speakers like these exercise their eloquence? Will he not be somewhat disappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the Church of Rome? Surely, at the same time that a shepherd learns theology, he may gain some acquaintance with his native language.

Pastoral admits of all ranks of persons, because persons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters necessary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of sentiment; those ideas only are improper which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil—

*Nunc scio quid sit Amor, duris in contibus illam
Hæcærus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec generis nostri putram, nec sanguinis, aduat.*

I know thee, Love; in deserts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed;
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains.

DAYDEN.

which Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to still greater impropriety:

I know thee, Love, wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tigers on the Lybian plain;
Thou wert from Ætina'suming entrails torn;
Begot in tempests, and in thunders born!

Sentiments like these, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in pastoral they are particularly liable to censure, because it wants that exaltation above common life, which in tragic or heroic writings often reconciles us to bold flights and daring figures.

Pastoral being the representation of an action or passion, by it's effects upon a country life, has nothing peculiar but it's confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceases to be pastoral. This is it's true characteristic, and this it cannot lose by any dignity of sentiment, or beauty of diction. The Poëto of Virgil,

with all it's elevation, is a composition truly bucolick, though rejected by the critics; for all the images are either taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more disputable kind, because though the scene lies in the country, the song being religious and historical, had been no less adapted to any other audience or place. Neither can it well be defended as a fiction, for the introduction of a god seems to imply the golden age, and yet he alludes to many subsequent transactions, and mentions Gallus the poet's contemporary.

It seems necessary to the perfection of this poem, that the occasion which is supposed to produce it, be at least not inconsistent with a country life, or less likely to interest those who have retired into places of solitude and quiet, than the more busy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title of a pastoral to verses in which the speakers, after the slight mention of their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corruptions in the government, or to lamentations of the death of some illustrious person; whom, when once the poet has called a shepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and lilies wither, and the sheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or study.

It is part of Claudian's character of his rusek, that he computes his time, not by the succession of consuls, but of harvests. Those who pass their days in retreats distant from the theatres of business are always least likely to harry their imagination with publick affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the pastoral style has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the sorrow or the joy which the occasion required into the mouth of Daphne or of Thyrsis; and as one absurdity must naturally be expected to make way for another, they have written with an utter disregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological allusions, with incredible fictions, and with sentiments which neither passion nor reason could have dictated, since the change which religion has made in the whole system of the world.

N^o XXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1750.

AUREAM QUIEQUI MEDIOCRITATEM
DILIGIT, TUTUS CARET OBSOLETI
BORDIBUS TECTI, CARET INVIDENDA
SERRIUS AULA.

Hor.

THE MAN WITHIN THE GOLDEN MEAN,
WHO CAN HIS BOLDEST WISH CONTAIN,
SECURELY VIEWS THE RUIN'D CELL,
WHERE SORDID WANT AND SORROW DWELL;
AND IN HIMSELF SERENELY GREAT,
DECLINES AN ENVIED ROOM OF STATE.

FRANCIS.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in Mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is necessary, even to him who has no other care than to pass through the present state with ease and safety; and that the middle path is the road of security, on either side of which are not only the pitfalls of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, *μετρεον ἀρετην*—Mediocrity is 'best,' has been long considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and nature. The experience of every age seems to have given it new confirmation, and to shew that nothing, however specious or alluring, is pursued with propriety, or enjoyed with safety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be considered as the most solid and durable of all terrestrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the possessor into many calamities, easily avoided by others that have been less bountifully enriched or adorned. We see every day women perish with infamy, by having been too willing to set their beauty to shew; and others, though not with equal guilt or misery, yet with very sharp remorse, languishing in decay, neglect, and obscurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deserve much regard, very few sighs would be vented for eminent and superlative elegance of form: 'For beautiful women,' says he, 'are seldom of any

' great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue.'

Health and vigour, and a happy constitution of the corporeal frame, are of absolute necessity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requisite in yet a greater measure to the accomplishment of any thing illustrious or distinguished; yet even these, if we can judge by their apparent consequences, are sometimes not very beneficial to those on whom they are most liberally bestowed. They that frequent the chambers of the sick, will generally find the sharpest pains, and most stubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that superfluity of strength, which was at once their boast and their snare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguish.

These gifts of nature are, however, always blessings in themselves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; since they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happiness, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption, or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of pursuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, because no skill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repress the discontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occasion in those who do not enough suspect their own frailty, nor consider

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how much less is the calamity of not possessing great powers, than of not using them aright.

Of all those things that make us superior to others, there is none so much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or constantly desired. Poverty is an evil always in our view; an evil complicated with so many circumstances of uneasiness and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity; when this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil which is regarded with so much horror, may be yet at a greater distance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest till they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreasonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuse to extend his mediocrity. But it almost always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, states his wants by some new measure; and, from flying the enemy that pursued him, bends his endeavours to overtake those whom he sees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites encreases their demands; a thousand wishes crowd in upon him, importunate to be satisfied; and vanity and ambition open prospects to desire, which still grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerness for increase of possessions deluges the soul, and we sink into the gulphs of insatiability, only because we do not sufficiently consider, that all real need is very soon supplied, and all real danger of it's invasion easily precluded; that the claims of vanity, being without limits, must be denied at last; and that the pain of repressing them is less pungent before they have been long accustomed to compliance.

Whosoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of

flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

There is one reason seldom remarked which makes riches less desirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occasion of poverty. He whom the wantonness of abundance has once softened, easily sinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will soon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unfurmountable; he will fly for help to those whose interest it is that he should be more distressed, and will be at last torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of distress prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of Distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabæa—'Fly not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied: speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation.—Now, Hamet, tell me your request.'

'O Being, kind and beneficent,' says Hamet, 'let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never be dry, and in winter never overflow.'—'It is granted,' replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet, scattered it's rills over the meadows;



Savard del.

Blatt sculp.



meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the Genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. 'I request,' says Raschid, 'that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, with all his waters, and all their inhabitants.' Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him; when the Genius spoke—'Rash man, be not insatiable! remember, to thee that is nothing which thou canst not use: and how are thy

'wants greater than the wants of Hamet?' Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the moulds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

N^o XXXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1756.

INFELIX. — NULLI IN ENIM NUPPIA MARITO.

AULONIOS.

UNREST, STILL DOOMS TO WED WITH MERRY.

THE condition of the female sex has been frequently the subject of compassion to medical writers, because their constitution of body is such, that every state of life brings it's peculiar diseases: they are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a single life, are exposed, in consequence of their choice, to sickness, misery, and death.

It were to be wished that so great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increased by adventitious and artificial miseries; and that beings whose beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whose delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderness, might be suffered to enjoy every alleviation of their sorrows. But, however it has happened, the custom of the world seems to have been formed in a kind of conspiracy against them, though it does not appear but they had themselves an equal share in it's establishment; and prescriptions which, by whomsoever they were begun, are now of long continuance, and by consequence of great authority, seem to have almost excluded them from content, in whatsoever condition they shall pass their lives.

If they refuse the society of men, and

continue in that state which is reasonably supposed to place happiness most in their own power, they seldom give those that frequent their conversation any exalted notions of the blessing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to see with what inconsiderate eagerness other heedless females rush into slavery, or with what absurd vanity the married ladies boast the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to assert the natural dignity of their sex; whether they are conscious that like barren countries they are free, only because they were never thought to deserve the trouble of a conquest, or imagine that their sincerity is not always unsuspected, when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have some great and incessant cause of uneasiness, and that many of them have at last been persuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had so long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they least became them.

What are the real causes of the impatience which the ladies discover in a virgin state, I shall perhaps take some other occasion to examine. That it is not to be envied for it's happiness, appears from the solicitude with which it is avoided; from the opinion universally prevalent

prevalent among the sex, that no woman continues long in it but because she is not invited to forsake it; from the disposition always shewn to treat old maids as the refuse of the world; and from the willingness with which it is often quitted at last, by those whose experience has enabled them to judge at leisure, and decide with authority.

Yet such is life, that whatever is proposed; it is much easier to find reasons for rejecting than embracing. Marriage, though a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, has yet, as it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, that take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries, indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugal vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are often not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity, equally resistless when urged by those whom they have been always accustomed to reverence and obey; and it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotick in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestick and personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other respect to be numbered with robbers and assassins, frequently commit, that, in their estimation, riches and happiness are equivalent terms. They have passed their lives with no other wish than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter sufficiently considered, when they have secured her a large jointure, and given her reasonable expectations of living in the midst of those pleasures with which she had seen her father and mother solacing their age.

There is an economical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which advises fathers to marry *their daughters lest they should marry themselves*; by which I suppose it is implied, that women left to their own conduct, generally unite themselves with such partners as can contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author

of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet discovered; but imagine that, however solemnly it may be transmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied; it cannot license Titius to be unjust, lest Caia should be imprudent; nor give right to imprison for life, lest liberty should be ill employed.

That the ladies have sometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, must be confessed by their warmest advocates; and I have indeed seldom observed, that when the tenderness or virtue of their parents has preserved them from forced marriage, and left them at large to chuse their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: they commonly take the opportunity of independence to trifle away youth, and lose their bloom in a hurry of diversions, recurring in a succession too quick to leave room for any settled reflection; they see the world without gaining experience, and at last regulate their choice by motives trifling as those of a girl, or mercenary as those of a miser.

Melanthia came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; she was therefore followed and caressed by many men of rank, and by some of understanding; but having an insatiable desire of pleasure, she was not at leisure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, visits, assemblies, and masquerades, to attend seriously to any proposal, but was still impatient for a new flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power; till in time her admirers fell away, wearied with expence; disgusted at her folly, or offended by her inconstancy; she heard of concerts to which she was not invited, and was more than once forced to sit still at an assembly for want of a partner. In this distress, chance threw in her way Philotryphus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtless as herself, who had spent a small fortune in equipage and dress, and was shining in the last suit for which his tailor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore soon paid his court to Melanthia, who, after some weeks of insensibility, saw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome

by

by his performance in a minuete. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philotryphus had no other method of pleasing; however, as neither was in any great degree vicious, they live together with no other unhappiness than vacuity of mind, and that tastelessness of life which proceeds from a satiety of juvenile pleasures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler employments. As they have known the fashionable world at the same time, they agree in their notions of all those subjects on which they ever speak; and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, are not much inclined to conversation, but very often join in one wish— That they could sleep more, and think less.

Argyris, after having refused a thousand offers, at last consented to marry Cotylus, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of person, or force of understanding; who, while he courted her, could not always forbear allusions to her birth, and hints how cheaply she would purchase an alliance to so illustrious a family. His conduct from the hour of his marriage has been insufferably tyrannical; nor has he any other regard to her than what arises from his desire that her appearance may not disgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he always orders that she should be gaily dressed, and splendidly attended; and she has, among all her mortifications, the happiness to take place of her eldest sister.

Nº XL. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1750.

— NEC DICIT, CUR EGO AMICUM
OFFENDAM IN NUGIS? NE NUGA SERVA DUCENT
IN MALA DERISUM SEMEL.

Hor.

NOR SAY, FOR TRIFLES WHY SHOULD I DISPLEASE
THE MAN I LOVE? FOR TRIFLES SUCH AS THESE
TO SERIOUS MISCHIEFS LEAD THE MAN I LOVE;
IF ONCE THE FLATTERER'S RIDICULE HE PROVE.

FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile*—a generation very easily put out of temper; and that they seldom fail of giving proofs of their irascibility upon the slightest attack of criticism, or the most gentle or modest offer of advice and information.

Writers being best acquainted with one another, have represented this character as prevailing among men of literature, which a more extensive view of the world would have shewn them to be diffused through all human nature, to mingle itself with every species of ambition and desire of praise, and to discover its effects with greater or less restraint, and under disguises more or less artful, in all places and all conditions.

The quarrels of writers, indeed, are more observed, because they necessarily appeal to the decision of the publick. Their enmities are incited by applauses from their parties, and prolonged by preacherous encouragement for general diversion; and when the contest happens

to rise high between men of genius and learning, it's memory is continued for the same reason as it's vehemence was at first promoted, because it gratifies the malevolence or curiosity of readers, and relieves the vacancies of life with amusement and laughter. The personal disputes, therefore, of rivals in wit are sometimes transmitted to posterity, when the grudges and heart-burnings of men less conspicuous, though carried on with equal bitterness, and productive of greater evils, are exposed to the knowledge of those only whom they nearly affect, and suffered to pass off and be forgotten among common and casual transactions.

The resentment which the discovery of a fault or folly produces, must bear a certain proportion to our pride, and will regularly be more acrimonious, as pride is more immediately the principle of contention. In whatever, therefore, we wish or imagine ourselves to excel, we shall always be displeased to have our claims to reputation disputed, and more dis-

pleased,

pleased, if the accomplishment be such as can expect reputation only for it's reward. For this reason, it is common to find men break out into rage at any insinuations to the disadvantage of their wit, who have borne with great patience reflections on their morals; and of women it has been always known, that no censure wounds so deeply, or rankles so long, as that which charges them with want of beauty.

As men frequently fill their imaginations with trifling pursuits, and please themselves most with things of small importance, I have often known very severe and lasting malevolence excited by unlucky censures, which would have fallen without any effect, had they not happened to wound a part remarkably tender. Gultulus, who valued himself upon the nicety of his palate, disinherited his eldest son for telling him that the wine, which he was then commending, was the same which he had sent away the day before, not fit to be drunk. Proculus withdrew his kindness from a nephew, whom he had always considered as the most promising genius of the age, for happening to praise in his presence the graceful horsemanship of Marius. And Fortunio, when he was privy-counsellor, procured a clerk to be dismissed from one of the publick offices, in which he was eminent for his skill and assiduity, because he had been heard to say, that there was another man in the kingdom on whose skill at billiards he would lay his money against Fortunio's.

Felicia and Floretta had been bred up in one house, and shared all the pleasures and endearments of infancy together. They entered upon life at the same time, and continued their confidence and friendship; consulted each other in every change of their dress, and every admission of a new lover; thought every diversion more entertaining, whenever it happened that both were present; and, when separated, justified the conduct, and celebrated the excellences of one another. Such was their intimacy, and such their fidelity; till a birth-night approached, when Floretta took one morning an opportunity, as they were consulting upon new cloaths, to advise her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not answered the expectation which her other accomplishments had raised. Felicia com-

mended her sincerity, and thanked her for the caution; but told her that she danced to please herself, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of saying, but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneasiness, she would stay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new protestations of sincerity and affection, with which Felicia was so well satisfied, that they parted with more than usual fondness. They still continued to visit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value she put upon sincerity, how much she thought that goodness to be esteemed which would venture to admonish a friend of an error, and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from mistake.

In a few months Felicia, with great seriousness, told Floretta, that though her beauty was such as gave charms to whatever she did, and her qualifications so extensive, that she could not fail of excellence in any attempt, yet she thought herself obliged by the duties of friendship to inform her, that if ever she betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with solicitations to sing, for that her manner was somewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compass. 'It is true,' says Floretta, 'when I sung three nights ago at Lady Sprightly's, I was hoarse with a cold; but I sing for my own satisfaction, and am not in the least pain whether I am liked. However, my dear Felicia's kindness is not the less; and I shall always think myself happy in so true a friend.'

From this time they never saw each other without mutual professions of esteem, and declarations of confidence, but went soon after into the country to visit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on, by the importunity of new acquaintance, to take lodgings in different parts of the town, and had frequent occasion, when they met, to bewail the distance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are the fondest and firmest friendships dissolved, by such openness and sincerity as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recal us to the remem-

remembrance of those failings which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

It is by no means necessary to imagine, that he who is offended at advice, was ignorant of the fault, and resents the admonition as a false charge; for perhaps it is most natural to be enraged when there is the strongest conviction of our own guilt. While we can easily defend our character, we are no more disturbed at an accusation than we are alarmed by an enemy whom we are sure to conquer; and whose attack, therefore, will bring us honour without danger. But when a man feels the reprehension of a friend seconded by his own heart, he is easily heated into resentment and revenge, either because he hoped that the fault of which he was conscious had escaped the notice of others; or that his friend had looked upon it with tenderness and extenuation, and excused it for the sake of his other virtues; or had considered him as too wise to need advice, or too delicate to be shocked with reproof; or, because we cannot feel, without pain, those reflections roused which we have been endeavouring to lay asleep; and when pain has produced anger, who would not willingly believe, that it ought to be discharged on others, rather than on himself?

The resentment produced by sincerity, whatever be it's immediate cause, is so certain, and generally so keen, that very few have magnanimity sufficient for the practice of a duty, which, above most

others, exposes it's votaries to hardships and persecutions; yet friendship without it is of very little value, since the great use of so close an intimacy is that our virtues may be guarded and encouraged; and our vices repressed in their first appearance by timely detection and salutary remonstrances.

It is decreed by Providence, that no thing truly valuable shall be obtained in our present state, but with difficulty and danger. He that hopes for that advantage which is to be gained from unrestrained communication, must sometimes hazard, by unpleasing truths, that friendship which he aspires to merit. The chief rule to be observed in the exercise of this dangerous office, is to preserve it pure from all mixture of interest or vanity; to forbear admonition or reproof, when our consciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the desire of shewing our discernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the most refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the most zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment by which they are detected; but he who endeavours only the happiness of him whom he reproofs, will always have either the satisfaction of obtaining or deserving kindness; if he succeeds, he benefits his friend; and, if he fails, he has at least the consciousness that he suffers for only doing well.

Nº XLI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1750.

NULLA RECORDANTI LUX EST INGRATA GRAVIQUE,

NULLA FUIT CUJUS NON MEMINISSE VELIT.

AMPLIAT ETATIS SPATIUM SIBI VIX HONUS, HOC EST

VIVERE BIE, VITA POSSE PRIORIS PAUL.

MATT.

NO DAY'S REMEMBRANCE SHALL THE GOOD REGRET,

NOR WISH ONE BITTER MOMENT TO FORGET:

THEY STRETCH THE LIMITS OF THIS NARROW SPAN;

AND, BY ENJOYING, LIVE PAID LIFE AGAIN.

F. LEWIS.

SO few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and so frequently are we in want of present pleasure or employment, that we are forced to have recourse every moment to the past and future for supplemental satisfactions, and relieve the

vacuities of our being by recollection of former passages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but consider this necessity of searching on every side for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a strong proof of the superior and celestial

tial nature of the soul of man. We have no reason to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extensive capacities, than the preservation of themselves, or their species, requires; they seem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at ease without employment, to feel few intellectual miseries or pleasures, and to have no exuberance of understanding to lay out upon curiosity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than such as corporal pain or pleasure impress upon them.

Of memory, which makes so large a part of the excellence of the human soul, and which has so much influence upon all it's other powers, but a small portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief with which the dams lament the loss of their young, proportionate to the tenderness with which they care for, the assiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offspring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, less than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very soon forgotten, and after a short absence, if brought again, wholly disregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their senses, and scarce any power of comparing the present with the past, and regulating their conclusions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The sparrow that was hatched last spring makes her first nest, the ensuing season, of the same materials, and with the same art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and shelters her first brood of chickens with all the prudence that she ever attains.

It has been asked by men who love to perplex any thing that is plain to common understandings, how reason differs from instinct; and Prior has with no great propriety made Solomon himself declare, that, to distinguish them is *the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride*. To give an accurate answer to a question of which the terms are not completely understood, is impossible; we do not know in what either reason or instinct consist, and therefore cannot tell with exactness how they differ: but surely he that contemplates a ship and a bird's nest will not be long without finding out, that the idea of the

one was impressed at once, and continued through all the progressive descents of the species, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the result of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated observation, from less to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages and various professions.

Memory is the purveyor of reason, the power which places those images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exercised, and which treasures up the determinations that are once passed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of subsequent conclusions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be said to place us in the class of moral agents. If we were to act only in consequence of some immediate impulse, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we should be pushed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reason for the most part to prefer one thing to another; because we could make no comparison but of objects which might both happen to be present.

We owe to memory not only the increase of our knowledge, and our progress in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleasures. Indeed, almost all that we can be said to enjoy is past or future; the present is in perpetual motion, leaves us as soon as it arrives, ceases to be present before it's presence is well perceived, and is only known to have existed by the effects which it leaves behind. The greatest part of our ideas arises, therefore, from the view before or behind us; and we are happy or miserable, according as we are affected by the survey of our life, or our prospect of future existence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at such a distance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleasing scenes, and can promise ourselves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling those vexations and anxieties with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one side, and alarms us with dangers and disappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to solace us with rewards, and escapes, and victories; so that we are seldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally sooth ourselves

selves to tranquillity, whenever any troublesome presage happens to attack us.

It is, therefore, I believe, much more common for the solitary and thoughtful to amuse themselves with schemes of the future, than reviews of the past. For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be easily moulded by a strong fancy into any form. But the images which memory presents are of a stubborn and untractable nature; the objects of remembrance have already existed, and left their signature behind them impressed upon the mind, so as to defy all attempts of rasure or of change.

As the satisfactions, therefore, arising from memory are less arbitrary, they are more solid; and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repositied, as Dryden expresses it, in the sacred treasure of the past, is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be lost either by our own weakness, or another's malice:

*Non tamen irritum
Quodcumque retro est efficit, neque
Diffinet, infelix, neque reddet,
Rex furges semel hora vexit.*

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate
are mine.

Nor hear'st itself upon the past has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have
had my hour.

DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed, to trace our own progress in existence, by such tokens as excite neither shame nor sorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done of sufficed to distinguish one day from another, is to him that has passed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conscious how ill he has husbanded the great deposit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and diversified through it's several periods by wickedness, is indeed easily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorse.

The great consideration which ought to influence us in the use of the present moment, is to arise from the effect, which,

as well or ill applied, it must have upon the time to come; for though it's actual existence be inconceivably short, yet it's effects are unlimited; and there is not the smallest point of time but may extend it's consequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reason to remember it for ever, with anguish or exultation.

The time of life in which memory seems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall easily into recitals of past transactions, and accounts of persons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave, it is more eminently true—

*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare
longam.*

Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.

CICERO.

We have no longer any possibility of great vicissitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and those who have no hope before them, and to whom their present state is painful and irksome, must of necessity turn their thoughts back to try what retrospect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of those who wish to pass the last hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

*Petite hinc, juvenis, quae sensus
Finem animo certum, miserique viatica canis.*
Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here, soft'ning age, a bless'd provision find.

ALPHINGTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we solace ourselves with the hope of better fortune; and however vicious, appease our consciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at last, in which life has no more to promise, in which happiness can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleasure.

N^o XLII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1759.

TO THE RAMBLER,

MR. RAMBLER,

I AM no great admirer of grave writings, and therefore very frequently lay your papers aside before I have read them through; yet I cannot but confess that, by slow degrees, you have raised my opinion of your understanding, and that, though I believe it will be long before I can be prevailed upon to regard you with much kindness, you have, however, more of my esteem than those whom I sometimes make happy with opportunities to fill my tea-pot, or pick up my fan. I shall therefore chuse you for the confidant of my distresses, and ask your counsel with regard to the means of conquering or escaping them, though I never expect from you any of that softness and pliancy, which constitutes the perfection of a companion for the ladies: as, in the place where I now am, I have recourse to the mastiff for protection, though I have no intention of making him a lap-dog.

My mamma is a very fine lady, who has more numerous and more frequent assemblies at her house than any other person in the same quarter of the town. I was bred from my earliest infancy in a perpetual tumult of pleasure, and remember to have heard of little else than messages, visits, play-houses, and balls; of the awkwardness of one woman, and the coquetry of another; the charming convenience of some rising fashion, the difficulty of playing a new game, the incidents of a masquerade, and the dresses of a court-night. I knew before I was ten years old all the rules of paying and receiving visits, and to how much civility every one of my acquaintance was entitled; and was able to return, with the proper degree of reserve or of vivacity, the flatter and established answer to every compliment; so that I was very soon celebrated as a wit and a beauty, and had heard before I was thirteen all that is ever said to a young lady. My

mother was generous to so uncommon a degree as to be pleased with my advance into life, and allowed me, without envy or reproof, to enjoy the same happiness with herself; though most women about her own age were very angry to see young girls so forward, and many fine gentlemen told her how cruel it was to throw new chains upon mankind, and to tyrannize over them at the same time with her own charms and those of her daughter.

I have now lived two and twenty years, and have passed of each year nine months in town, and three at Richmond; so that my time has been spent uniformly in the same company, and the same amusements, except as fashion has introduced new diversions, or the revolutions of the gay world have afforded new successions of wits and beauties. However, my mother is so good an economist of pleasure, that I have no spare hours upon my hands; for every morning brings some new appointment, and every night is hurried away by the necessity of making our appearance at different places, and of being with one lady at the opera, and with another at the card-table.

When the time came of settling our scheme of felicity for the summer, it was determined that I should pay a visit to a rich aunt in a remote county. As you know the chief conversation of all tea-tables, in the spring, arises from a communication of the manner in which time is to be passed till winter; it was a great relief to the barrenness of our topics, to relate the pleasures that were in store for me, to describe my uncle's seat, with the park and gardens, the charming walks, and beautiful waterfalls; and every one told me how much they envied me, and what satisfaction she had once enjoyed in a situation of the same kind.

As we are all credulous in our own favour, and willing to imagine some latent satisfaction in any thing which we have not experienced, I will confess to you,

you, without restraint, that I had suffered my head to be filled with expectations of some nameless pleasure in a rural life, and that I hoped for the happy hour that should set me free from noise, and flutter, and ceremony; dismiss me to the peaceful shade, and lull me in content and tranquillity. To solace myself under the misery of delay, I sometimes heard a studious lady of my acquaintance read pastorals. I was delighted with scarce any talk but of leaving the town, and never went to bed without dreaming of groves, and meadows, and frisking lambs.

At length I had all my clothes in a trunk, and saw the coach at the door; I sprung in with alacrity, quarrelled with my maid for being too long in taking leave of the other servants, and rejoiced as the ground grew less which lay between me and the completion of my wishes. A few days brought me to a large old house, encompassed on three sides with woody hills, and looking from the front on a gentle river, the sight of which renewed all my expectations of pleasure, and gave me some regret for having lived so long without the enjoyment which these delightful scenes were now to afford me. My aunt came out to receive me, but in a dress so far removed from the present fashion, that I could scarcely look upon her without laughter, which would have been no kind requital for the trouble she had taken to make herself fine against my arrival. The night and the next morning were driven along with enquiries about our family; my aunt then explained our pedigree, and told me stories of my great-grandfather's bravery in the civil wars, nor was it less than three days before I could persuade her to leave me to myself.

At last economy prevailed; she went in the usual manner about her own affairs, and I was at liberty to range in the wilderness, and sit by the cascade. The novelty of the objects about me pleased me for a while, but after a few days they were new no longer, and I soon began to perceive that the country was not my element; that shades and flowers, and lawns and waters, had very soon exhausted all their power of pleasing, and that I had not in myself any fund of satisfaction with which I could supply the loss of my customary amusements.

I unhappily told my aunt, in the first

warmth of our embraces, that I had leave to stay with her ten weeks. Six only are yet gone; and how shall I live through the remaining four? I go out and return; I pluck a flower, and throw it away; I catch an insect, and when I have examined it's colours, set it at liberty; I fling a pebble into the water, and see one circle spread after another. When it chanced to rain, I walk in the great hall, and watch the minute-hand upon the dial, or play with a litter of kittens, which the cat happens to have brought in a lucky time.

My aunt is afraid I shall grow melancholy; and therefore encourages the neighbouring gentry to visit us. They came at first with great eagerness to see the fine lady from London; but when we met, we had no common topic on which we could converse; they had no curiosity after plays, operas, or music; and I find as little satisfaction from their accounts of the quarrels or alliances of families, whose names, when once I can escape, I shall never hear. The women have now seen me; know how my gown is made, and are satisfied; the men are generally afraid of me, and say little, because they think themselves not at liberty to talk rudely.

Thus am I condemned to solitude; the day moves slowly forward, and I see the dawn with uneasiness, because I consider that night is at a great distance. I have tried to sleep by a brook; but finds it's murmurs ineffectual; so that I am forced to be awake at least twelve hours, without visits, without cards, without laughter, and without flattery; I walk because I am disgusted with sitting still, and sit down because I am weary with walking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of love, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dress with spirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I cannot dance without a partner; nor be kind, or cruel, without a lover.

Such is the life of Euphelia, and such it is likely to continue for a month to come. I have not yet declared against existence, nor called upon the deities to cut my thread; but I have sincerely resolved not to condemn myself to such another summer, nor too hastily flatter myself with happiness. Yet I have heard, Mr. Rambler, of those who never thought themselves so much at ease

as in solitude; and cannot but suspect it to be some way on other my own fault; that, without great pain, either of mind or body, I am thus weary of myself; that the current of youth stagnates, and that I am languishing in a dead calm, for want of some external impulse. I shall therefore think you a benefactor to our sex, if you will teach me the art of

living alone; for I am confident that a thousand and a thousand and a thousand ladies, who affect to talk with ecstasies of the pleasures of the country, are in reality, like me, longing for the winter, and wishing to be delivered from themselves by company and diversion.

I am, Sir, Yours,

EUPHRAIA.

N^o XLIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1758.

ELMINE PERPETUO TORRENS SOLET ACRIUS, ILL.

TAMEN HÆC BREVIEST, ILLA PERENNIA AQUA.

OYD.

IN COURSE IMPETUOUS SOON THE TORRENT DRIES,

THE BROOK A CONSTANT PEACEFUL STREAM SUPPLIES.

P. LEWIS.

IT is observed by those who have written on the constitution of the human body, and the original of those diseases by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature so exactly regulated but that some humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our first entrance upon life, with the seeds of that malady, which, in time, shall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some that imagine themselves to have looked with more than common penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to persuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiar for certain purposes, and with desires unalterably determined to particular objects, from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill pursued, must produce the praise or blame, the happiness or misery, of his future life.

This position has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with strength proportionate to the assurance with which it has been advanced, and, perhaps, will never gain much prevalence by a close examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itself disputable, there seems to be little hope of establishing an opinion, which supposes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious, or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every step in the progression of existence changes our position with re-

spect to the things about us, so as to lay us open to new assaults and particular dangers, and subjects us to inconveniences from which any other situation is exempt; as a publick or a private life, youth and age, wealth and poverty, have all some evil closely adherent, which cannot wholly be escaped, but by quitting the state to which it is annexed, and submitting to the incumbrances of some other condition; so it cannot be denied that every difference in the structure of the mind has its advantages and its wants; and that failures and defects being inseparable from humanity, however the powers of understanding be extended or contracted, there will on one side or the other always be an avenue to error and miscarriage.

There seem to be some souls suited to great, and others to little employments; some formed to soar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow sphere. Of these the one is always in danger of becoming useless by a daring negligence, the other by a scrupulous solicitude; the one collects many ideas, but confused and indistinct, the other is busied in minute accuracy, but without compass and without dignity.

The general error of those who possess powerful and elevated understandings, is, that they form schemes of too great extent, and flatter themselves too hastily with success; they feel their own force to be great, and, by the complacency with which every man surveys himself, imagine it still greater; they therefore look out for undertakings worthy of their abilities, and engage in them with

with very little precaution; for they imagine that without premeditated measures, they shall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to consider all prudential maxims as below their regard; to treat with contempt those securities and resources which others know themselves obliged to provide; and disdain to accomplish their purposes by established means, and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual superiority, is very fatal to great designs. The resolution of the combat is seldom equal to the vehemence of the charge. He that meets with an opposition which he did not expect, loses his courage. The violence of his first onset is succeeded by a lasting and unconquerable languor; miscarriage makes him fearful of giving way to new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleasing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by slow degrees, he quits his first pursuit, and suffers some other project to take possession of his thoughts, in which the same ardour of mind promises him again certain success, and which disappointments of the same kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the steadiness and perseverance always necessary in the conduct of a complicated scheme, where many interests are to be connected, many movements to be adjusted, and the joint effort of distinct and independent powers to be directed to a single point. In all important events which have been suddenly brought to pass, chance has been the agent rather than reason; and, therefore, however those who seemed to preside in the transaction may have been celebrated by such as loved or feared them, succeeding times have commonly considered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every design in which the connection is regularly traced from the first motion to the last, must be formed and executed by calm intrepidity, and requires not only courage which danger cannot turn aside, but constancy which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhaust.

All the performances of human art,

at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason, and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by oblique attacks.

The student who would build his knowledge on solid foundations, and proceed by just degrees to the pinnacles of truth, is directed by the great philosopher of France to begin by doubting of his own existence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterprise, should, as soon as his imagination can cool after the first blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every possible embarrassment that may retard or defeat him. He should first question the probability of success, and then endeavour to remove the objections that he has raised. It is proper, says old Markham, to exercise your horse on the more inconvenient side of the course; that if he should, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be discouraged; and Horace advises his poetical friend to consider every day as the last which he shall enjoy, because that will always give pleasure whilst we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourselves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we shall be animated by unexpected facility with double spirit; and if we find our cautions and fears justified by the consequence, there will however happen nothing against which provision has not been made, no sudden shock will be received, nor will the main scheme be disconcerted.

There

There is, indeed, some danger lest he that too scrupulously balances probabilities, and too perspicaciously foresees obstacles, should remain always in a state of inaction, without venturing upon attempts on which he may perhaps spend his labour without advantage. But previous despondence is not the fault of those for whom this essay is designed; they who require to be warned against precipitation, will not suffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is necessary to allay the effervescence of an agitated fancy. As Des Cartes has kindly shown how a man may prove to himself his own existence, if once he can be prevailed upon to question it, so the

ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding some plausible extenuation of the greatest difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that security and despair are equal follies; and as it is presumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, so is weakness and cowardice to prognosticate miscarriages. The numbers that have been stopped in their career of happiness are sufficient to show the uncertainty of human foresight; but there are not wanting contrary instances of such success obtained against all appearances, as may warrant the boldest flights of genius, if they are supported by unshaken perseverance.

NO XLIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1750.

Osæ in Aids 15.

HOMER.

DREAMS DESCEND FROM JOVE.

Pope.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from

every baleful tree; the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; this is the condition of all below the stars, and who ever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the

themiseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in flow-sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; resplendent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentle looks of compassion and peace. Another approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster from whose power I have freed you is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she at length drives them to the borders of Despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

Look round and survey the various beauties of the globe, which Heaven has destined for the seat of the human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the proper tendency of every ra-

tional being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.

What, cried I, is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlabourious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?

The true enjoyments of a reasonable being, answered she mildly, do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degree disqualify it for it's genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check it's course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improving heart. So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wast but now going to plunge.

While the most faultless have ever en-

couragement

"courage to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities; supported by the gladdening assurances that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct to become what they desire. The christian and the hero are inseparable; and to aspirations of unassuming trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to it-

self. Suffering is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities; but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final destination.

Return then with me from continual misery to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to fullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which the endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember that the greatest honour you can pay to the Author of your being is by such a cheerful behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations.

Here my preceptress paused, and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

I am, yours, &c.

N^o XLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1750.

"Hæc pueri pueris colligis,
 "Olas pueri pueris colligis,
 "Nec d' in Sæcra ardua

EURIPI.

THIS IS THE CHIEF FELICITY OF LIFE,
 THAT CONCORD SMILE ON THE CONJUGIAL BED;
 BUT NOW 'TIS HATRED ALL

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the dissertations which you have given us on marriage, very just cautions are laid down against the common causes of infelicity, and the necessity of having, in that important choice,

the first regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated; yet I cannot think the subject so much exhausted, but that a little reflection would present to the mind many questions, in the discussion of which great numbers are interested, and many precepts which deserve to be more particularly and forcibly impressed.

Y^{ou}

You seem, like most of the writers that have gone before you, to have allowed, as an uncontroverted principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*; but I know not whether a man who professes to think for himself, and concludes from his own observations, does not depart from his character when he follows the crowd thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination; especially when they comprise so wide a circuit of life, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience; I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwise than as life is unhappy; and that most of those who complain of conjugal miseries, have as much satisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both sexes repine at their change, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of their own choice, and warn those whom they see coming into the world against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they so much wish to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they censure themselves for the indiscretion of their choice, is not a sufficient proof that they have chosen ill, since we see the same discontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some different course, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he discovers that wealth and honour are more easily attained. The

merchant, says Horace, envies the soldier, and the soldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients harass him, calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and the countryman, when business calls him to town, proclaims that there is no happiness but amidst opulence and crowds. Every man recounts the inconveniences of his own station, and thinks those of any other less, because he has not felt them. Thus the married praise the ease and freedom of a single state, and the single fly to marriage from the weariness of solitude. From all our observations we may collect with certainty, that misery is the lot of man, but cannot discover in what particular condition it will find most alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we use them, the causes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for ease from change of posture; he changes it, and finds himself equally tormented: and of the same kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude those uneasinesses to which mortality will always be subject. It is not likely that the married state is eminently miserable, since we see such numbers, whom the death of their partners has set free from it, entering it again.

Wives and husbands are, indeed, incessantly complaining of each other; and there would be reason for imagining that almost every house was infested with perverseness or oppression beyond human sufferance, did we not know upon how small occasions some minds burst out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon those who happen to be near, without any nice examination of it's cause. We are always willing to fancy ourselves within a little of happiness; and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, persuade ourselves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, since, if we could find any other obstacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomists have often remarked, that though our diseases are sufficiently numerous and severe, yet when we enquire into the structure of the body, the tenderness of some parts, the minuteness of others, and the immense multiplicity of animal functions that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of

all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon, and that our frame subsists for a single day, or hour, without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The same reflection arises in my mind, upon observation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted. When I see the avacious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their beds, without any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them; some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves; I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many un-

suitable matches were produced, and many tempers associated that were not qualified to give pleasure to each other. Yet perhaps, among a people so little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications, and the uniformity of life, gave no opportunity for imagination to interpolate its objections, there was not much danger of capricious dislike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Amongst us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requisite to secure tranquillity; and yet if we observe the manner in which those converse who have singled out each other for marriage, we shall, perhaps, not think that the Russians lost much by their restraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder themselves from being known; and to disguise their natural temper, and real desires, in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask; and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a strange imposture one has been courted, and another married.

I desire you, therefore, Mr. Rambler, to question all who shall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtship, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in disappointment.

I am, &c.

N^o XLVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25. 1750.

GENU, ET PROAVOS, ET QUAE NON FECIMUS IPSI, O CONFUTEMUR.

VII. RA. NOSTRA 1060.

BOUGHT FROM MY BIRTH OR ANCESTORS I CLAIM;

ALL IS MY OWN, MY HONOUR AND MY NAME.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SINCE I find that you have paid so much regard to my complaints as to publish them, I am incensed by vanity,

or gratitude, to continue our correspondence; and indeed, without either of these motives, am glad of an opportunity to write, for I am not accustomed to keep in any thing that swells my heart, and have

have here none with whom I can freely converse. While I am thus employed, some tedious hours will slip away, and when I return to watch the clock, I shall find that I have disordered myself of part of the day.

You perceive that I do not pretend to write with much consideration of any thing but my own convenience; and, not to conceal from you my real sentiments, the little time which I have spent, against my will, in solitary meditation, has not much contributed to my veneration for authors. I have now sufficient reason to suspect that, with all your splendid professions of wisdom, and seeming regard for truth, you have very little sincerity; that you either write what you do not think, and willingly impose upon mankind, or that you take no care to think right, but while you set up yourselves as guides, mislead your followers by credulity, or negligence; that you produce to the publick whatever notions you can speciously maintain, or elegantly express, without enquiring whether they are just; and transcribe hereditary falsehoods from old authors perhaps as ignorant and careless as yourselves.

You may perhaps wonder that I express myself with so much acrimony on a question in which women are supposed to have very little interest; and you are likely enough, for I have seen many instances of the fauciness of scholars, to tell me, that I am more properly employed in playing with my kittens, than in giving myself airs of criticism; and censuring the learned. But you are mistaken, if you imagine that I am to be intimidated by your contempt, or silenced by your reproofs. As I read, I have a right to judge; as I am injured, have a right to complain; and these privileges, which I have purchased at so dear a rate, I shall not easily be persuaded to resign.

To read has, indeed, never been my business; but as there are hours of leisure in the most active life, I have passed the superfluities of time, which the diversions of the town left upon my hands, in turning over a large collection of tragedies and romances, where, amongst other sentiments, common to all authors of this class, I have found almost every page filled with the charms and happiness of a country life, that life to which every statesman in the highest elevation of his prosperity is contriving to retire; that life to which every tragick heroine in some

scene or other wishes to have been born, and which is represented as a certain refuge from folly, from anxiety, from passion, and from guilt.

It was impossible to read so many passionate exclamations, and soothing descriptions, without feeling some desire to enjoy the state in which all this felicity was to be enjoyed; and therefore I received with raptures the invitation of my good aunt, and expected that by some unknown influence I should find all hopes and fears, jealousies and competitions, vanish from my heart upon my first arrival at the seats of innocence and tranquillity; that I should sleep in hazy bowers, and wander in elysian gardens, where I should meet with nothing but the softness of benevolence, the candour of simplicity, and the cheerfulness of content; where I should see reason exerting her sovereignty over life, without any interruption from envy, avarice, or ambition, and every day passing in such a manner as the severest wisdom should approve.

This, Mr. Rambler, I tell you I expected, and this I had by an hundred authors been taught to expect. By this expectation I was led hither, and here I live in perpetual uneasiness, without any other comfort than that of hoping to return to London.

Having, since I wrote my former letter, been driven, by the mere necessity of escaping from absolute inactivity, to make myself more acquainted with the affairs and inhabitants of this place, I am now no longer an absolute stranger to rural conversation and employments, but am far from discovering in them more innocence or wisdom, than in the sentiments or conduct of those with whom I have passed more cheerful and more fashionable hours.

It is common to reproach the tea-table, and the park, with giving opportunities and encouragement to scandal. I cannot wholly clear them from the charge; but must, however, observe, in favour of the modish prattlers, that, if not by principle, we are at least by accident, less guilty of defamation than the country ladies. For having greater numbers to observe and censure, we are commonly content to charge them only with their own faults or follies, and seldom give way to malevolence, but such as arises from some injury or affront, real or imaginary, offered to ourselves.

But in these distinct provinces, where the same families inhabit the same houses from age to age, they transmit and recount the faults of a whole succession. I have been informed how every estate in the neighbourhood was originally got, and find, if I may credit the accounts given me, that there is not a single acre in the hands of the right owner. I have been told of intrigues between beaux and toasts that have been now three centuries in their quiet graves; and am often entertained with traditional scandal on persons of whose names there would have been no remembrance, had they not committed somewhat that might disgrace their descendants.

In one of my visits I happened to commend the air and dignity of a young lady, who had just left the company; upon which two grave matrons, looked with great smiles at each other, and the elder asked me whether I had ever seen the picture of Henry the Eighth. You may imagine that I did not immediately perceive the propriety of the question; but after having waited awhile for information, I was told that the lady's grandmother had a great great grandmother that was an attendant on Anna Bulken, and supposed to have been too much a favourite of the king.

If once there happens a quarrel between the principal persons of two families, the malignity is continued without end, and it is common for old maids to fall out about some election, in which their grandfathers were competitors: the heart-burnings of the civil war are not yet extinguished; there are two families in the neighbourhood who have destroyed each other's game from the time of

Philip and Mary; and when an account came of an inundation, which had injured the plantations of a worthy gentleman, one of the hearers remarked, with exultation, that he might now have some notion of the ravages committed by his ancestors in their retreat from Holworth.

Thus malice and hatred descend here with an inheritance; and it is necessary to be well versed in history, that the various factions of this county may be understood. You cannot expect to be on good terms with families who are resolved to love nothing in common; and, in selecting your intimates, you are perhaps to consider which party you most favour in the barons wars. I have often lost the good opinion of my aunt's visitants by confounding the interests of York and Lancaster; and was once censured for sitting silent when William Rufus was called a tyrant. I have, however, now thrown aside all pretences to circumspection, for I find it impossible in less than seven years to learn all the requisite cautions. At London, if you know your company, and their parents, you are safe; but you are here suspected of alluding to the slips of great-grandmothers, and of reviving contests which were decided in armour by the redoubted knights of ancient times. I hope therefore that you will not condemn my impatience, if I am weary of attending where nothing can be learned, and of quarrelling where there is nothing to contest, and that you will contribute to divert me while I stay here by some facetious performance.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
EUPHRAIA.

No XLVII.

N^o. XLVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1756.

QUANQUAM HIS SOLATIIS ACQUIESCAM, DEBILITAS ET FRANGERE EADEM ILLE
 HUMANITATE QUAE ME, UT HOC IPSUM PERMITTEREM, INDUXIT, NON TIBI
 TAMEN VELIM DURIOR FIERT: REC IGNOSCE ALIOS NOVISSIMOS CASUS NITTE
 AMPLIUS VOCARE QUAM DAMNUM: EQUE TIBI MAGNOS HOMINES ET SAPI-
 ENTES VIDERE QUAM MAGNI SAPIENTESQUE SINT, NESCIO: HOMINES RUS-
 SUNT: HOMINIS EST ENIM OFFICII MOERORE, SENTIENTER RESISTERE TAMEN, ET
 SOLATIA ADMITTERE: NON SOLATIIS NON EGERE.

PLAN.

THESE PROCEEDINGS HAVE AFFORDED ME SOME COMFORT IN MY DISTRESS,
 NOTWITHSTANDING WHICH, I AM STILL DISPERITED, AND UNHINGED BY
 THE SAME MOTIVES OF HUMANITY THAT INDUCED ME TO GRANT SUCH IN-
 DULGENCE. HOWEVER, I BY NO MEANS WISH TO BECOME LESS SUSCEPTIBLE
 OF TENDERNESS. I KNOW THESE KIND OF MISFORTUNES WOULD BE ESTI-
 MATED BY OTHER PERSONS ONLY AS COMMON LOSSES, AND FROM SUCH SIM-
 ULATIONS THEY WOULD CONCEIVE THEMSELVES GREAT AND WISE MEN: I
 SHALL NOT DETERMINE EITHER THEIR GREATNESS OR THEIR WISDOM; BUT I
 AM CERTAIN THEY HAVE NO HUMANITY. IT IS THE PART OF A MAN TO BE
 AFFECTED WITH GRIEF; TO FEEL SORROW, AT THE SAME TIME THAT HE
 RESISTS IT, AND TO ADMIT OF COMFORT.

EARL OF OBERY.

OF the passions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be ob-
 served, that they naturally huffen towards
 their own extinction, by inciting and
 quickening the attainment of their ob-
 jects. Thus fear urges our flight, and
 desire animates our progress; and if there
 are some which perhaps may be indulg-
 ed till they outgrow the good appropri-
 ated to their satisfaction, as it is fre-
 quently observed of avarice and ambi-
 tion, yet their immediate tendency is to
 some means of happiness really existing,
 and generally within the prospect. The
 miser always imagines that there is a
 certain sum that will fill his heart to the
 brim; and every ambitious man, like
 King Pyrrhus, has an acquisition in his
 thoughts that is to terminate his labours,
 after which he shall pass the rest of his
 life in ease or gaiety, in repose or devo-
 tion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection
 of the breast that can be excepted from
 this general remark, and it therefore de-
 serves the particular attention of those
 who have assumed the arduous province
 of preserving the balance of the mental
 constitution. The other passions are dis-
 eases indeed, but they necessarily direct
 us to their proper cure. A man at once
 feels the pain, and knows the medicine,
 to which he is carried with greater haste
 as the evil which requires it is more ex-
 cruciating, and cures himself by uner-
 ring instinct, as the wounded stags of
 Crete are related by Ælian to have re-

course to vulnerary herbs. But for sor-
 row there is no remedy provided by na-
 ture; it is often occasioned by accidents
 irreparable, and dwells upon objects
 that have lost or changed their existence;
 it requires what it cannot hope, that the
 laws of the universe should be repealed;
 that the dead should return, or the past
 should be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negli-
 gence or error which may animate us to
 future care or activity, or that repent-
 ance of crimes for which, however ir-
 revocable, our Creator has promised to
 accept it as an atonement; the pain
 which arises from these causes has very
 salutary effects, and is every hour ex-
 tenuating itself by the reputation of those
 misfortunes that produce it. Sorrow is
 properly that state of the mind in which
 our desires are fixed upon the past, with-
 out looking forward to the future, an
 incessant wish that something were other-
 wise than it has been, a tormenting and
 harassing want of some enjoyment or
 possession which we have lost, and which
 no endeavours can possibly regain. In-
 to such anguish many have sunk upon
 some sudden diminution of their fortune,
 an unexpected blast of their reputation,
 or the loss of children or of friends.
 They have suffered all sensibility of plea-
 sure to be destroyed by a single blow,
 have given up for ever the hopes of sub-
 stituting any other object in the room of
 that which they lament; resigned their
 lives to gloom and despondency, and

worsh

worn themselves out in unavailing misery.

Yet so much is this passion the natural consequence of tenderness and endearment, that however painful and however useless, it is justly reproachful not to feel it on some occasions; and so widely and constantly has it always prevailed, that the laws of some nations, and the customs of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief caused by the dissolution of close alliances, and the breach of domestick union.

It seems determined by the general suffrage of mankind, that sorrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at least pardonable as the effect of weakness; but that it ought not to be suffered to increase by indulgence, but must give way after a stated time to social duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at first unavoidable, and therefore must be allowed, whether with or without our choice; it may afterwards be admitted as a decent and affectionate testimony of kindness and esteem; something will be extorted by nature, and something may be given to the world. But all beyond the bursts of passion, or the forms of solemnity, is not only useless but culpable; for we have no right to sacrifice, to the vain longings of affection, that time which Providence allows us for the task of our station.

Yet it too often happens that sorrow, thus lawfully entering, gains such a firm possession of the mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, first violently impressed, and afterwards willingly received, so much engross the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual sadness seizes upon the soul, and the faculties are chained to a single object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeless uneasiness.

From this state of dejection it is very difficult to rise to cheerfulness and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preservatives easier than remedies, and teach us not to trust ourselves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondness, but to keep our minds always suspended in such indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule

might perhaps contribute to tranquillity, but surely it would never produce happiness. He that regards none so much as to be afraid of losing them, must live for ever without the gentle pleasures of sympathy and confidence; he must feel no melting fondness, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of those honest joys which nature annexes to the power of pleasing. And as no man can justly claim more tenderness than he pays, he must forfeit his share in that officious and watchful kindness which love only can dictate, and those lenient endearments by which love only can soften life. He may justly be overlooked and neglected by such as have more warmth in their heart; for who would be the friend of him, whom, with whatever assiduity he may be courted, and with whatever services obliged, his principles will not suffer to make equal returns, and who, when you have exhausted all the instances of good-will, can only be prevailed on not to be an enemy?

An attempt to preserve life in a state of neutrality and indifference, is unreasonable and vain. If by excluding joy we could shut out grief, the scheme would deserve very serious attention; but since, however we may debar ourselves from happiness, misery will find its way at many inlets, and the assaults of pain will force our regard, though we may withhold it from the invitations of pleasure, we may surely endeavour to raise life above the middle point of apathy at one time, since it will necessarily sink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reasonable not to gain happiness for fear of losing it, yet it must be confessed, that in proportion to the pleasure of possession, will be for some time our sorrow for the loss; it is therefore the province of the moralist to enquire whether such pains may not quickly give way to mitigation. Some have thought that the most certain way to clear the heart from its embarrassment is to drag it by force into scenes of merriment. Others imagine that such a transition is too violent, and recommend rather to sooth it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miseries more dreadful and afflictive, and diverting to the calamities of others the regard which we are inclined to fix too closely upon our own misfortunes.

It may be doubted whether either of these

those remedies will be sufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth it is not always easy to try, and the indulgence of melancholy may be suspected to be one of those medicines which will destroy, if it happens not to cure.

The safe and general antidote against sorrow is employment. It is commonly observed, that among soldiers and seamen, though there is much kindness, there is little grief; they see their friend fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in scarcity and idleness; because they have no leisure to spare from the care of themselves; and whoever shall keep his thoughts equally busy, will find himself equally unaffected with irretrievable losses.

N^O XLVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1750.

NON EST VIVERE, SED VALERE, VITA.

FOR LIFE IS NOT TO LIVE,

BUT TO BE WELL.

ELEPHANTIN.

AMONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorse for the succeeding part of our lives, there is scarce any against which warnings are of less efficacy, than the neglect of Health. When the springs of motion are yet elastick, when the heart bounds with vigour, and the eye sparkles with spirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with so much strength, and the limbs which play with so much activity, will lose all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbness, and totter with debility.

To the arguments which have been used against complaints under the miseries of life, the philosophers have, I think, forgot to add the incredulity of those to whom we recount our sufferings. But if the purpose of lamentation be to excite pity, it is surely superfluous for age and weakness to tell their plaintive stories; for pity presupposes sympathy, and a little attention will shew them, that those who do not feel pain, seldom think that it is felt; and a short recollection will inform almost every man, that he is only repaid the insult which he has given, since he may remember how often he has

Time is observed generally to wear out sorrow, and it's effects might doubtless be accelerated by quickening the succession, and enlarging the variety of objects.

Qui sapit sibi tempus vivere.

CRONIN.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;

To wisdom fly, she quickly brings relief.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul,

which every new idea contributes in its

passage to scour away. It is the pure-

sation of stagnant life, and is remedied

by exercise and motion.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

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Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

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Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

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Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

Ille sapiens sibi tempus vivere.

Ille stultus non sollicitus est.

There

powers of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness.

*—Proferere animam? quam vellent aethera
in alto*

Nunc et pauperiem, et duros tolerare labores!

For healthful indigence in vain they pray,
In quest of wealth who throw their lives away.

Those who lose their health in an irregular and impetuous pursuit of literary accomplishments, are yet less to be excused; for they ought to know that the body is not forced beyond it's strength,

but with the loss of more vigour than is proportionate to the effect produced. Whoever takes up life before-hand, by depriving himself of rest and refreshment, must not only pay back the hours, but pay them back with usury; and for the gain of a few months but half enjoyed, must give up years to the listlessness of languor, and the implacability of pain. They whose endeavour is mental excellence, will learn perhaps too late, how much it is endangered by diseases of the body; and find that knowledge may easily be lost in the starts of melancholy, the flights of impatience, and the peevishness of decrepitude.

Nº XLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1750.

NON OMNIS MORIAR, MULTAQUE PARTE MEI
VITABIT LIBERTINAM, USQUE EGO POSTERAE
CRESCAM LAUDE RECENS.

HOR.

WHOLE MORACE SHALL NOT DIE; HIS SONGS SHALL SAVE
THE GREATEST PORTION FROM THE GREEDY GRAVE.

CRÆCH.

THE first motives of human actions are those appetites which Providence has given to man in common with the rest of the inhabitants of the earth. Immediately after our birth, thirst and hunger incline us to the breast, which we draw by instinct, like other young creatures, and when we are satisfied, we express our uneasiness by importunate and incessant cries, till we have obtained a place or posture proper for repose.

The next call that rouses us from a state of inactivity, is that of our passions; we quickly begin to be sensible of hope and fear, love and hatred, desire and aversion; these arising from the power of comparison and reflection, extend their range wider, as our reason strengthens, and our knowledge enlarges. At first we have no thought of pain, but when we actually feel it; we afterwards begin to fear it; yet not before it approaches us very nearly; but by degrees we discover it at a greater distance, and find it lurking in remote consequences. Our terror in time improves into caution, and we learn to look round with vigilance and solicitude, to stop all the avenues at which misery can enter, and to perform or endure many things in themselves toilsome and unpleasant, because we know by reason, or by experience, that our labour will be overbalanced by the reward, that it will ei-

ther procure some positive good, or avert some evil greater than itself.

But as the soul advances to a fuller exercise of it's powers, the animal appetites, and the passions immediately arising from them, are not sufficient to find it employment; the wants of nature are soon supplied, the fear of their return is easily precluded, and something more is necessary to relieve the long intervals of inactivity, and to give those faculties, which cannot lie wholly quiescent, some particular direction. For this reason, new desires and artificial passions are by degrees produced; and, from having wishes only in consequence of our wants, we begin to feel wants in consequence of our wishes; we persuade ourselves to set a value upon things which are of no use, but because we have agreed to value them; things which can neither satisfy hunger, nor mitigate pain, nor secure us from any real calamity, and which, therefore, we find of no esteem among those nations whose artless and barbarous manners keep them always anxious for the necessities of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity, ambition, and generally of all those desires which arise from the comparison of our condition with that of others. He that thinks himself poor, because his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæsar, would rather be the first man of a vil-

P lage,

lage, than the second in the capital of the world, has apparently kindled in himself desires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles established only by the authority of custom.

Of those additious passions, some, as avarice and envy, are universally condemned; some, as friendship and curiosity, generally praised: but there are others about which the suffrages of the wise are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend most to promote the happiness, or increase the misery of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and disputable kind is the love of fame; a desire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praises which we shall not hear. This ardour has been considered by some, as nothing better than splendid madness, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, say they, can be more remote from wisdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exist till we ourselves are in the grave? To pant after that which can never be possessed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, arises from this particular condition, that, during life, it is not to be obtained? To gain the favour, and hear the applauses of our contemporaries, is indeed equally desirable with any other prerogative of superiority, because fame may be of use to smooth the paths of life, to terrify opposition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end shall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour? It is more reasonable to wish for reputation, while it may yet be enjoyed; as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for present use the wine and garlands which they purpose to bestow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame allege in it's vindication, that it is a passion natural and universal; a flame lighted by Heaven; and always burning with greatest vigour in the most enlarged and elevated minds. That the desire of being praised by posterity implies a resolution to deserve their praises, and that the folly charged upon it is only a noble and disinterested generosity, which is not felt, and therefore not understood, by those who have been always accustomed to refer every thing to them-

selves, and whose selfishness has contracted their understandings. That the soul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally springs forward beyond the limits of corporeal existence, and rejoices to consider herself as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endless duration. That the reproach urged with so much petulance, the reproach of labouring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for since we suppose the powers of the soul to be enlarged by it's separation, why should we conclude that it's knowledge of sublunary transactions is contracted or extinguished?

Upon an attentive and impartial review of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be regulated rather than extinguished; and that men should be taught not to be wholly careless about their memory, but to endeavour that they may be remembered chiefly for their virtues, since no other reputation will be able to transmit any pleasure beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, considered merely as the immortality of a name, is not less likely to be the reward of bad actions than of good; he therefore has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whose single aim is not to be forgotten. And history will inform us, that this blind and undistinguished appetite of renown has always been uncertain in it's effects, and directed by accident or opportunity, indifferently to the benefit or devastation of the world. When Themistocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered him from sleep, he was animated by them to perform the same services in the same cause. But Cæsar, when he wept at the sight of Alexander's picture, having no honest opportunities of action, let his ambition break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is so far indulged by the mind as to become independent and predominant, it is dangerous and irregular; but it may be usefully employed as an inferior and secondary motive, and will serve sometimes to revive our activity, when we begin to languish and lose sight of that more certain, more valuable, and more durable reward, which ought always to be our first hope and our last. But it must be strongly impressed upon our minds, that virtue is not to be pursued as one of the means

means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompence which mortals can bestow on virtue; to be accepted with complacency, but not sought with eagerness. Simply to be remembered is no advantage; it is a privilege which satire as well as panegyrick can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Constantine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drank many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

Πολλὰ φάγον, καὶ πολλὰ πίνων, καὶ πολλὰ
καὶ ὠνών
Ἀνδρῶν, καὶ Τυμῳκρῶν Τόδοι.

The true satisfaction which is to be drawn from the consciousness that we shall share the attention of future times, must arise from the hope, that with our name our virtues will be propagated; and that those whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive instruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

Nº L. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1750.

CREDEBANT HOC GRANDE NEFAS, ET MORTE PIANDUM,
SI JUVENIS VETULO NON ASSURREXERAT, ATQUE
BARBATO QUICUNQUE PUER, LICET IPSE VIDERET
FLURA DOMI FRAGA, ET MAJORES GLANDIS ACERVO.

Juv.

AND HAD NOT MEN THE HOARY HEAD REVER'D,
AND BOYS PAID REVERENCE WHEN A MAN APPEAR'D,
BOTH MUST HAVE DIED, THO' RICHER SKINS THEY WORE,
AND SAW MORE HEAPS OF ACORNS IN THEIR STORE.

CÆCILI.

I HAVE always thought it the business of those who turn their speculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues, as well as to expose the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a false as well as to support a just accusation; not only because it is peculiarly the business of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, lest those who can once charge him with partiality should indulge themselves afterwards in disbelieving him at pleasure; but because he may find real crimes sufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without distracting the mind by needless scruples and vain solitudes.

There are certain fixed and stated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly transmitted through continued successions, and which he that has once suffered them is certain to use with the same undistinguishing vehemence, when he has changed his station, and gained the prescriptive right of inflicting on others what he had formerly endured himself.

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice till it becomes his interest to see it; very little regard is to be shewn; since it does not appear that they are produced by rati-

cination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the newcomers into life, for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience, for heady confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partial views, for disregard of counsels which their fathers and grandfathers are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to its security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in which his youth was passed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not sufficiently considered how much he assumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining: for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full share of the miseries of life, he is inclined to consider all clamorous uneasiness as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to ask, What merit has this man to show, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the distributions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions should be granted him from the general condition of man? We find ourselves excited rather to captiousness than pity; and instead of being in haste to soothe his complaints by sympathy and tenderness, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, supposing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly, rather than calamity.

The querulousness and indignation which is observed so often to disfigure the last scene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like these. For surely it will be thought, at the first view of things, that if age be thus condemned and ridiculed, insulted and neglected, the crime must at least be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of establishing their authority over minds ductile and unresisting, they who have been the protectors of helplesses, and the instructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth, and the dignity of command, must defeat their influence by their own misconduct, and make use of all these advantages with very little skill, if they cannot secure to themselves an appearance of respect, and ward off open mockery, and declared contempt.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on those whom they see surrounded by splendour, and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their passions into forgetfulness of inviolable rewards and punishments, yet they were easily kept obedient to those who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is dissipated by such bewitchments and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reasonably be

suspected that the old draw upon themselves the greatest part of those insults which they so much lament, and that age is rarely despised but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that excess of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the consequence of long life, however idly and thoughtlessly employed, that priority of birth will supply the want of steadiness or honesty, can it raise much wonder that their hopes are disappointed, and that they see their posterity, rather willing to trust their own eyes in their progress into life, than enlist themselves under guides who have lost their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time necessarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by those who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their successors at a cheaper rate; but dictates, though liberally enough bestowed, are generally without effect; the teacher gains few proselytes by instruction which his own behaviour contradicts; and young men miss the benefit of counsel, because they are not very ready to believe that those who fall below them in practice can much excel them in theory. Thus the progress of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the same state, and every new race is to gain the prudence of their predecessors by committing and redressing the same miscarriages.

To secure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might so much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is absolutely necessary that they give themselves up to the duties of declining years, and contentedly resign to youth its levity, its pleasures, its frolics, and its sorceries. It is a hopeless endeavour to unite the contraries of spring and winter; it is unjust to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wisdom and gravity of men, whom they consider as placed at a distance from them in the ranks of existence, and naturally look on those whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If docters will contend with boys in those performances in which boys must always excel them; if they will dress trippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with fap-
tering

tering voices; and darken assemblies of pleasure with the ghastliness of disease; they may well expect those who find their diversions obstructed will hoot them away; and that if they descend to competition with youth, they must bear the insolence of successful rivals.

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, argus bibisti.
Tempus abire tibi est.

You've had your share of mirth, of meat and drink;
'Tis time to quit the scene; 'tis time to think.

ELPHINSTON.

Another vice of age, by which the rising generation may be alienated from it, is severity and censoriousness, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects attfulness from childhood, and constancy from youth,

Stultus labor est inceptiarum.

NO. II. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1750.

STULTUS LABOR EST INCEPTIARUM.

HOW FOOLISH IS THE TOIL OF TRIFLING CARES!

TO THE RAMBLER.

As you have allowed a place in your paper to Euphelia's letters from the country, and appear to think no form of human life unworthy of your attention, I have resolved, after many struggles with idleness and diffidence, to give you some account of my entertainment in this sober season of universal retreat; and to describe to you the employments of those who look with contempt on the pleasures and diversions of polite life, and employ all their powers of censure and invective upon the useless life, vanity, and folly, of dress, visits, and conversation.

When a tiresome and vexatious journey of four days had brought me to the house, where invitation, regularly sent for seven days together, had at last induced me to pass the summer, I was surprised, after the civilities of my first reception, to find, instead of the leisure and tranquillity which a rural life always promises, and which well conducted, might always afford, a confused wildness of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which

that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happiness, and whose descendants can only tell of long life, that it produces satisfaction, malignity, peevishness, and persecution; and yet even these tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curse their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleasure in their fathers company.

He that would pass the latter part of life with honour and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support when his powers of acting shall forsake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

Stultus labor est inceptiarum.

NO. II. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1750.

STULTUS LABOR EST INCEPTIARUM.

HOW FOOLISH IS THE TOIL OF TRIFLING CARES!

TO THE RAMBLER.

Every face was clouded, and every motion agitated. The old lady, who was my father's relation, was, indeed, very full of the happiness which she received from my visit, and, according to the forms of obsolete breeding, insisted that I should recompence the long delay of my company with a promise not to leave her till winter. But, amidst all her kindness and caresses, she very frequently turned her head aside, and whispered, with anxious earnestness, some order to her daughters, which never failed to send them out with unpolite precipitation. Sometimes her impatience would not suffer her to stay behind; she begged my pardon, she must leave me for a moment; she went, and returned and sat down again; but was again disturbed by some new care, dismissed her daughters with the same trepidation, and followed them with the same countenance of business and solicitude.

However I was alarmed at this shew of eagerness and disturbance, and however my curiosity was excited by such busy preparations as naturally promised some great event, I was yet too much a stranger

stranger to gratify myself with enquiries; but finding none of the family in mourning, I pleased myself with imagining that I should rather see a wedding than a funeral.

At last we sat down to supper, when I was informed that one of the young ladies, after whom I thought myself obliged to enquire, was under a necessity of attending some affair that could not be neglected: soon afterward my relation began to talk of the regularity of her family, and the inconvenience of London hours; and at last let me know that they had proposed that night to go to bed sooner than was usual, because they were to rise early in the morning to make chesscakes. This hint sent me to my chamber, to which I was accompanied by all the ladies, who begged me to excuse some large fires of leaves and flowers that covered two thirds of the floor, for they intended to distil them when they were dry, and they had no other room that so conveniently received the rising sun.

The scent of the plants hindered me from rest, and therefore I rose early in the morning with a resolution to explore my new habitation. I stole unperceived by my busy cousins into the garden, where I found nothing either more great or elegant, than in the same number of acres cultivated for the market. Of the gardener, I soon learned that his lady was the greatest manager in that part of the country, and that I was come hither at the time in which I might learn to make more pickles and conleives, than could be seen at any other house a hundred miles round.

It was not long before her ladyship gave me sufficient opportunities of knowing her character, for she was too much pleased with her own accomplishments to conceal them; and took occasion, from some sweetmeats which she set next day upon the table, to discourse for two long hours upon rots and gellies; laid down the best methods of conserving, reserving, and preserving all sorts of fruit; told us with great contempt of the London lady in the neighbourhood, by whom these terms were very often confounded; and hinted how much she should be ashamed to set before company, at her own house, sweetmeats of so dark a colour as she had often seen at Mistress Sprightly's.

It is, indeed, the great business of her

life, to watch the skillet on the fire, to see it simmer with the due degree of heat, and to snatch it off at the moment of projection; and the employments to which she has bred her daughters, are to turn rose-leaves in the shade, to pick out the seeds of currants with a quill, to gather fruit without bruising it, and to extract bean-flower water for the skin. Such are the tasks with which every day, since I came hither, has begun and ended, to which the early hours of life are sacrificed, and in which that time is passing away which never shall return.

But to reason or expostulate, are hopeless attempts. The lady has settled her opinions, and maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmness of stupidity accustomed to be flattered. Her daughters having never seen any house but their own, believe their mother's excellence on her own word. Her husband is a mere sportsman, who is pleased to see his table well furnished, and thinks the day sufficiently successful, in which he brings home a leash of hares to be potted by his wife.

After a few days I pretended to want books, but my lady soon told me that none of her books would suit my taste; for her part, she never loved to see young women give their minds to such follies, by which they would only learn to use hard words; she bred up her daughters to understand a house, and whoever should marry them, if they knew any thing of good cookery, would never repent it.

There are, however, some things in the culinary sciences too sublime for youthful intellects; mysteries into which they must not be initiated till the years, of serious maturity, and which are referred to the day of marriage, as the supreme qualification for connubial life. She makes an orange pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which she has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with secrecy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been discovered. She, indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can suggest. It is never known before-hand when this pudding will be produced; she takes the ingredients privately into her own closet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the house, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands,

the

the mouth of the oven is then stopped, and all enquiries are vain.

The composition of the pudding she has, however, promised Clarinda, that if she pleases her in marriage, she shall be told without reserve. But the art of making English capers she has not yet persuaded herself to discover; but seems resolved that secrets shall perish with her, as some alchymists have obstinately suppressed the art of transmuting metals.

I once ventured to lay my fingers on her book of receipts, which she left upon the table, having intelligence that a vessel of gooseberry-wine had burst the hoops. But though the importance of the event sufficiently engrossed her care, to prevent any recollection of the danger to which her secrets were exposed, I was not able to make use of the golden moments; for this treasure of hereditary knowledge was so well concealed by the manner of spelling used by her grandmother, her mother, and herself, that I was totally unable to understand it, and lost the opportunity of consulting the oracle, for want of knowing the language in which it's answers were returned.

It is, indeed, necessary, if I have any regard to her ladyship's esteem, that I should apply myself to some of these economical accomplishments, for I overheard her, two days ago, warning her daughters, by my mournful example, against negligence of pastry, and ignorance in carving: 'For you saw,' said she, 'that, with all her pretensions to knowledge, she turned the partridge the wrong way when she attempted to cut it, and, I believe, scarcely knows the difference between paste raised, and paste in a dish.'

The reason, Mr. Rambler, why I have laid Lady Bustle's character before you, is a desire to be informed whether, in your opinion, it is worthy of imitation, and whether I shall throw away the books which I have hitherto thought it my duty to read, for *The Lady's Closet Opened*, *The Complete Servant Maid*, and *The Court Cook*, and resign all curiosity after right and wrong, for the art

of scalding damascenes without burling them, and preserving the whiteness of pickled mushrooms.

Lady Bustle has, indeed, by this incessant application to fruits and flowers, contracted her cares into a narrow space, and set herself free from many perplexities with which other minds are disturbed. She has no curiosity after the events of a war, or the fate of heroes in distress; she can hear, without the least emotion, the ravage of a fire, or devastations of a storm; her neighbours grow rich or poor, come into the world or go out of it, without regard, while she is pressing the gelly-bag, or airing the store-room; but I cannot perceive that she is more free from disquiets than those whose understandings take a wider range. Her mangolds, when they are almost cured, are often scattered by the wind, and the rain sometimes falls upon fruit when it ought to be gathered dry. While her artificial wines are fermenting, her whole life is restlessness and anxiety. Her sweetmeats are not always bright; and the maid sometimes forgets the just proportions of salt and pepper, when venison is to be baked. Her preserves mould, her wines sour, and pickles mother; and, like all the rest of mankind, she is every day mortified with the defeat of her schemes, and the disappointment of her hopes.

With regard to vice and virtue she seems a kind of neutral being. She has no crime but luxury, nor any virtue but chastity: she has no desire to be praised but for her cookery, nor wishes any ill to the rest of mankind, but that whenever they aspire to a feast, their cutlards may be wherryish, and their picnicks tough.

I am now very impatient to know whether I am to look on these ladies as the great patterns of our sex, and to consider preserves and pickles as the business of my life; whether the censures which I now suffer be just; and whether the brewers of wines, and the distillers of washes, have a right to look with insolence on the weakness of

CORNELIA.

N^o LI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1750.

—————QUOTIES PLENTI THESEUS HEROS
SISTE MODUM, DIXIT, NEQUE ENIM FORTUNA QUERENDA
SOLA TUA EST, SIMILES ALIORUM RESPICE CASUS,
MITIUS ISTA FERE.

OVID.

NOW OFT IN VAIN THE SON OF THESEUS SAID,
THE STORMY BORROWS BE WITH PATIENCE LAID;
NOR ARE THY FORTUNES TO BE WEPT ALONE;
WEIGH OTHERS' WOE, AND LEARN TO BEAR THY OWN.

CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of consolation, to which the miseries inseparable from our present state have given occasion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by some writers to put the sufferer in mind of heavier pressures, and more excruciating calamities, than those of which he has himself reason to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practised; and, in conformity to this custom, Lipsius, the great modern master of the Stoick philosophy, has in his celebrated treatise on *steadiness of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breast against too much sensibility of misfortune, by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devastation of wide-extended regions, the sack of cities, and massacre of nations. And the common voice of the multitude uninstructed by precept, and unprejudiced by authority, which, in questions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more decisive than the learning of Lipsius, seems to justify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the first comforts which one neighbour administers to another, is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumstances of greater bitterness.

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we see the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, some, who are unwilling to suppose any thing out of the reach of their own sagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really those virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Consolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, signify some alleviation of that pain to

which it is not in our power to afford the proper and adequate remedy; they imply rather an augmentation of the power of bearing, than a diminution of the burthen. A prisoner is relieved by him that sets him at liberty, but receives comfort from such as suggest considerations by which he is made patient under the inconvenience of confinement. To that grief which arises from a great loss, he only brings the true remedy, who makes his friend's condition the same as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by persuasion extenuates the pain of poverty, and shews, in the style of Heliod, that *half is more than the whole*.

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appease the throbbings of anguish, to hear that others are more miserable; others, perhaps, unknown, or wholly indifferent, whose prosperity raises no envy, and whose fall can gratify no resentment. Some topics of comfort arising, like that which gave hope and spirit to the captive of Sesostris, from the perpetual vicissitudes of life, and mutability of human affairs, may as properly raise the dejected as depress the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languishes in the gloom of sorrow, without prospect of emerging into the sunshine of cheerfulness, to hear that others are sunk yet deeper in the dungeon of misery, shackled with heavier chains, and surrounded with darker desperation?

The solace arising from this consideration seems indeed the weakest of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in cases where there is no place for reflections of more speedy and pleasing efficacy. But even from such calamities life is by no means free; a thousand

thousand ills incurable, a thousand losses irreparable, a thousand difficulties insurmountable, are known, or will be known, by all the sons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the hours of youth trifled away in folly, or lost in sickness, cannot be restored.

Under the oppression of such melancholy, it has been found useful to take a survey of the world, to contemplate the various scenes of distress in which mankind are struggling round us, and acquaint ourselves with the *terribiles visu forme*—the various shapes of misery, which make havock of terrestrial happiness, range all corners almost without restraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harvest, and when we have built our schemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The first effect of this meditation is, that it furnishes a new employment for the mind, and engages the passions on remoter objects; as kings have sometimes freed themselves from a subject too haughty to be governed and too powerful to be crushed, by putting him in a distant province, till his popularity has subsided, or his pride been repressed. The attention is dispersed by variety, and acts more weakly upon any single part, as that torrent may be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be resisted. This species of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in severe paroxysms of corporal pain, when the mind is every instant called back to misery, and in the first shock of any sudden evil; but will certainly be of use against encroaching melancholy, and a settled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it supplies us with opportunities of making comparisons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain, or pleasure, which does not begin and end in our senses, is other than relative; we are rich or poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us, in any of these respects; and therefore, a man whose uneasiness arises from reflexion on any misfortune that throws him below those with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet lowest.

There is another kind of comparison, less tending towards the vice of envy, very well illustrated by an old poet, whose

system will not afford many reasonable motives to content. 'It is, says he, 'pleasing to look from shore upon the 'tumults of a storm, and to see a ship 'struggling with the billows; it is pleasing, not because the pain of another 'can give us delight, but because we 'have a stronger impression of the happiness of safety.' Thus, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than those which we have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and, instead of repining that so much must be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this observation of the miseries of others, fortitude is strengthened, and the mind brought to a more extensive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, so they to whom Providence has allotted the harder task of suffering with calmness and dignity, may animate themselves by the remembrance of those evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themselves, and bear up with vigour and resolution against their own oppressions, when they see it possible that more severe affliction may be borne.

There is still another reason why, to many minds, the relation of other men's infelicity may give a lasting and continual relief. Some, not well instructed in the measures by which Providence distributes happiness, are perhaps misled by divines, who, as Bellarmine makes temporal prosperity one of the characters of the true church, have represented wealth and ease as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailling result of the Divine approbation. Such sufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not so much for what they feel, as for what they dread; not because they cannot support the sorrows, or endure the wants, of their present condition, but because they consider them as only the beginnings of more sharp and more lasting pains. To these mourners it is an act of the highest charity to represent the calamities which not only virtue has suffered, but virtue has incurred; to inform them that one evidence of a future state is the uncertainty of any present reward for goodness; and to remind them, from the highest authority, of the distresses and penury of men of whom the world was not worthy.

N^o LIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1750.

OVIDIO TARS. METAMOR.

EPIGRAM. VET.

HUSBAND THY POSSESSIONS.

THERE is scarcely among the evils of human life, any so generally dreaded as Poverty. Every other species of misery, those, who are not much accustomed to disturb the present moment with reflection, can easily forget, because it is not always forced upon their regard; but it is impossible to pass a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without seeing how much indigence is exposed to contumely, neglect, and insult; and, in it's lowest state, to hunger and nakedness; to injuries against which every passion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot sustain.

Against other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by false notions of dignity and reputation: thus we see dangers of every kind faced with willingness, because bravery in a good or bad cause is never without it's encomiasts and admirers. But in the prospect of poverty there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; it's miseries bring no alleviations; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility, and dejection fullness, of which the hardships are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of these calamities there seems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every side the noise of trade, and see the streets thronged with numberless multitudes, whose faces are clouded with anxiety, and whose steps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain; and the whole world is put in motion by the desire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it secures us from poverty; for it is more useful for defence than acquisition, and is not so much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always some whose passions or follies lead them to a conduct opposite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; some who seem to rush upon poverty with the same eagerness

with which others avoid it; who see their revenues hourly lessened, and the estates which they inherit from their ancestors mouldering away, without resolution to change their course of life; who persevere against all remonstrances, and go forward with full career, though they see before them the precipice of destruction.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to expostulate with such as ruin their fortunes by expensive schemes of build-ings and gardens, which they carry on with the same vanity that prompted them to begin; chusing, as it happens in a thousand other cases, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the shame of repentance till they incur the miseries of distress. Those for whom I intend my present admonitions, are the thoughtless, the negligent, and the dissolute; who having, by the viciousness of their own inclinations, or the seducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accustomed to move in a certain round of pleasures disproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themselves from the enchantments of custom, avoid thought because they know it will be painful, and continue from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and sink every hour deeper into the gulphs of usury and extortion.

This folly has less claim to pity, because it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of sudden passion; nor can the mischief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any single act, which rage or desire might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reason. These men are advancing towards misery by soft approaches, and destroying themselves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a slow poison, hourly repeated, and obstinately continued.

This conduct is so absurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but experience

rience could evince it's possibility; yet, absurd as it is, the sudden fall of some families, and the sudden rise of others, prove it to be common; and every year sees many wretches reduced to contempt and want by their costly sacrifices to pleasure and vanity.

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract it's own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection, too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself; unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes, Sirens that entice him to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence; and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by taylor and jockies, vintners and attorneys, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is yet not discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flat-

teries, if they could last, might the travellings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied; but the time is always hastening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround them with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness; and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that it's continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness?

It appears evident that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation, and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly: having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be exting-
 quished by a long series of misery and
 regret. In a short time the creditor
 grows impatient, the last acre is sold,

the passions and appetites still continue
 their tyranny, with incessant calls for
 their usual gratifications, and the re-
 mainder of life passes away in vain re-
 pentance, or impotent desire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE
R A M B L E R.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

N^o LIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1750.

TRUDITUR DIES DIE,
NOVEQUE PERGUNT INTERIRE LUNE;
TU SECANDA MARMORA.
LOCASSUB IPSUM FUNUS, ET SEPULCHRI
IMMEMOR STRUIS DOMOS.

HOR.

DAY PRESSES ON THE HEELS OF DAY,
AND MOONS INCREASE TO THEIR DECAY;
BUT YOU, WITH THOUGHTLESS PRIDE ELATE,
UNCONSCIOUS OF IMPENDING FATE,
COMMAND THE PILLAR'D DOME TO RISE,
WHEN, LO! THY TOMB FORGOTTEN LIES.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER,

SIR,

I Have lately been called, from a mingled life of business and amusement, to attend the last hours of an old friend; an office which has filled me, if not with melancholy, at least with serious reflections, and turned my thoughts towards the contemplation of those subjects which, though of the utmost importance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally secluded from our regard, by the jollity of health, the hurry of employment, and even by the calmer diversions of study and speculation; or if they become accidental topics of conversation and argument, yet rarely sink deep into the heart, but give occasion only to some subtilties of reasoning, or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded, and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accustomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of causes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may discover the

weakness of human schemes; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded; shew the insufficiency of wealth, honours, and power, to real happiness; and please himself and his auditors with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the speculatist may see and shew the folly of terrestrial hopes, fears and desires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleased like the lowest of the vulgar, pursuing, with the same ardour, the same designs; grasping, with all the eagerness of transport, those riches which he knows he cannot keep; and swelling with the applause which he has gained by proving that applause is of no value.

The only conviction that rushes upon the soul, and takes away from our appetites and passions the power of resistance, is to be found, where I have received it, at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this school of wisdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometers; the

the most sublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations; they are enforced without the aid of eloquence, and understood without skill in analytick science. Every tongue can utter them, and every understanding can conceive them. He that wishes in earnest to obtain just sentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find instructions on every side. He that desires to enter behind the scene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every passion labours to illuminate, and wishes to see life stripped of those ornaments which make it glitter on the stage, and exposed in it's natural meanness, impotence, and nakedness, may find all the delusion laid open in the chamber of disease: he will there find vanity divested of her robes, power deprived of her sceptre, and hypocrisy without her mask.

The friend whom I have lost was a man eminent for genius; and, like others of the same class, sufficiently pleased with acceptance and applause. Being caressed by those who have performers and riches in their disposal, he considered himself as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to it's object. But in the midst of his hopes, his projects and his gaieties, he was seized by a lingering disease, which, from it's first stage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his visions of greatness and happiness; from the first hour that his health declined, all his former pleasures grew tasteless. His friends expected to please him by those accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they soon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakness, and relieve the solicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external goods, might here have seen them weighed against each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that sparkles in the eye of hope, and paints in the bosom of suspicion, at once became dust in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praise, lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which to-mor-

row shall be bestowed upon another, authority which shall this night expire for ever, and praise which, however merited, or however sincere, shall, after a few moments, be heard no more.

In those hours of seriousness and wisdom, nothing appeared to raise his spirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodness, nor to excite his attention but some opportunity for the exercise of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this side of the grave was received with coldness and indifference, and regarded rather in consequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deserved value; it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engrossed by the consideration of another state, and all conversation was tedious that had not some tendency to disengage him from human affairs, and to open his prospects into futurity.

It is now past; we have closed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the sight of this last conflict, I felt a sensation never known to me before; a confusion of passions, an awful stilness of sorrow, a gloomy terror without a name. The thoughts that entered my soul were too strong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured; but such violence cannot be lasting, the storm subsided in a short time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind the effects which the observation of death produces in those who are not wholly without the power and use of reflection; for by far the greater part it is wholly unregarded, their friends and their enemies sink into the grave without raising any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are themselves on the edge of the precipice, and that they must soon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It seems to me remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Those virtues which once we envied, as Horace observes, because they eclipsed our own, can now no longer obstruct our reputation, and we have therefore no interest to suppress their praise. That wickedness which we feared for it's malignity is now become impotent; and the man whose name filled us with alarm,

and rage, and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed; and wish, vainly wish, for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well instructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime seems now irretrievable; it is indelibly recorded, and the stamp of fate is fixed upon it. We consider, with the most afflictive anguish, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the losses which we have caused, and now cannot repair.

Of the same kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealousy, had excellence to deserve our fondness; and to whatever ardour of opposition interest may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy whom he did not then wish to

have made a friend. Those who are versed in literary history know, that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagonist of Cardan and Erasmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were snatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

*Tu ne etiam moreris? Ab! quid me linguis,
Erasmè,
Ante meum quam sit conciliatus amor?*

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could subside,
And love return, has great Erasmus died?

Such are the sentiments with which we finally review the effects of passion, but which we sometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haste to do what we shall certainly at last wish to have done; let us return the caresses of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderness which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguish, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly those honours which justice will compel us to pay at last.

ATHANATUS.

Nº LV. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1750.

MATURO PROPRIÆ DESINE FUNERI
INTER LUDERE VIRGINES,
ET STELLIS MACULAM SPARGERE CANDIDIS:
NON SI QUID PHOEBUS SATIS
ET ILLI, CHLORIS, DECET.

HOR.

NOW NEAR TO DEATH THAT COMES BUT SLOW,
NOW THOU ART STEPPING DOWN BELOW;
SPORT NOT AMONGST THE BLOOMING MAIDS;
BUT THINK ON GHOSTS AND EMPTY SHADES!
WHAT SUITS WITH PHOEBE IN HER BLOOM,
GREY CHLORIS, WILL NOT THEE BECOME;
A BEER IS DIFFERENT FROM A TOME.

CREECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

818.

I Have been but a little time conversant in the world, yet I have already had frequent opportunities of observing the little efficacy of remonstrance and complaint, which, however extorted by oppression, or supported by reason, are detested by one part of the world as rebellion, censured by another as peevish-

ness, by some heard with an appearance of compassion, only to betray any of those sallies of vehemence and resentment which are apt to break out upon encouragement; and by others passed over with indifference and neglect, as matters in which they have no concern, and which, if they should endeavour to examine or regulate, they might draw mischief upon themselves.

Yet

Yet since it is no less natural for those who think themselves injured to complain, than for others to neglect their complaints, I shall venture to lay my case before you, in hopes that you will enforce my opinion, if you think it just, or endeavour to rectify my sentiments, if I am mistaken. I expect at least, that you will divest yourself of partiality, and that whatever your age or solemnity may be, you will not with the dotard's insolence pronounce me ignorant and foolish, perverse and refractory, only because you perceive that I am young.

My father dying when I was but ten years old, left me, and a brother two years younger than myself, to the care of my mother, a woman of birth and education, whose prudence or virtue he had no reason to distrust. She felt, for some time, all the sorrow which nature calls forth, upon the final separation of persons dear to one another; and as her grief was exhausted by its own violence, it subsided into tenderness for me and my brother, and the year of mourning was spent in caresses, consolations, and instruction; in celebration of my father's virtues, in professions of perpetual regard to his memory, and hourly instances of such fondness as gratitude will not easily suffer me to forget.

But when the term of this mournful felicity was expired, and my mother appeared again without the ensigns of sorrow, the ladies of her acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever motives, that it was time to live like the rest of the world; a powerful argument, which is seldom used to a woman without effect. Lady Giddy was incessantly relating the occurrences of the town; and Mrs. Gravely told her privately, with great tenderness, that it began to be publicly observed how much she overacted her part, and that most of her acquaintance suspected her hope of procuring another husband to be the true ground of all that appearance of tenderness and piety.

All the officiousness of kindness and folly was busied to change her conduct. She was at one time alarmed with censure, and at another fired with praise. She was told of balls, where others shone only because she was absent; of new comedies to which all the town was crowding; and of many ingenious ironies, by which domestick diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for virtue to stand alone

against fear on one side, and pleasure on the other; especially when no actual crime is proposed, and prudence itself can suggest many reasons for relaxation and indulgence. My mamma was at last persuaded to accompany Miss Giddy to a play. She was received with a boundless profusion of compliments, and attended home by a very fine gentleman. Next day she was with less difficulty prevailed on to play at Mrs. Gravely's, and came home gay and lively; for the distinctions that had been paid her awakened her vanity, and good luck had kept her principles of frugality from giving her disturbance. She now made her second entrance into the world, and her friends were sufficiently industrious to prevent any return to her former life; every morning brought messages of invitation, and every evening was passed in places of diversion, from which she for some time complained that she had rather be absent. In a short time she began to feel the happiness of acting without controul, of being unaccountable for her hours, her expences, and her company; and learned by degrees to drop an expression of contempt or pity at the mention of ladies whose husbands were suspected of restraining their pleasures, or their play, and confessed that she loved to go and come as she pleased.

I was still favoured with some incidental precepts and transient endearments, and was now and then fondly kissed for smiling like my papa; but most part of her morning was spent in comparing the opinion of her maid and milliner, contriving some variation in her dress, visiting shops, and sending compliments; and the rest of the day was too short for visits, cards, plays, and concerts.

She now began to discover that it was impossible to educate children properly at home. Parents could not have them always in their sight; the society of servants was contagious; company produced boldness and spirit; emulation excited industry; and a large school was naturally the first step into the open world. A thousand other reasons she alleged, some of little force in themselves, but so well seconded by pleasure, vanity, and idleness, that they soon overcame all the remaining principles of kindness and piety; and both I and my brother were dispatched to boarding schools.

How my mamma spent her time when

she was thus disburthened I am not able to inform you, but I have reason to believe that trifles and amusements took still faster hold of her heart. At first she visited me at school, and afterwards wrote to me; but in a short time, both her visits and her letters were at an end; and no other notice was taken of me than to remit money for my support.

When I came home at the vacation, I found myself coldly received, with an observation—'That this girl will presently be a woman.' I was, after the usual stay, sent to school again, and overheard my mother say, as I was a going, 'Well, now I shall recover.'

In six months more I came again; and, with the usual childish alacrity, was running to my mother's embrace, when she stopped me with exclamations at the suddenness and enormity of my growth, having, she said, never seen any body shoot up so much at my age. She was sure no other girls spread at that rate, and she hated to have children look like women before their time. I was disconcerted, and retired without hearing any thing more than—'Nay, if you are angry, Madam Steeple, you may walk off.'

When once the forms of civility are violated, there remains little hope of return to kindness or decency. My mamma made this appearance of resentment a reason for continuing her malignity, and poor Miss Maypole, for that was my appellation, was never mentioned or spoken to but with some expression of anger or dislike.

She had yet the pleasure of dressing me like a child; and I know not when I should have been thought fit to change my habit, had I not been rescued by a maiden sister of my father, who could not bear to see women in hanging-sleeves, and therefore presented me with brocade for a gown, for which I should have thought myself under great obligations, had she not accompanied her favour with some hints that my mamma might now consider her age, and give

me her ear-rings, which she had shewn long enough in publick places.

I now left the school, and came to live with my mamma, who considered me as an usurper that had seized the rights of a woman before they were due, and was pushing her down the precipice of age, that I might reign without a superior. While I am thus beheld with jealousy and suspicion, you will readily believe that it is difficult to please. Every word and look is an offence. I never speak, but I pretend to some qualities and excellencies, which it is criminal to possess; if I am gay, she thinks it early enough to coquette; if I am grave, she hates a prude in bibs; if I venture into company, I am in haste for a husband; if I retire to my chamber, such matron-like ladies are lovers of contemplation. I am on one pretence or other generally excluded from her assemblies, nor am I ever suffered to visit at the same place with my mamma. Every one wonders why she does not bring Miss more into the world; and when she comes home in vapours I am certain that she has heard either of my beauty or my wit, and expect nothing for the ensuing week but taunts and menaces, contradiction and reproaches.

Thus I live in a state of continual persecution, only because I was born ten years too soon, and cannot stop the course of nature or of time, but am unhappily a woman before my mother can willingly cease to be a girl. I believe you would contribute to the happiness of many families, if, by any arguments or persuasions, you could make mothers ashamed of rivalling their children; if you could shew them, that though they may refuse to grow wise, they must inevitably grow old; and that the proper solaces of age are not musick and compliments, but wisdom and devotion; that those who are so unwilling to quit the world will soon be driven from it; and that it is therefore their interest to retire while there yet remains a few hours for nobler employments. I am, &c.

R. L. N° LVI.

N^o LVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1750.

VALEAT RES LUDICRA, SIMUL PALMA NEGATA, MACRUM, DONATA REDUCIT OPIMUM.

HOR.

FAREWELL THE STAGE; FOR HUMBLY I DISCLAIM

SUCH FOND PURSUITS OF PLEASURE, OR OF FAME,

THAT IF I MUST SINK IN SHAME, OR SWELL WITH PRIDE,

AS THE GAY PALM IS GRANTED OR DENIED.

FRANCIS.

NOTHING is more displeasing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life; because though his conscience may easily acquit him of *malice prepense*, of settled hatred or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence; that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others.

Nor is it necessary that, to feel this uneasiness, the mind should be extended to any great diffusion of generosity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick sensibility of private interest, will direct us to shun needless enmities; since there is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.

I have therefore frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtlessness with which some alienate from themselves the affections of all whom chance, business, or inclination, brings in their way. When we see a man pursuing some darling interest, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we justly consider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in discovering his motives; we see him actuated by passions which are hard to be resisted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled stronger eyes. But the greater part of those who set mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to insult malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foster, no designs to promote,

nor any expectations of attaining power by insolence, or of climbing to greatness by trampling on others. They give up all the sweets of kindness, for the sake of peevishness, petulance, or gloom; and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and breach of the established laws of conversation.

Every one must, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all speak with censure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be persuaded to love, though a reason can scarcely be assigned why they should be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions sometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confessions of disgust; 'He is a good man, but I cannot like him.' Surely such persons have sold the esteem of the world at too low a price, since they have lost one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedness.

This ill economy of fame is sometimes the effect of stupidity. Men whose perceptions are languid and sluggish, who lament nothing but loss of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to guess why they are encompassed with enemies, though they neglect all those arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort themselves, that they have lived irreproachably; that none can charge them with having endangered his life, or diminished his possessions; and therefore conclude that they suffer by some invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themselves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or suspecting that they are every day deservedly incurring resentments, by withholding from those with whom they converse, that regard, or appearance of regard,

gard, to which every one is entitled by the customs of the world.

There are many injuries which almost every man feels, though he does not complain; and which, upon those whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made delicate and tender, fix deep and lasting impressions; as there are many arts of graciousness and conciliation, which are to be practised without expence, and by which those may be made our friends who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely reasonable to learn, for who would want that love which is so easily to be gained? And such injuries are to be avoided; for who would be hated without profit?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuse of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged; because it is apparent that they are not only careless of pleasing, but studious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches to them difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themselves by wasting the time of others in useless attendance, by mortifying them with slights, and teasing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among those that have not mingled much in general conversation, but spent their lives amidst the obsequiousness of dependants, and the flattery of parasites; and by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Tyranny, thus avowed, is indeed an exuberance of pride, by which all mankind is so much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in those who can reward the patience which they exact; and insolence is generally surrounded only by such whose baseness inclines them to think nothing insupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at scurrility and rudeness with a luxurious table and an open purse.

But though all wanton provocations and contemptuous insolence are to be diligently avoided, there is no less danger in timid compliance and tame resignation. It is common for soft and fearful tempers to give themselves up implicitly to the direction of the bold, the turbulent, and the overbearing; of those whom they do not believe wiser or better than themselves; to recede from the best designs where opposition must be encoun-

tered; and to fall off from virtue for fear of censure.

Some sinness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty: but it is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without some repentment, which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right; and exerted with bitterness, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external consequences of contrariety and dispute, it must be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain; and there will be danger lest the kindest nature may be vitiated by too long a custom of debate and contest.

I am afraid that I may be taxed with insensibility by many of my correspondents, who believe their contributions unjustly neglected. And, indeed, when I sit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious study, and the offspring of a fond parent; I, who know the passions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded, without imagining to myself the various changes of sorrow, impatience, and resentment, which the writers must have felt in this tedious interval.

These reflections are still more awakened, when, upon perusal, I find some of them calling for a place in the next paper, a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a style of superiority and haughtiness, as secure of deference, and above fear of criticism; others humbly offering their weak assistance with softness and submission, which they believe impossible to be resisted; some introducing their compositions with a menace of the contempt which he that refuses them will incur; others applying privately to the booksellers for their interest and solicitation; every one by different ways endeavouring to secure the bliss of publication. I cannot but consider myself as placed in a very inconvenient situation, where I am forced to repress confidence, which it is pleasing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and so frequently to offend those by whom I never was offended.

I know well how rarely an author, fired with the beauties of his new composition, contains his raptures in his own bosom,

bosom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends his expectations of renown; and as I can easily conceive the eagerness with which a new paper is snatched up by one who expects to find it filled with his own production; and, perhaps, has called his companions to share the pleasure of a second perusal; I grieve for the disappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inspection. His hopes, however, do not yet forsake him; he is certain of giving lustre the next day. The next day comes, and again he pants with expectation; and having dreamed of laurels and Parnassus, casts his eyes upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted.

For such cruelty, what atonement can be made? for such calamities, what al-

leviation can be found? I am afraid that the mischief already done must be without reparation; and all that deserves my care is prevention for the future. Let, therefore, the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, observe the cautions of Swift, and write secretly in his own chamber, without communicating his design to his nearest friend, for the nearest friend will be pleased with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the post himself, and wait in silence for the event. If it is published and praised, he may then declare himself the author; if it be suppressed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be censured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulness of the writing generation.

Nº LVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1750.

NON INTELLIGUNT HOMINES QUAM MAGNUM VECTIGAL SIT PARSIMONIA.

Tell.

THE WORLD HAS NOT YET LEARNED THE RICHES OF FRUGALITY.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I Am always pleased when I see literature made useful, and scholars descending from that elevation which, as it raises them above common life, must likewise hinder them from beholding the ways of men, otherwise than in a cloud of bustle and confusion. Having lived a life of business, and remarked how seldom any occurrences emerge for which great qualities are required, I have learned the necessity of regarding little things; and though I do not pretend to give laws to the legislators of mankind, or to limit the range of those powerful minds that carry light and heat through all the regions of knowledge; yet I have long thought, that the greatest part of those who lose themselves in studies, by which I have not found that they grow much wiser, might, with more advantage both to the publick and themselves, apply their understandings to domestick arts, and store their minds with axioms of humble prudence, and private economy.

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant and pleasing; but, in my opinion, not sufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard to the musick of periods, the artifice of connection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetoric; but require a few plain and

cogent instructions, which may sink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is so necessary to the happiness of the world, so beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, and from the highest of human potentates, to the lowest labourer or artificer; and the miseries which the neglect of it produces are so numerous and so grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of address, and adapted to every class of understanding.

Whether those who treat morals as a science will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it necessary to enquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful observation of the world, am satisfied with knowing, what is abundantly sufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is at least a quality which can seldom exist without some virtues; and without which few virtues can exist. Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption; it will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind seem unanimous enough in abhorring it as destructive to happiness; and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expence: for without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

To most other acts of virtue, or exertions of wisdom, a concurrence of many circumstances is necessary, some previous knowledge must be attained, some uncommon gifts of nature possessed, or some opportunity produced by an extraordinary combination of things; but the mere power of saving what is already in our hands, must be easy of acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Bacon may shew that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances will every day prove, that the meanest may practise it with success.

Riches cannot be within the reach of great numbers, because to be rich is to possess more than is commonly placed in a single hand; and if many could obtain the sum which now makes a man wealthy, the name of wealth must then be transferred to still greater accumulations. But I am not certain that it is equally impossible to exempt the lower classes of mankind from poverty; because though whatever be the wealth of the community, some will always have less, and he that has less than any other is comparatively poor; yet I do not see any coercive necessity that many should be without the indispensable conveniences of life; but am sometimes inclined to imagine, that, casual calamities excepted, there might, by universal prudence, be procured an universal exemption from want; and that he who should happen to have less, might notwithstanding have enough.

But without entering too far into speculations, which I do not remember that any political calculator has attempted, and in which the most perspicacious reasoner may be easily bewildered, it is evident that they to whom Providence has allotted no other cure but of their own fortune and their own virtue, which make far the greater part of mankind, have sufficient incitements to personal frugality; since, whatever might be its general effect upon provinces or nations,

by which it is never likely to be tried, we know with certainty that there is scarcely any individual entering the world, who, by prudent parsimony, may not reasonably promise himself a cheerful competence in the decline of life.

The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it; and it must be avoided generally by the science of sparing. For though in every age there are some who, by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly to riches; yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of such rare events: and the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expence must be resolutely reduced.

You must not therefore think me sinking below the dignity of a practical philosopher, when I recommend to the consideration of your readers, from the statesman to the apprentice, a position replete with mercantile wisdom, *A penny saved is two-pence got*; which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by observing not only that they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forbear expence, and that the time may be employed to the increase of profit; but that they who are above such minute considerations, will find, by every victory over appetite or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of refusing those sollicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assaulted, and in time set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be enquired by those who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the just measure of frugality; and when expence, not absolutely necessary, degenerates into profusion? To such questions no general answer can be returned; since the liberty of spending, or necessity of parsimony, may be varied without end by different circumstances. It may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence should not exceed his revenue*. A maxim so obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with the madman, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs. Another precept arising from the former, and indeed included in it, is yet necessary to be distinctly impressed upon the warm,

the fanciful, and the brave—*Let no man anticipate uncertain profits*. Let no man presume to spend upon hopes, to trust his own abilities for means of deliverance from penury, to give a loose to his present desires, and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtue.

To these cautions, which, I suppose, are, at least among the graver part of mankind, undisputed, I will add another—*Let no man squander against his inclination*. With this precept it may be, perhaps, imagined easy to comply; yet if those whom profusion has buried in prisons, or driven into banishment,

were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchased pleasure with the loss of their estates; but that they suffered themselves to be borne away by the violence of those with whom they conversed, and yielded reluctantly to a thousand prodigalities, either from a trivial emulation of wealth and spirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly, or the dread of the laugh of fools.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

SOPHRON.

Nº LVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1750.

IMPROBÆ
CRESCUNT DIVITIÆ, TAMEN
CURTÆ NESCIO QUID SEMPER ARISTE REE.

HOR.

BUT, WHILE IN HEAPS HIS WICKED WEALTH ASCENDS,
HE IS NOT OF HIS WISH POSSESS'D;
THERE'S SOMETHING WANTING STILL TO MAKE HIM BLESS'D.

FRANCIS.

AS the love of Money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavours to eradicate a desire, which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which, perhaps, had not lost it's power, even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of it's proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shewn, that by all the wit and reason which this favourite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth, when he

had tried it's inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure, and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but, however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be, perhaps, seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest; but though they, therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless with themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state,

state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a disordered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solicitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches, or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by showing, that what we cannot reach may very well be forborn, that the inequality of distribution, at which we murmur, is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness, which we admire at a distance, has much fewer advantages, and much less splendor, when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to show that she imposes upon the careless eye, by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or to wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer, and awe the suppliant.

It may be remarked, that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority, as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity, and glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is, indeed, confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only be-

cause others have been shown it's folly and it's falsehood, because it has been opposed in it's progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading it's infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must, at least, have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction, that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine, before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardour, and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; it's value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to it's best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed, that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The drab may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even

Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose

industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

Nº LIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1750.

EST ALIQUID FATALE MALUM PER VERRA LEVARE,
HOC QUIRULAM HALCYONENQUE PROGREDI FACIT:
NOCERAT IN SOLO QUASE PRÆANTIAS ANTEO
VOX FATIGARET LEMNIA SAXA SUA.
STRANGULAT INCLUSUS DOLOR ATQUE EXASTUAT INTUS,
COGITUR ET VIRIS MULTIPLICARE SUAS.

OVID.

COMPLAINING OFF, GIVES REPITE TO OUR GRIEF;
FROM HENCE THE WRETCHED PROGREDI SOUGHT RELIEF;
HENCE THE PRÆANTIAN CHIEF HIS FATE EXPLORES,
AND VENTS HIS SORROW TO THE LEMNIAN SHORES.

IN TAIN BY SECRECY WE WOULD ASSUAGE
OUR CARES; CONGEAL'D, THEY GATHER TENFOLD RAGE.

F. LEWIS.

IT is common to distinguish men by the names of animals which they are supposed to resemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a Lion, and a statesman a Fox; an extortioner gains the appellation of Vulture, and a sop the title of Monkey. There is also among the various anomalies of character, which a survey of the world exhibits, a species of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the screech-owls of mankind.

These screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion that the great business of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others, to lessen the little comforts, and shorten the short pleasures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the past, or melancholy prognosticks of the future; their only care is to crush the rising hope, to damp the kindling transport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful dross of grief and suspicion.

To those whose weakness of spirits, or timidity of temper, subjects them to impressions from others, and who are apt to suffer by fascination, and catch the contagion of misery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compass of a

screech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehensions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and sadden, by intruded sorrows, the day which might have been passed in amusements or in business; it will burthen the heart with unnecessary discontents, and weaken for a time that love of life which is necessary to the vigorous prosecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the rest of mankind, many failings and weaknesses, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with superstition; I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either shoulder. I have, like most other philosophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been sometimes reproached as foolishly for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly because a snake crosses my way, nor have any particular dread of a climacterical year: yet I confess that, with all my scorn of old women, and their tales, I consider it as an unhappy day when I happen to be greeted, in the morning, by *Sciprius* the screech-owl.

I have

I have now known Suspirus fifty-eight years and four months, and have never yet passed an hour with him in which he has not made some attack upon my quiet. When we were first acquainted, his great topick was the misery of youth without riches, and whenever we walked out together he solaced me with a long enumeration of pleasures, which, as they were beyond the reach of my fortune, were without the verge of my desires, and which I should never have considered as the objects of a wish, had not his unreasonable representations placed them in my sight.

Another of his topicks is the neglect of merit, with which he never fails to amuse every man whom he sees not eminently fortunate. If he meets with a young officer, he always informs him of gentlemen whose personal courage is unquestioned, and whose military skill qualifies them to command armies, that have, notwithstanding all their merit, grown old with subaltern commissions. For a genius in the church, he is always provided with a curacy for life. The lawyer he informs of many men of great parts and deep study, who have never had an opportunity to speak in the courts: and, meeting Serenus the physician—“Ah, doctor,” says he, “what a fool still, when so many blockheads are rattling in their chariots? I told you, seven years ago, that you would never meet with encouragement; and I hope you will now take more notice, when I tell you, that your Greek, and your diligence, and your honesty, will never enable you to live like yonder apothecary, who prescribes to his own shop, and laughs at the physician.”

Suspirus has, in his time, intercepted fifteen authors in their way to the stage; persuaded nine and thirty merchants to retire from a prosperous trade for fear of bankruptcy, broke off an hundred and thirteen matches by prognostications of unhappiness, and enabled the small-pox to kill nineteen ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loss of beauty.

Whenever my evil stars bring us together, he never fails to represent to me the folly of my pursuits, and informs me that we are much older than when we began our acquaintance, that the infirmities of decrepitude are coming fast upon me, that whatever I now get I shall enjoy but a little time, that fame is to a

man tottering on the edge of the grave of very little importance, and that the time is at hand when I ought to look for no other pleasures than a good dinner and an easy chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious strain, displaying present miseries, and foreboding more, *nonnullas adis Sereus*—every syllable is loaded with misfortune, and death is always brought nearer to the view. Yet, what always raises my resentment and indignation, I do not perceive that his mournful meditations have much effect upon himself. He talks, and has long talked of calamities, without discovering, otherwise than by the tone of his voice, that he feels any of the evils which he bewails or threatens, but has the same habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telling stories, and falls into expressions of condolence for past, or apprehensions of future mischiefs, as all men studious of their ease have recourse to those subjects upon which they can most fluently or copiously discourse.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they destroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without disturbance. Though I would not so far promote effeminacy as to propose the Sybarites for an example, yet since there is no man so corrupt or foolish, but something useful may be learned from him, I could wish that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, some regulations might be made to exclude screech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to some proper receptacle, where they may mingle sighs at leisure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

“Thou prophet of evil,” says Homer’s Agamemnon, “thou never foretellest me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.” Whoever is of the same temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of screech-owls might hoot together without injury to the rest of the world.

Yet, though I have so little kindness for this dark generation, I am very far from intending to debar the soft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the sigh rises from the desire not of giving pain, but of gaining ease. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the

duties of friendship; and though it must be allowed that he suffers most like a hero that hides his grief in silence—

Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.

DATON.

yet it cannot be denied, that he who complains acts like a man, like a social

being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures. Pity is to many of the unhappy a source of comfort in hopeless distresses, as it contributes to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others; and Heaven seems to indicate the duty even of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

Nº LX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1750.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON;
PLENIUS ET MELIUS CHRYSIPPO ET CRANTORE DICIT.

WHOSE WORKS THE BEAUTIFUL AND BASE CONTAIN,
OF VICE AND VIRTUE MORE INSTRUCTIVE RULES,
THAN ALL THE SUBTLE SAGES OF THE SCHOOLS.

FRANCIS.

ALL joy or sorrow for the happiness or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination, that realises the event however fictitious, or approximates it however remote, by placing us, for a time, in the condition of him whose fortune we contemplate; so that we feel, while the deception lasts, whatever motions would be excited by the same good or evil happening to ourselves.

Our passions are therefore more strongly moved, in proportion as we can more readily adopt the pains or pleasure proposed to our minds, by recognising them as once our own, or considering them as naturally incident to our state of life. It is not easy for the most artful writer to give us an interest in happiness or misery, which we think ourselves never likely to feel, and with which we have never yet been made acquainted. Histories of the downfall of kingdoms, and revolutions of empires, are read with great tranquillity; the imperial tragedy pleases common auditors only by its pomp of ornament and grandeur of ideas; and the man whose faculties have been engrossed by business, and whose heart never fluttered but at the rise or fall of stocks, wonders how the attention can be seized, or the affection agitated, by a tale of love.

Those parallel circumstances and kindred images, to which we readily conform our minds, are, above all other writings, to be found in narratives of the lives of particular persons; and therefore no species of writing seems more

worthy of cultivation than Biography, since none can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition.

The general and rapid narratives of history, which involve a thousand fortunes in the business of a day, and complicate innumerable incidents in one great transaction, afford few lessons applicable to private life, which derives its comforts and its wretchedness from the right or wrong management of things; which nothing but their frequency makes considerable. *Parva sunt sunt que tides*, says Pliny, and which can have no place in those relations which never descend below the consultation of senates, the motions of armies, and the schemes of conspirators.

I have often thought that there has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful. For not only every man has, in the mighty mass of the world, great numbers in the same condition with himself, to whom his mistakes and miscarriages, escapes and expedients, would be of immediate and apparent use; but there is such a uniformity in the state of man, considered apart from adventitious and separable decorations and disguises, that there is scarce any possibility of good or ill but is common to human kind. A great part of the time of those who are placed at the greatest distance by fortune, or by temper, must unavoidably pass in

the

the same manner; and though, when the claims of nature are satisfied, caprice, and vanity, and accident, begin to produce discriminations and peculiarities, yet the eye is not very heedful or quick, which cannot discover the same causes still terminating their influence in the same effects, though sometimes accelerated, sometimes retarded, or perplexed by multiplied combinations. We are all prompted by the same motives, all deceived by the same fallacies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger, entangled by desire, and seduced by pleasure.

It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not distinguished by any striking or wonderful vicissitudes. The scholar who passed his life among his books, the merchant who conducted only his own affairs, the priest, whose sphere of action was not extended beyond that of his duty, are considered as no proper objects of public regard, however they might have excelled in their several stations; whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion arises from false measures of excellence and dignity, and must be eradicated by considering, that in the esteem of uncorrupted reason, what is of most use is of most value.

It is, indeed, not improper to take notice of the advantages of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name; but the business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over those performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatness, to lead the thoughts into domestic privacies, and display the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are cast aside, and men excel each other only by prudence and by virtue. The account of Thuanus is, with great propriety, said by its author to have been written, that it might lay open to posterity the private and familiar character of that man, *cujus ingenium et candorem ex ipsius scriptis fuit olim semper mirari*—whose candour and genius will to the end of time be by his writings preserved in admiration.

There are many invisible circumstances, which, whether we read as enquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our science, or to raise our virtue, are more important than public occurrences. Thus Salust, the great master of nature,

has not forgot, in his account of Cædine, to remark that *his walk was now quick, and again slow*, as an indication of a mind revolving something with violent commotion. Thus the story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the value of time, by informing us, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense; and all the plans and enterprizes of De Wit are now of less importance to the world, than that part of his personal character which represents him as *careful of his health, and negligent of his life*.

But biography has often been allotted to writers who seem very little acquainted with the nature of their task, or very negligent about the performance. They rarely afford any other account than might be collected from public papers, but imagine themselves writing a life when they exhibit a chronological series of actions or preferments; and so little regard the manners or behaviour of their heroes, that more knowledge may be gained of a man's real character, by a short conversation with one of his servants, than from a formal and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral.

If now and then they condescend to inform the world of particular facts, they are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tackell has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind—the *irregularity of his gait*; nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherb, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherb had two predominant opinions; one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble Gentleman*, because either word included the sense of both.

There are, indeed, some natural reasons why these narratives are often written by such as were not likely to give much instruction or delight, and why most accounts of particular persons are barren and useless. If a life be delayed till interest and envy are at an end, we may hope for impartiality, but must expect little intelligence; for the incidents

which give excellence to biography are of a volatile and evanescent kind, such as soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. We know how few can pourtray a living acquaintance, except by his most prominent and observable particularities, and the grosser features of his mind; and it may be easily imagined how much of this little knowledge may be lost in imparting it, and how soon a succession of copies will lose all resemblance of the original.

If the biographer writes from personal knowledge, and makes haste to gratify the publick curiosity, there is danger lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his

fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyrick, and not to be known from one another, but by extrinick and casual circumstances. 'Let me remember,' says Hale, 'when I find myself inclin'd to pity a criminal, that there is likewise a pity due to the country.' If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

N^o LXI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1750

FALSUS HONOR JUVAT, ET MENDAX INFANTA TURBIT
QUEM NISI MENDOCIUM ET MENDACEM?

HOR.

FALSE PRAISE CAN CHARM, UNREAL SHAME CONTROL
WHOM BUT A VICIOUS OR A SICKLY SOUL?

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

IT is extremely vexatious to a man of eager and thirsty curiosity to be placed at a great distance from the fountain of intelligence, and not only never to receive the current of report till it has satiated the greatest part of the nation; but at last to find it muddied in its course, and corrupted with taints or mixtures from every channel through which it flowed.

One of the chief pleasures of my life is to hear what passes in the world, to know what are the schemes of the politician, the aims of the busy, and the hopes of the ambitious; what changes of publick measures are approaching; who is likely to be crushed in the collision of parties; who is climbing to the top of power, and who is tottering on the precipice of disgrace. But, as it is very common for us to desire most what we are the least qualified to obtain, I have suffered this appetite of news to outgrow all the gratifications which my present situation can afford it; for being placed in a remote country, I am condemned always to confound the future with the past, to form prognostications of events no longer doubtful, and to consider the expediency of schemes al-

ready executed or defeated. I am perplexed with a perpetual deception in my prospects, like a man pointing his telescope at a remote star, which before the light reaches his eye has forsaken the place from which it was emitted.

The mortification of being thus always behind the active world in my reflections and discoveries, is exceedingly aggravated by the petulance of those whose health, or business, or pleasure, brings them hither from London. For, without considering the insuperable disadvantages of my condition, and the unavoidable ignorance which absence must produce, they often treat me with the utmost superciliousness of contempt, for not knowing what no human sagacity can discover; and sometimes seem to consider me as a wretch scarcely worthy of human converse, when I happen to talk of the fortune of a bankrupt, or propose the healths of the dead, when I warn them of mischiefs already incurred, or wish for measures that have been lately taken. They seem to attribute to the superiority of their intellects what they only owe to the accident of their condition, and think themselves indubitably intitled to airs of insolence and authority, when they find another ignorant of facts, which, because they echoed in the streets of London,

den; they suppose equally publick in all other places, and known where they could neither be seen, related, nor conjectured.

To this haughtiness they are indeed too much encouraged by the respect which they receive amongst us, for no other reason than that they come from London. For no sooner is the arrival of one of these disseminators of knowledge known in the country, than we crowd about him from every quarter, and by innumerable enquiries flatter him into an opinion of his own importance. He sees himself surrounded by multitudes, who propose their doubts, and refer their controversies, to him, as to a being descended from some nobler region; and he grows on a sudden oraculous and infallible, solves all difficulties, and sets all objections at defiance.

There is, in my opinion, great reason for suspecting, that they sometimes take advantage of this reverential modesty, and impose upon rustick understandings with a false show of universal intelligence; for I do not find that they are willing to own themselves ignorant of any thing; or that they dismiss any enquirer with a positive and decisive answer. The court, the city, the park, and exchange, are to those men of unbounded observation equally familiar, and they are alike ready to tell the hour at which stocks will rise, or the ministry be changed.

A short residence at London entitles a man to knowledge, to wit, to politeness, and to a despotick and dictatorial power of prescribing to the rude multitude, whom he condescends to honour with a biennial visit; yet, I know not well upon what motives, I have lately found myself inclined to cavil at this prescription, and to doubt whether it be not, on some occasions, proper to withhold our veneration, till we are more authentically convinced of the merits of the claimant.

It is well remembered here, that, about seven years ago, one Frolick, a tall boy, with lank hair, remarkable for stealing eggs, and docking them, was taken from the school in this parish, and sent up to London to study the law. As he had given amongst us no proofs of a genius, designed by nature for extraordinary performances, he was, from the time of his departure, totally forgotten; nor was there any talk of his vices or virtues, his good or his ill-fortune, till last summer a report burst upon us, that Mr. Frolick

was come down in the first post-chaise which this village had seen, having travelled with such rapidity, that one of his postillions had broke his leg, and another narrowly escaped suffocation in a quicksand. But that Mr. Frolick seemed totally unconcerned, for such things were never heeded at London.

Mr. Frolick next day appeared among the gentlemen at their weekly meeting on the bowling-green; and now were seen the effects of a London education. His dress, his language, his ideas, were all new; and he did not much endeavour to conceal his contempt of every thing that differed from the opinions, or practice, of the modish world. He shewed us the deformity of our skirts and sleeves, informed us where hats of the proper size were to be sold, and recommended to us the reformation of a thousand absurdities in our cloaths, our cookery, and our conversation. When any of his phrases were unintelligible, he could not suppress the joy of confessed superiority, but frequently delayed the explanation, that he might enjoy his triumph over our barbarity.

When he is pleased to entertain us with a story, he takes care to crowd into it names of streets, squares, and buildings, with which he knows we are unacquainted. The favourite topics of his discourse are the pranks of drunkards, and the tricks put upon country gentlemen by porters and link-boys. When he is with ladies, he tells them of the innumerable pleasures to which he can introduce them; but never fails to hint, how much they will be deficient, at their first arrival, in the knowledge of the town. What it is to *know the town*, he has not indeed hitherto informed us; though there is no phrase so frequent in his mouth, nor any science which he appears to think of so great a value, or so difficult attainment.

But my curiosity has been most engaged by the recital of his own adventures and achievements. I have heard of the union of various characters in single persons, but never met with such a constellation of great qualities as this man's narrative affords. Whatever has distinguished the hero; whatever has elevated the wit; whatever has endeared the lover; are all concentrated in Mr. Frolick, whose life has, for seven years, been a regular interchange of intrigues, dangers,

dangers, and waggeries, and who has distinguished himself in every character that can be feared, envied, or admired.

I question whether all the officers of the royal navy can bring together, from all their journals, a collection of so many wonderful escapes as this man has known upon the Thames, on which he has been a thousand and a thousand times on the point of perishing, sometimes by the terrors of foolish women in the same boat, sometimes by his own acknowledged imprudence in passing the river in the dark, and sometimes by shooting the bridge, under which he has rencountered mountainous waves, and dreadful cataracts.

Nor less has been his temerity by land, nor fewer his hazards. He has reeled with giddiness on the top of the Monument; he has crossed the street amidst the rush of coaches; he has been surrounded by robbers without number; he has headed parties at the playhouse; he has scaled the windows of every toast of whatever condition; he has been hunted for whole winters by his rivals; he has slept upon bulks, he has cut chairs, he has bulked coachmen; he has rescued his friends from the bailiffs, has knocked down the constable, has bullied the justice, and performed many other exploits, that have filled the town with wonder and with merriment.

But yet greater is the fame of his understanding than his bravery, for he informs us, that he is, at London, the established arbitrator of all points of honour, and the decisive judge of all performances of genius; that no musical performer is in reputation till the opinion of Frolick has ratified his pretensions; that the theatres suspend their sentence till he begins the clap or hiss, in which all are proud to concur: that no publick entertainment has failed or succeeded, but because he opposed or favoured it; that all controversies at the gaming-table are referred to his determination; that he adjusts the ocfemonial at every assem-

bly, and prescribes every fashion of pleasure or of dress.

With every man whose name occurs in the papers of the day, he is intimately acquainted; and there are very few posts, either in the state or army, of which he has not more or less influenced the disposal. He has been very frequently consulted both upon war and peace; but the time is not yet come when the nation shall know how much it is indebted to the genius of Frolick.

Yet, notwithstanding all these declarations, I cannot hitherto persuade myself to see that Mr. Frolick has more wit, or knowledge, or courage, than the rest of mankind, or that any uncommon enlargement of his faculties has happened in the time of his absence. For when he talks on subjects known to the rest of the company, he has no advantage over us, but by catches of interruption, briskness of interrogation, and pertness of contempt; and therefore if he has stupned the world with his name, and gained a place in the first ranks of humanity, I cannot but conclude, that either a little understanding confers eminence at London, or that Mr. Frolick thinks us unworthy of the exertion of his powers, or that his faculties are benumbed by rural stupidity, as the magnetick needle loses its animation in the polar climes.

I would not, however, like many hasty philosophers, search after the cause till I am certain of the effect; and therefore I desire to be informed, whether you have yet heard the great name of Mr. Frolick. If he is celebrated by other tongues than his own, I shall willingly propagate his praise; but if he has swelled among us with empty boasts, and honours conferred only by himself, I shall treat him with rustick sincerity, and drive him as an impostor from this part of the kingdom to some region of more credulity.

I am, &c.

RURICOLA.

NO. LXII.

N^o LXII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1750.

NUNC EGO TRIPTOLEMI CUPEREM CONSCENDERE CURVAS,
 MISIT IN EQUTAM QUI RUDE SEMEN HUMUM
 NUNC EGO MEDEM VULTEM FRANGERE DRACONES,
 QUORUM HARUIT FUGIENS ARXA, CORINTHE, TUAS
 NUNC EGO IACTANDAS OTTARIM LUMBRIS PENNAS,
 SIVE TUAS, PERSEUS, PEPALLE, SIVE TUAS.

Ovis.

NOW WOULD I MOUNT HIS CAR, WHOSE BOUNTIFUL HAND
 FIRST SOW'D WITH TEEMING SEED THE FURROW'D LAND;
 NOW TO MEDÆA'S DRAGONS FIX MY REINS,
 THAT SWIFTLY BORE HER FROM CORINTHIAN REINS;
 NOW ON PEPALLIAN WAT'N PINIONS STRAY,
 OR THOSE WHICH WASTED PERSEUS ON HIS WAY.

F. Lewis.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I Am a young woman of a very large fortune, which, if my parents would have been persuaded to comply with the rules and customs of the polite part of mankind, might long since have rais'd me to the highest honours of the female world; but so strangely have they hitherto contriv'd to waste my life, that I am now on the borders of twenty, without having ever danced but at our monthly assembly, or been toast'd but among a few gentlemen of the neighbourhood, or seen any company in which it was worth a wish to be distinguished.

My father having impair'd his patrimony in soliciting a place at court, at last grew wise enough to cease his pursuit; and, to repair the consequences of expensive attendance and negligence of his affairs, married a lady much older than himself, who had lived in the fashionable world till she was consider'd as an encumbrance upon parties of pleasure, and, as I can collect from incidental informations, retir'd from gay assemblies just time enough to escape the mortification of universal neglect.

She was, however, still rich, and not yet wrinkled. My father was too distressfully embarrassed to think much on any thing but the means of extrication; and though it is not likely that he wanted the delicacy which polite conversation will always produce in understandings not remarkably defective, yet he was contented with a match, by which he might be set free from inconveniences, that would have destroyed all the plea-

tures of imagination, and taken from softness and beauty the power of delighting.

As they were both somewhat disgusted with their treatment in the world, and married, though without any dislike of each other, yet principally for the sake of setting themselves free from dependence on caprice or fashion, they soon retir'd into the country, and devoted their lives to rural business and diversions.

They had not much reason to regret the change of their situation; for their vanity, which had so long been torment'd by neglect and disappointment, was here gratified with every honour that could be paid them. Their long familiarity with publick life made them the oracles of all those who aspir'd to intelligence, or politeness. My father dictated politicks, my mother prescribed the mode; and it was sufficient to equip any family to some consideration, that they were known to visit at Mrs. Courtly's.

In this state they were, to speak in the style of novelists, made happy by the birth of your correspondent. My parents had no other child; I was therefore not brow-beaten by a saucy brother, or lost in a multitude of coheiresses, whose fortunes being equal, would probably have confer'd equal merit, and procur'd equal regard; and as my mother was now old, my understanding and my person had fair play, my enquiries were not checked, my advances towards importance were not repress'd, and I was soon suffer'd to tell my own opinions,

nions, and early accustomed to hear my own praises.

By these accidental advantages I was much exalted above the young ladies with whom I conversed, and was treated by them with great deference. I saw none who did not seem to confess my superiority, and to be held in awe by the splendour of my appearance; for the fondness of my father made himself pleased to see me dressed, and my mother had no vanity nor expences to hinder her from concurring with his inclinations.

Thus, Mr. Rambler, I lived without much desire after any thing beyond the circle of our visits; and here I should have quietly continued to portion out my time among my books, and my needle, and my company, had not my curiosity been every moment excited by the conversation of my parents, who, whenever they sit down to familiar practice, and endeavour the entertainment of each other, immediately transport themselves to London, and relate some adventure in a hackney-coach, some frolic at a masquerade, some conversation in the Park, or some quarrel at an assembly; display the magnificence of a birth-night, relate the conquests of maids of honour, or give a history of diversions, shows, and entertainments, which I had never known but from their accounts.

I am so well versed in the history of the gay world, that I can relate, with great punctuality, the lives of all the last race of wits and beauties; can enumerate, with exact chronology, the whole succession of celebrated singers, musicians, tragedians, comedians, and harlequins; can tell to the last twenty years all the changes of fashions; and am, indeed, a complete antiquary with respect to head-dresses, dances, and operas.

You will easily imagine, Mr. Rambler, that I could not hear these narratives, for sixteen years together, without suffering some impression, and visiting myself nearer to those places where every hour brings some new pleasure; and we are diversified with an unexhausted succession of felicity.

I indeed often asked my mother why she left a place which she recollected with so much delight, and why she did not visit London once a year, like some other ladies, and initiate me in the world by showing me its amusements, its grandeur, and its variety. But she always told me that the days which she

had seen were such as will never come again; that all diversion is now degenerated, that the conversation of the present age is insipid, that their fashions are unbecoming, their customs absurd, and their morals corrupt; that there is no ray left of the genius which enlightened the times that she remembers; that no one who had seen, or heard, the ancient performers, would be able to bear the bunglers of this despicable age; and that there is now neither politeness, nor pleasure, nor virtue, in the world. She therefore assures me that she consults my happiness by keeping me at home, for I should now find nothing but vexation and disgust, and she should be ashamed to see me pleased with such fopperies and trifles, as take up the thoughts of the present set of young people.

With this answer I was kept quiet for several years; and thought it no great inconvenience to be confined to the country, till last summer a young gentleman and his sister came down to pass a few months with one of our neighbours. They had generally no great regard for the country ladies, but distinguished me by a particular complaisance; and, as we grew intimate, gave me such a detail of the elegance, the splendour, the mirth, the happiness of the town, that I am resolved to be no longer buried in ignorance and obscurity, but to share with other wits the joy of being admired, and divide with other beauties the empire of the world.

I do not find, Mr. Rambler, upon a deliberate and impartial comparison, that I am excelled by Belinda in beauty, in wit, in judgment, in knowledge, or in any thing, but a kind of gay, lively familiarity, by which she mingles with strangers as with persons long acquainted, and which enables her to display her powers without any obstruction, hesitation, or confusion. Yet she can relate a thousand civilities paid to her in publick; can produce, from a hundred lovers, letters filled with praises, protestations, extasies, and despair; has been handed by dukes to her chair; has been the occasion of innumerable quarrels; has paid twenty visits in an afternoon; been invited to six balls in an evening, and been forced to retire to lodgings in the country from the importunity of courtship, and the fatigue of pleasure.

I tell you, Mr. Rambler, I will stay here no longer. I have at last prevail-

ed upon my mother to send me to town, and shall set out in three weeks on the grand expedition. I intend to live in publick, and to crowd into the winter every pleasure which money can purchase, and every honour which beauty can obtain.

But this tedious interval how shall I endure? Cannot you alleviate the misery of delay by some pleasing description of

the entertainments of the town? I can read, I can talk, I can think of nothing else; and if you will not looth my impatience, heighten my ideas, and animate my hopes, you may write for those who have more leisure, but are not to expect any longer the honour of being read by those eyes which are now intent only on conquest and destruction.

RAUODCELIA.

Nº LXIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1750.

—————HABERAT SEPE DUCENTOS, I

SAPE DECEM SEPTUOSI, NODO REGES ATQUE TETRAECMAS, OMNIA MAGNA LOQUENAS, MODO, SIT MISI MENA TEIPEI, ET CONCUA BALIS EURI, ET TOGA, QUE DEFENDERE FRIGUS, QUAMVIS CRASSA, QLEAT.

NOW WITH TWO HUNDRED SLAVES HE CROWDS HIS TRAIN;

NOW WALKS WITH TEN. IN HIGH AND HAUGHTY STRAIN;

AT MORN, OF KING AND GOVERNOR HE PRATES;

AT NIGHT, — A FRUGAL TABLE, O YE PATES!

A LITTLE SWEET, THE SACRED SALT TO HOLD THE

AND CLOTHES, TWO COARSE, TO KEEP ME FROM THE COLD.

FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer who has left behind him observations upon life, that no man is pleased with his present state; which proves equally unsatisfactory, says Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or chosen with deliberation; we are always disgusted with some circumstance or other of our situation; and imagine the condition of others more abundant in blessings, or less exposed to calamities.

This universal discontent has been generally mentioned with great severity of censure, as unreasonable in itself, since of two, equally envious of each other, both cannot have the larger share of happiness, and as tending to darken life with unnecessary gloom, by withdrawing our minds from the contemplation and enjoyment of that happiness which our state affords us, and fixing our attention upon foreign objects, which we only behold to depress ourselves, and increase our misery by injurious comparisons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others predominates in the heart, so as to excite resolutions of obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to which such transcendent privileges are supposed to be annexed, when it bursts into action, and produces fraud, violence, and injustice, it is to be pursued with all the vigour of legal punishments. But while

operating only upon the thoughts, it disturbs none but him who has happened to admit it, and, however it may interrupt content, makes no attack on piety or virtue, I cannot think it so far criminal or ridiculous, but that it may deserve some pity, and admit some excuse.

That all are equally happy, or miserable, I suppose none is sufficiently enthusiastic to maintain; because though we cannot judge of the condition of others, yet every man has found frequent vicissitudes in his own state; and must therefore be convinced that life is susceptible of more or less felicity. What then shall forbid us to endeavour the alteration of that which is capable of being improved, and to grasp at augmentations of good, when we know it possible to be increased, and believe that any particular change of situation will increase it?

If he that finds himself uneasy may reasonably make efforts to rid himself from vexation, all mankind have a sufficient plea for some degree of restlessness, and the fault seems to be little more than too much temerity of conclusion in favour of something not yet experienced, and too much readiness to believe that the misery which our own passions and appetites produce, is brought upon us by accidental causes, and external efficient.

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It is, indeed, frequently discovered by us, that we complained too hastily of peculiar hardships, and imagined ourselves distinguished by embarrassments, in which other classes of men are equally entangled. We often change a lighter for a greater evil, and wish ourselves restored again to the state from which we thought it desirable to be delivered. But this knowledge, though it is easily gained by the trial, is not always attainable any other way; and that error cannot justly be reproached, which reason could not obviate, nor prudence avoid.

To take a view at once distinct and comprehensive of human life, with all its intricacies of combination, and varieties of connexion, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences. Of the state with which practice has not acquainted us, we snatch a glimpse, we discern a point, and regulate the rest by passion, and by fancy. In this enquiry every favourite prejudice, every innate desire, is busy to deceive us. We are unhappy, at least less happy than our nature seems to admit; we necessarily desire the melioration of our lot; what we desire, we very reasonably seek, and what we seek we are naturally eager to believe that we have found. Our confidence is often disappointed, but our reason is not convinced; and there is no man who does not hope for something which he has not, though perhaps his wishes lie inactive, because he foresees the difficulty of attainment. As among the numerous students of Hermetick philosophy, not one appears to have desisted from the task of transmutation from conviction of its impossibility, but from weariness of toil, or impatience of delay, a broken body, or exhausted fortune.

Irresolution and mutability are often the faults of men whose views are wide, and whose imagination is vigorous and exursive, because they cannot confine their thoughts within their own boundaries of action, but are continually ranging over all the scenes of human existence, and consequently are often apt to conceive that they fall upon new regions of pleasure, and start new possibilities of happiness. Thus they are busied with a perpetual succession of schemes, and pass their lives in alternate elation and sorrow, for want of that calm and immovable acquiescence in their condition by which men of slower understandings are fixed for ever to a certain

point, or led on in the plain beaten track which their fathers and grandfathers have trod before them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to the prospect, that will always have the disadvantage which we have already tried; because the evils which we have felt we cannot extenuate; and though we have, perhaps from nature, the power as well of aggravating the calamity which we fear, as of heightening the blessing we expect, yet in those meditations which we indulge by choice, and which are not forced upon the mind by necessity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleasing images, and suffer hope to dispose the lights by which we look upon futurity.

The good and ill of different modes of life are sometimes so equally opposed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full conviction and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are proposed to the election, than oscillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no sooner imagines itself determined by some prevalent advantage, than some convenience of equal weight is discovered on the other side, and the resolutions which are suggested by the nicest examination are often repented as soon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a large estate from a father long eminent in conspicuous employments. His father, harassed with competitions, and perplexed with multiplicity of business, recommended the quiet of a private station with so much force, that Eumenes for some years resisted every motion of ambitious wishes; but being once provoked by the sight of oppression, which he could not redress, he began to think it the duty of an honest man to enable himself to protect others; and gradually felt a desire of greatness, excited by a thousand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the senate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced him at court, and he possessed that authority and influence which he had resolved to exert for the happiness of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatness, and was in a short time convinced, that in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced. He felt himself

himself every moment in danger of being either seduced or driven from his honest purposes. Sometimes a friend was to be gratified, and sometimes a rival to be crushed, by means which his conscience could not approve. Sometimes he was forced to comply with the prejudices of the publick, and sometimes with the schemes of the ministry. He was by degrees wearied with perpetual struggles to unite policy and virtue, and went back to retirement as the shelter of innocence, persuaded that he could only hope to benefit mankind by a blameless example of private virtue. Here he spent some years in tranquillity and beneficence; but finding that corruption increased, and false opinions in government prevailed, he thought himself again summoned to posts of publick trust,

from which new evidence of his own weakness again determined him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconstant by virtue and by vice, by too much or too little thought; yet inconstancy, however dignified by its motives, is always to be avoided, because life allows us but a small time for enquiry and experiment; and he that steadily endeavours at excellence, in whatever employment, will more benefit mankind than he that hesitates in chusing his part till he is called to the performance. The traveller that resolutely follows a rough and winding path will sooner reach the end of his journey than he that is always changing his direction, and wastes the hours of day-light in looking for smoother ground, and shorter passages.

Nº LXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1750.

IDEM VELLE, ET IDEM NOLLE, EA DEMUM FIRMA AMICITIA EST.

SALLUST.

TO LIVE IN FRIENDSHIP IS TO HAVE THE SAME DESIRES AND THE SAME AVERSIONS.

WHEN Socrates was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suited to his dignity? he replied, that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated, if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great master of human life concerning the infrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of Friendship; that, among the multitudes whom vanity or curiosity, civility or veneration, crouded about him, he did not expect that very spacious apartments would be necessary to contain all that should regard him with sincere kindness, or adhere to him with steady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requisite to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, and supply it's place as they can, with interest and dependance.

Multitudes are unqualified for a constant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated for any other elevated excellence by perpetual attention to their interest, and unrelenting subjection to their passions. Long habits

may superinduce inability to deny any desire, or repress, by superior motives, the importunities of any immediate gratification, and an inveterate selfishness will imagine all advantages diminished in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption, but many varieties of disposition, not inconsistent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendship from the heart. Some ardent enough in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiousness nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, soon attracted by new objects, disgusted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are soft and flexible, easily influenced by reports or whispers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which envy and flattery shall suggest; to follow the opinion of every confident adviser, and move by the impulse of the last breath. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a better or safer way to the sagacity of another; inclined to consider counsel as insult, and enquiry as want of confidence; and to confer their regard on no other terms than unreserved submission, and implicit compliance. Some are dark and involved, equally

T a careful

careful to conceal good and bad purposes, and pleased with producing effects by invisible means, and shewing their design only in it's execution. Others are universally communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, without the necessary vigilance of caution, or the honest arts of prudent integrity; ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of these may be useful to the community, and pass through the world with the reputation of good purposes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for close and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be chosen for a friend whose kindness is exhaled by it's own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander; he cannot be a useful counsellor who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence whose principal maxim is to suspect; nor can the candour and frankness of that man be much esteemed who spreads his arms to human-kind, and makes every man, without distinction, a denizen of his bosom.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both. We are often, by superficial accomplishments and accidental endearments, induced to love those whom we cannot esteem; we are sometimes, by great abilities, and incontestible evidences of virtue, compelled to esteem those whom we cannot love. But friendship, compounded of esteem and love, derives from one it's tenderness, and it's permanence from the other; and therefore requires not only that it's candidates should gain the judgment, but that they should attract the affections; that they should not only be firm in the day of distress, but gay in the hour of jollity; not only useful in exigencies, but pleasing in familiar life; their presence should give cheerfulness as well as courage, and dispel alike the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To this mutual complacency is generally requisite, an uniformity of opinions, at least of those active and conspicuous principles which discriminate parties in government, and sects in religion, and which every day operate more or less on the common business of life. For though great tenderness has, per-

haps, been sometimes known to continue between men eminent in contrary factions, yet such friends are to be shewn rather as prodigies than examples; and it is no more proper to regulate our conduct by such instances, than to leap a precipice, because some have fallen from it and escaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preserve private kindness in the midst of publick opposition, in which will necessarily be involved a thousand incidents, extending their influence to conversation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious motives, in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almost every question upon different principles. When such occasions of dispute happen, to comply is to betray our cause, and to maintain friendship by ceasing to deserve it; to be silent, is to lose the happiness and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual constraint, and to desert, if not to betray: and who shall determine which of two friends shall yield, where neither believes himself mistaken, and both confess the importance of the question? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from those what can be expected but acrimony and vehemence, the insolence of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and, in time, a weariness of contest, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourse of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, when the root is wounded; but the poison of discord is infused, and though the countenance may preserve it's smile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable whom we see only in times of seriousness and severity; and therefore, to maintain the softness and serenity of benevolence, it is necessary that friends partake each others pleasures as well as cares, and be led to the same diversions by similitude of taste. This is, however, not to be considered as equally indispensable with conformity of principles, because any man may honestly, according to the precepts of Horace, resign the gratifications of taste to the humour of another; and friendship may well deserve the sacrifice of pleasure, though not of conscience.

It was once confessed to me, by a painter, that no professor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is so far





far justified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and constant friendship between men whom their studies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every censurer are hourly inciting against each other. The utmost expectation that experience can warrant, is, that they should forbear open hostilities and secret machinations, and when the whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite against a common foe. Some, however, though few, may perhaps be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generosity, who are distinguished from lower beings by nobler motives than the love of fame, and can preserve the sacred flame of friendship from the gusts of pride, and the rubbish of interest.

Friendship is seldom lasting but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equiva-

lent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are not commonly found to increase affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that easy freedom, and familiarity of intercourse, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship. Thus imperfect are all earthly blessings; the great effect of friendship is beneficence, yet by the first act of uncommon kindness it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this consideration ought not to restrain bounty, or repress compassion, for duty is to be preferred before convenience; and he that loses part of the pleasures of friendship by his generosity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conscience.

N^o LXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1750.

GABRIEL ANILES
EX RE FABELLAS.

HOR.

THE CHEERFUL SAGE, WHEN SOLEMN DICTATES FAIR,
CONCEALS THE MORAL COUNSEL IN A TALES.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravanera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right-hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure

irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shades; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain

plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pen-sive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills—

—*ἡρώδης πτόλιος καὶ ὁ πλοῖος πλοῖος*
ἔς μισογυνίας ὑπεβάλλειν ὁρμῶν ἴδιον
Τόδε τε τολῶν δὲ πρὶν ἐν ἡρώδῃ ἵναται πρῶτον.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry showers,
 Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
 The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over—'Tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without

without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often

vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.

Nº LXVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1750.

PAUCI DIGNOSCERE POSSUNT

VERA BONA, ATQUE ILLIS MULTUM DIVERSA, REMOTA
ERRORIS NEBULA.

JUV.

—HOW FEW
KNOW THEIR OWN GOOD; OR, KNOWING IT, PURSUE?
HOW VOID OF REASON ARE OUR HOPES AND FEARS?

DRYDEN.

THE folly of human wishes and pursuits has always been a standing subject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age; till perhaps the fruitless repetition of complaints and censures may be justly numbered among the subjects of censure and complaint.

Some of these instructors of mankind have not contented themselves with checking the overflows of passion, and lopping the exuberance of desire, but have attempted to destroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to smooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reason and eloquence to persuade us, that nothing is worth the wish of a wise man; have represented all earthly good and evil as indifferent; and counted, among vulgar errors, the dread of pain, and the love of life.

It is almost always the unhappiness of a victorious disputant, to destroy his own authority by claiming too many consequences, or diffusing his proposition to an indefensible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cause, and elated

our confidence with success, we are naturally inclined to pursue the same train of reasoning, to establish some collateral truth, to remove some adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehension of our system. As a prince, in the ardour of acquisition, is willing to secure his first conquest by the addition of another, add fortress to fortress, and city to city, till despair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him; and he loses in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philosophers having found an easy victory over those desires which we produce in ourselves, and which terminate in some imaginary state of happiness unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at last our senses and our instincts. They continued to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore lost the trophies of their former combats, and were considered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with justice denied, that these men have been very useful monitors, and have left many proofs of strong

Strong reason, deep penetration, and accurate attention to the affairs of life, which it is now our business to separate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciously to our own use. They have shewn that most of the conditions of life, which raise the envy of the timorous, and rouse the ambition of the daring, are empty shows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, lose their power of delighting; and that the most prosperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obscure fortune, when their dangers and solitudes are balanced against their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninstructed to murmur at his condition, because in the general infelicity of life he feels his own miseries, without knowing that they are common to all the rest of the species; and therefore, though he will not be less sensible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at least be freed from the temptation of seeking, by perpetual changes, that ease which is no where to be found; and, though his disease still continues, he escapes the hazard of exasperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation, confer, must be always by their own nature confined to a very small number; and the life of the greater part of mankind must be lost in empty wishes and painful comparisons, were not the balm of philosophy shed upon us, and our discontent at the appearances of an unequal distribution soothed and appeased.

It seemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great masters of moral learning, to descend to familiar life, and caution mankind against that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of Vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longest beard, and most solemn austerity. For though the passions of little minds, acting in low stations, do not fill the world with bloodshed and devastations, or mark by great events the periods of time, yet they torture the breast on which they seize, infect those that are placed within the reach of their influence, destroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine insensibly the happiness of the world.

The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall,

by chance, into some class of mankind; and, without consulting nature or wisdom, resolve to gain their regard by those qualities which they happen to esteem. I once knew a man remarkably dim-sighted, who, by conversing much with country gentlemen, found himself irresistibly determined to sylvan honours. His great ambition was to shoot flying, and he therefore spent whole days in the woods pursuing game; which, before he was near enough to see them, his approach frightened away.

When it happens that the desire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with some indulgence; because, however fruitless or absurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But most of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of possession, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occasion to stratagems of malignity, and incite opposition, hatred, and defamation. The contest of two rural beauties for preference and distinction is often sufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breasts with all those passions which are generally thought the curse only of senates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obscure assembly have their partisans and abettors, often not less exasperated against each other than those who are promoting the interests of rival monarchs.

It is common to consider those whom we find infected with an unreasonable regard for trifling accomplishments, as chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappiness; but, perhaps, those whom we thus scorn or detest, have more claim to tenderness than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error, we ought surely to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches, at the expence of wisdom and of virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerness, by paying that regard and deference to wealth, which wisdom and virtue only can deserve. We see women universally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or to supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade

shade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies, that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity, when they have every moment some new conviction, that their interest is more effectually promoted by a ribband well dispos-

ed, than by the brightest act of heroic virtue?

In every instance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason, and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

Nº LXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1750.

Αἱ τ' ἱλαρὶδαι βέβηκται φευγὰς, ὡς λόγος,
καλῶς ἐλπίσιν ὁρμασι, μέλλουσιν δὲ.

EURIP.

EXILES, THE PROVERB SAYS, SUBSIST ON HOPE;
DELUSIVE HOPE STILL POINTS TO DISTANT GOOD,
TO GOOD THAT MOCKS APPROACH.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as Hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to it's utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but it's promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached

it, the birds flew still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness: yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome enquiries. At last I observed one man worn with time, and unable to struggle in the crowd; and therefore supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would be soon vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from enquiry, and try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I

saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed, that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reason, and the other by Fancy. Reason was furly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long hesitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress; she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the *Streight of Difficulty*, which those who entered with the permission of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they surveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on the sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few, the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the
rest

rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though the fat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side, inaccessible steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that the intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round, I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and reveling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

Nº LXVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1750.

VIVENDUM RECTE, CUM PROPTER PLURIMA, TUNC HIS
PRÆCIPUE CAUSIS, UT LINGUAS MANCIPIORUM
CONTENNAS; NAM LINGUA MALI PARS PESSIMA SERVAT.

JUV.

LET US LIVE WELL: WERE IT ALONE FOR THIS,
THE HANEFUL TONGUES OF SERVANTS TO DESPISE:
SLANDER, THAT WORST OF POISONS, EVER FINDS
AN EASY ENTRANCE TO IGNORLE MINDS.

HERVEY.

THE younger Pliny has very justly observed, that of actions that deserve our attention, the most splendid are not always the greatest. Fame, and wonder, and applause, are not excited but by external and adventitious circumstances, often distinct and separate from virtue and heroism. Eminence of station, greatness of effect, and all the favours of fortune, must concur to place excellence in publick view; but fortitude, diligence, and patience, divested of their show, glide unobserved through the crowd of life, and suffer and act, though with the same vigour and constancy, yet without pity and without praise.

This remark may be extended to all parts of life. Nothing is to be estimated by its effect upon common eyes and common ears. A thousand miseries

make silent and invisible inroads on mankind, and the heart feels innumerable throbs, which never break into complaint. Perhaps, likewise, our pleasures are for the most part equally secret, and most are borne up by some private satisfaction, some internal consciousness, some latent hope, some peculiar prospect, which they never communicate, but reserve for solitary hours, and clandestine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, composed of small incidents, and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no fatal consequence; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away, impertinences which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more, of meteorous pleasures which dance before us and are dissipated;

spated, of compliments which glide off the soul like other musick, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemists tell us, that all bodies are resolvible into the same elements, and that the boundless variety of things arises from the different proportions of very few ingredients; so a few pains and a few pleasures are all the materials of human life, and of these the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reason and of choice.

As these are well or ill disposed, man is for the most part happy or miserable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwisted with the chain of causes on which armies or nations are suspended; and even those who seem wholly busied in publick affairs, and elevated above low cares, or trivial pleasures, pass the chief part of their time in familiar and domestick scenes; from these they come into publick life, to these they are every hour recalled by passions not to be suppressed; in these they have the reward of their toils, and to these at last they retire.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises, which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man must have found some whose lives, in every house but their own, was a continual series of hypocrisy, and who concealed under fair appearances bad qualities, which, whenever they thought themselves out of the reach of censure, broke out from their

restraint, like winds imprisoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reason to love, but they whose love a wife man is chiefly solicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any show of general goodness, and without the attractions by which popularity is conciliated, are received among their own families as bestowers of happiness, and revered as instructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The most authentick witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint, or rule of conduct, but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself. If a man carries virtue with him into his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable secrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with those allowances which mortal frailty must always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his sincerity that one man can have with regard to another: and, indeed, as hypocrisy cannot be its own reward, we may, without hesitation, determine that his heart is pure.

The highest panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants. For, however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice. Vice and virtue are easily distinguished. Oppression, according to Harrington's aphorism, will be felt by those that cannot see it; and, perhaps, it falls out very often, that, in moral questions, the philosophers in the gown, and in the livery, differ not so much in their sentiments as in their language, and have equal power of discerning right, though they cannot point it out to others with equal address.

There are very few faults to be committed in solitude, or without some agents, partners, confederates, or witnesses; and therefore the servant must commonly know the secrets of a master, who has any secrets to entrust; and failings, merely personal, are so frequently exposed by that security which pride and folly generally produce, and so inquisitively watched by that desire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which

The lower orders of the world will always feel, that the testimony of a menial domestick can seldom be considered as defective for want of knowledge. And though it's impartiality may be sometimes suspected, it is at least as credible as that of equals, where rivalry instigates censure, or friendship dictates palliations.

The danger of betraying our weakness to our servants, and the impossibility of concealing it from them, may be justly considered as one motive to a regular and irreproachable life. For no condition is more hateful or despicable, than his who has put himself in the power of his servant; in the power of him whom, perhaps, he has first corrupted by making him subservient to his vices, and whose fidelity he therefore cannot enforce by any precepts of honesty or reason. It is seldom known that authority, thus acquired, is possessed without insolence, or that the master is not forced to confess, by his tamenets or for-

bearance, that he has enslaved himself by some foolish confidence. And his crime is equally punished, whatever part he takes of the choice to which he is reduced; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he sacrificed his dignity to his passions, in perpetual dread of insolence or defamation; of a controul at home, or an accuser abroad. He is condemned to purchase, by continual bribes, that secrecy which bribes never secured, and which, after a long course of submission, promises, and anxieties, he will find violated in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunkenness.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and sollicitudes; and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

N° LXIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1750.

FLET QUOQUE, UT IN SPECULO RUGAS ADSPEXIT ANILES,
TYNDARIS; ET SECUM, CUR SIT HIS RAPTA, REQUIRIT.
TEMPUS EDAX RERUM, TUQUE INVIDIOSA VETUSTAS
OMNIA DESTRUITIS: VITIATAQUE DENTIBUS AVI
PAULATIM LENTA CONSUMITIS OMNIA MORTE.

Ovid.

THE DREADFUL WRINKLES WHEN POOR HELEN SP'D,
AH! WHY THIS SECOND RAPE?—WITH TEARS SHE CRY'D:
TIME, THOU DEVOURER, AND THOU ENVOUS AGE,
WHO ALL DESTROY WITH KEEN CORRODING RAGE,
BENEATH YOUR JAWS, WHATE'ER HAVE PLEAS'D OR PLEASE,
MUST SINK, CONSUM'D BY SWIFT OR SLOW DEGREES.

ELPHINSTON.

AN old Greek epigrammatist, intending to shew the miseries that attend the last stage of man, imprecates upon those who are so foolish as to wish for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requisite, that decrepitude itself was an epitome of whatever is dreadful, and nothing could be added to the curse of Age, but that it should be extended beyond it's natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent spectator can indeed scarcely retire without heaviness of heart, from a view of the last scenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds those who in the former

parts of the drama were distinguished by opposition of conduct, contrariety of designs, and dissimilitude of personal qualities, all involved in one common distress, and all struggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries, which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape, and fortitude may conquer; by caution and circumspection we may steal along with very little to obstruct or incommode us; by spirit and vigour we may force a way, and reward the vexation of contest by the pleasures of victory. But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally use-

less;

less; when we shall all sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings that we have lost.

The industry of man has, indeed, not been wanting in endeavours to procure comforts for these hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large, and whose chests are full, imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has lost all other means of government, if his strength and his reason fail him, he can at last alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes must likewise have fears, and he may still continue to give laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is, indeed, too frequently the citadel of the dotard, the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race that seizes his domains, disputes his commands, and cancels his prescriptions. But here, though there may be safety, there is no pleasure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbiety, or want of children; and, indeed, to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events, and filled their minds with the same conceptions, this full peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the midst of multitudes, animated with hopes which he cannot share, and employed in business which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestick gratifications, some tender employments, and endeared himself to some whose interest and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the past; and so different the opinions and sentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or gny on either side. To a young man

entering the world, with fulness of hope, and ardour of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence, which experience and disappointments certainly infuse; and the old man wonders, in his turn, that the world never can grow wiser, that neither precepts, nor testimonies, can cure boys of their credulity and sufficiency; and that not one can be convinced that snares are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scorn and wonder of the other, and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite. The spirits of youth sublimed by health, and volatilised by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatick sediment of weariness and deliberation, and burst out in temerity and enterprise. The tenderness, therefore, which nature infuses, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such opposition; and an old man must be a father to bear with patience those follies and absurdities which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the schemes and expectations, the pleasures and the sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by time, and chilled by frustration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength, be not over-balanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blossom, and others blasted in their growth; some shaken down by storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shrivelled in the shade; and whether he that extends his care beyond himself does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose, by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings sufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, and flattery; and who having made no acquaintance with knowledge, or with business, have constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats. With these ladies, age begins early, and very often lasts long; it begins, when their beauty fades, when their

their mirth loses it's sprightliness, and their motion it's ease. From that time, all which gave them joy vanishes from about them; they hear the praises bestowed on others which used to swell their bosoms with exultation. They visit the seats of felicity, and endeavour to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them, that their power and their value are past; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortless uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart, or exercise of the reason?

Yet, however age may discourage us by it's appearance from considering it in prospect, we shall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to enquire what provision can be made against that time of distress? what happiness can be stored up against the winter of life? and how we may pass our latter years with serenity and cheerfulness?

If it has been found by the experience of mankind, that not even the best

seasons of life are able to supply sufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities; it cannot surely be supposed, that old age, worn with labours, harassed with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of it's own, or feel any satisfaction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future; the past is very soon exhausted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish, and precipices of horror.

Nº LXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1750.

ARGENTÆA PROBRIS,
AURÆ DETERIOR, FULVÆ PRETIOSIOR ARÆ.

OVID.

SUCCESSING TIMES A SILVER AGE BEHOLD,
EXCELLING BRASS, BUT MORE EXCELL'D BY GOLD.

DRYDEN.

HESIOD, in his celebrated distribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellect. 'The first place,' says he, 'belongs to him that can, by his own powers discern what is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter motives of action. The second is claimed by him that is willing to hear instruction, and can perceive right and wrong when they are shewn him by another; but he that has neither acuteness nor docility, who can neither find the way by himself, nor will be led by others, is a wretch without use or value.'

If we survey the moral world, it will be found, that the same division may be made of men with regard to their virtue. There are some whose principles are so firmly fixed, whose conviction is so constantly present to their minds, and who have raised in themselves such ardent wishes for the approbation of God,

and the happiness with which he has promised to reward obedience and perseverance, that they rise above all other cares and considerations, and uniformly examine every action and desire, by comparing it with the divine commands. There are others in a kind of equipoise, between good and ill; who are moved on the one part by riches or pleasure, by the gratifications of passion and the delights of sense; and, on the other, by laws of which they own the obligation, and rewards of which they believe the reality, and whom a very small addition of weight turns either way. The third class consists of beings immersed in pleasure, or abandoned to passion, without any desire of higher good, or any effort to extend their thoughts beyond immediate and gross satisfactions.

The second class is so much the most numerous, that it may be considered as comprising the whole body of mankind.

Those

Those of the last are not very many, and those of the first are very few; and neither the one nor the other fall much under the consideration of the moralist, whose precepts are intended chiefly for those who are endeavouring to go forward up the steep of virtue; not for those who have already reached the summit, or those who are resolved to stay for ever in their present situation.

To a man not versed in the living world, but accustomed to judge only by speculative reason, it is scarcely credible that any one should be in this state of indifference, or stand undetermined and unengaged, ready to follow the first call to either side. It seems certain, that either a man must believe that virtue will make him happy, and resolve therefore to be virtuous, or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore cast off all care but for his present interest. It seems impossible that conviction should be on one side and practice on the other; and that he who has seen the right way, should voluntarily shut his eyes, that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet all these absurdities are every hour to be found; the wisest and best men deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or surprise; and most are good no longer than while temptation is away, than while their passions are without excitements, and their opinions are free from the counteraction of any other motive.

Among the sentiments which almost every man changes as he advances into years, is the expectation of uniformity of character. He that without acquaintance with the power of desire, the cogency of distress, the complications of affairs, or the force of partial influence, has filled his mind with the excellence of virtue, and having never tried his resolution in any encounters with hope or fear, believes it able to stand firm whatever shall oppose it, will be always clamorous against the smallest failure, ready to exact the utmost punctualities of right, and to consider every man that fails in any part of his duty, as without conscience and without merit unworthy of trust or love, of pity or regard; as an enemy whom all should join to drive out of society, as a pest which all should avoid, or as a weed which all should trample.

It is not but by experience that we are taught the possibility of retaining

some virtues, and rejecting others, or of being good or bad to a particular degree. For it is very easy to the solitary reasoner to prove that the same arguments by which the mind is fortified against one crime are of equal force against all; and the consequence very naturally follows, that he whom they fail to move on any occasion has either never considered them, or has by some fallacy taught himself to evade their validity; and that, therefore, when a man is known to be guilty of one crime, no farther evidence is needful of his depravity and corruption.

Yet such is the state of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, sometimes extending to the whole compass of duty, and sometimes shrinking into a narrow space, and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the rest is left open to the incursions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedness. Nothing therefore is more unjust than to judge of man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens, that in the loose, and thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may by the breath of counsel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to suppose that all are capable of the same degrees of excellence; it is indeed to exact, from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And since the purest virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virtue of the greatest number with almost an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily conclude, that all goodness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for most minds are the slaves of external circumstances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of custom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.

It may be particularly observed of women, that they are for the most part good or bad, as they fall among those who practise vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reason gives them much security against the influence of example. Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition,

or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, flattery, or fashion.

For this reason, every one should consider himself as entrusted not only with his own conduct, but with that of others; and as accountable, not only for the duties which he neglects, or the crimes that he commits, but for that negligence and irregularity which he may encourage or inculcate. Every man, in whatever station, has, or endeavours to have, his fol-

lowers, admirers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes; and not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it. For it is possible that for want of attention we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or by a cowardly desertion of a cause which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by the aberrations of that example which they chuse for their directions.

Nº LXXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1750.

VIVERE QUOD PROPERO PAUPER, NEC INUTILIS ANNUS
DA VENIAM, PROPERAT VIVERE NEMO SATIS.

TRUE, SIR, TO LIVE I HASTE; YOUR PARDON GIVE,
FOR TELL ME, WHO MAKES HASTE ENOUGH TO LIVE?

MART.

F. LEWIS.

MANY words and sentences are so frequently heard in the mouths of men, that a superficial observer is inclined to believe, that they must contain some primary principle, some great rule of action, which it is proper always to have present to the attention, and by which the use of every hour is to be adjusted. Yet, if we consider the conduct of those sententious philosophers, it will often be found, that they repeat these aphorisms, merely because they have somewhere heard them, because they have nothing else to say, or because they think veneration gained by such appearances of wisdom, but that no ideas are annexed to the words, and that according to the old blunder of the followers of Aristotle, their souls are mere pipes or organs, which transmit sounds, but do not understand them.

Of this kind is the well known and well attested position, that *life is short*, which may be heard among mankind by an attentive auditor, many times a day, but which never yet within my reach of observation left any impression upon the mind; and perhaps, if my readers will turn their thoughts back upon their old friends, they will find it difficult to call a single man to remembrance, who appeared to know that life was short till he was about to lose it.

It is observable that Horace, in his account of the characters of men, as they are diversified by the various influence of

time, remarks, that the old man is *dilatator*, *spe longus*—given to procrastination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great distance. So far are we generally from thinking what we often say of the shortness of life, that at the time when it is necessarily shortest, we form projects which we delay to execute, indulge such expectations as nothing but a long train of events can gratify, and suffer those passions to gain upon us, which are only excusable in the prime of life.

These reflections were lately excited in my mind by an evening's conversation with my friend Prospero, who, at the age of fifty-five, has bought an estate, and is now contriving to dispose and cultivate it with uncommon elegance. His great pleasure is to walk among stately trees, and lie musing in the heat of noon under their shade; he is therefore maturely considering how he shall dispose his walks and his groves, and has at last determined to send for the best plans from Italy; and forbear planting till the next season.

Thus is life trifled away in preparations to do what never can be done; if it be left unattempted till all the requisites which imagination can suggest are gathered together. Where our design terminates only in our own satisfaction, the mistake is of no great importance; for the pleasure of expecting enjoyment is often greater than that of obtaining it, and the completion of almost every with

is found a disappointment; but when many others are interested in an undertaking, when any design is formed, in which the improvement or security of mankind is involved, nothing is more unworthy either of wisdom or benevolence, than to delay it from time to time, or to forget how much every day that passes over us takes away from our power, and how soon an idle purpose to do an action sinks into a mournful wish that it had once been done.

We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the present hour, to catch the pleasures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀμαρτάνει βραχὺ χρόνον. ἢ δὲ παρὰ τῆς
Ζατῶν εὐρησις ὃ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βίων.

Soon fades the rose; once past the fragrant hour,

The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

But surely these exhortations may, with equal propriety, be applied to better purposes; it may be at least inculcated, that pleasures are more safely postponed than virtues, and that greater loss is suffered by missing an opportunity of doing good, than an hour of giddy frolick and noisy merriment.

When Baxter had lost a thousand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable in some degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

It is lamented by Hearne, the learned antiquary of Oxford, that this general forgetfulness of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the students of monuments and records; as their employment consists first in collecting, and afterwards in arranging or abstracting, what libraries afford them, they ought to amass no more than they can digest; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on searching and transcribing, call for new supplies when they are already overburthened, and at last leave their work unfinished. * It is, says he, the business of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.

Thus, not only in the slumber of sloth, but in the dissipation of ill-directed industry, is the shortness of life generally forgotten. As some men lose their hours in laziness, because they suppose that there is time enough for the reparation of neglect, others busy themselves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens that sluggishness and activity are equally surpris'd by the last summons, and perish not more differently from each other than the fowl that received the shot in her flight, from her that is killed upon the bush.

Among the many improvements made by the last centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life; but, whatever may be their use in traffick, they seem very little to have advanced morality. They have hitherto been rather applied to the acquisition of money, than of wisdom; the computer refers none of his calculations to his own tenure, but persists, in contempt of probability, to forestal old age to himself, and believes that he is marked out to reach the utmost verge of human existence, and see thousands and ten thousands fall into the grave.

So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and so strongly guarded by hope and fear against the approach of reason, that neither science nor experience can shake it; and we act as if life were without end, though we see and confess it's uncertainty and shortness.

Divines have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance; a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time; we subject ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which early diligence would have obviated, or perplex our minds by vain precautions, and make provision for the execution of designs, of which the opportunity once missed never will return.

As he that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to it's duration, and every day brings it's task, which if neglected is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already tri-
sided

fled away those months and years, in which he should have laboured, must remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and

that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of Heaven, not one is to be lost.

Nº LXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24. 1750.

OMNIS ARISTIPPUM DECVIT STATUS, ET COLOR, ET RES,
SECTANTEM MAJORA FERRE; PRESENTIBUS AEQVVM.

HOR.

YET ARISTIPPVS EV'RY DRESS BECAME;
IN EV'RY VARIOVS CHANGE OF LIFE THE SAME;
AND THOVGH HE AIM'D AT THINGS OF HIGHER KIND,
YET TO THE PRESENT HELD AN EQUAL MIND.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOSE who exalt themselves into the chair of instruction, without enquiring whether any will submit to their authority, have not sufficiently considered how much of human life passes in little incidents, cursory conversation, flight business, and casual amusements; and therefore they have endeavoured only to inculcate the more awful virtues, without condescending to regard those petty qualities, which grow important only by their frequency, and which, though they produce no single acts of heroism, nor astonish us by great events, yet are every moment exerting their influence upon us, and make the draught of life sweet or bitter by imperceptible insillations. They operate unseen and unregarded, as change of air makes us sick or healthy, though we breathe it without attention, and only know the particles that impregnate it by their salutary or malignant effects.

You have shewn yourself not ignorant of the value of those subaltern endowments, yet have hitherto neglected to recommend Good-Humour to the world, though a little reflection will shew you that it is the *balm of being*, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind must owe its power of pleasing. Without good-humour, learning and bravery can only confer that superiority which swells the heart of the lion in the desert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without resistance. Without good-humour virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightness; but must always be viewed

at a distance, and will scarcely gain a friend or attract an imitator.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to shew the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good-humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good-humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

It is well known that the most certain way to give any man pleasure is to persuade

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persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that by this art only spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the universal favourites of both sexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as excite neither jealousy nor fear, and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness than to raise esteem; therefore in assemblies and places of resort it seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company as one by whom all conceive themselves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself, when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every disputer.

There are many whose vanity always inclines them to associate with those from whom they have no reason to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wise and the knowing are willing to receive praise without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend; and the most active to be at rest. All therefore are at some hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to please ourselves will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by Prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, that *he could have better spared a better man.*

He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented; but while his conviction compelled him to do justice to superior qualities, his tenderness still broke out at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time in all the luxury of idleness, who had gladdened him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and despise.

You may perhaps think this account of those who are distinguished for their good-humour, not very consistent with the praises which I have bestowed upon it. But surely nothing can more evidently shew the value of this quality, than that it recommends those who are destitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendship to the worthless, and affection to the dull.

Good-humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being considered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by those that having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter splendour, perhaps imagine that they have some right to gratify themselves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practise it. It is by some unfortunate mistake that almost all those who have any claim to esteem or love, press their pretensions with too little consideration of others. This mistake my own interest, as well as my zeal for general happiness, makes me desirous to rectify, for I have a friend who, because he knows his own fidelity and usefulness, is never willing to sink into a companion: I have a wife whose beauty first subdued me, and whose wit confirmed her conquest; but whose beauty now serves no other purpose than to entitle her to tyranny, and whose wit is only used to justify perverseness.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to chuse any kind of influence before that of kindness. He that regards the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his fa-

ours;

yours; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains it's end and returns. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attrac-

tions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted. I am, &c.
PILLOMIDES.

Nº LXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1750.

STULTE QUID NEU VOTIS FRUSTRA PUERILIBUS OPTAS
QUÆ NON ULLA TULIT, FERTVE, FERETVE DIES.

OVID.

WHY THINKS THE FOOL WITH CHILDISH HOPE TO SEE
WHAT NEITHER IS, NOR WAS, NOR E'ER SHALL BE?

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IF you feel any of that compassion which you recommend to others, you will not disregard a case which I have reason from observation to believe very common, and which I know by experience to be very miserable. And though the querulous are seldom received with great ardour of kindness; I hope to escape the mortification of finding that my lamentations spread the contagion of impatience, and produce anger rather than tenderness. I write not merely to vent the swelling of my heart, but to enquire by what means I may recover my tranquillity; and shall endeavour at brevity in my narrative, having long known that complaint quickly tires, however elegant, or however just.

I was born in a remote county, of a family that boasts alliances with the greatest names in English history, and extends it's claims of affinity to the Tudors and Plantagenets. My ancestors, by little and little, wasted their patrimony, till my father had not enough left for the support of a family, without descending to the cultivation of his own grounds, being condemned to pay three sisters the fortunes allotted them by my grandfather, who is suspected to have made his will when he was incapable of adjusting properly the claims of his children, and who, perhaps without design, enriched his daughters by beggaring his son. My aunts being, at the death of their father, neither young nor beautiful, nor very eminent for softness of behaviour, were suffered to live unsolicited, and by accumulating the interest of their portions grew every day richer and prouder. My father pleased himself with foreseeing that the possessions of

those ladies must revert at last to the hereditary estate, and that his family might lose none of it's dignity, resolved to keep me untainted with a lucrative employment; whenever therefore I discovered any inclination to the improvement of my condition, my mother never failed to put me in mind of my birth, and charged me to do nothing with which I might be reproached when I should come to my aunts estate.

In all the perplexities or vexations which want of money brought upon us, it was our constant practice to have recourse to futurity. If any of our neighbours surpassed us in appearance, we went home and contrived an equipage, with which the death of my aunts was to supply us. If any purse-proud upstart was deficient in respect, vengeance was referred to the time in which our estate was to be repaired. We registered every act of civility and rudeness, enquired the number of dishes at every feast, and minuted the furniture of every house, that we might, when the hour of affluence should come, be able to eclipse all their splendor, and surpass all their magnificence.

Upon plans of elegance and schemes of pleasure the day rose and set, and the year went round unregarded, while we were busied in laying out plantations on ground not yet our own, and deliberating whether the manor-house should be rebuilt or repaired. This was the amusement of our leisure, and the solace of our exigencies; we met together only to contrive how our approaching fortune should be enjoyed; for in this our conversation always ended, on whatever subject it began. We had none of the collateral interests which diversify the life of others with joys and hopes,
but

but had turned our whole attention on one event, which we could neither hasten nor retard, and had no other object of curiosity than the health or sickness of my aunts, of which we were careful to procure very exact and early intelligence.

This visionary opulence for a while soothed our imagination, but afterwards fired our wishes, and exasperated our necessities, and my father could not always restrain himself from exclaiming, *that no creature had so many lives as a cat and an old maid.* At last, upon the recovery of his sister from an ague, which she was supposed to have caught by sparing fire, he began to lose his stomach; and four months afterwards sunk into the grave.

My mother, who loved her husband, survived him but a little while, and left me the sole heir of their lands, their schemes, and their wishes. As I had not enlarged my conceptions either by books or conversation, I differed only from my father by the freshness of my cheeks, and the vigour of my step; and, like him, gave way to no thoughts but of enjoying the wealth which my aunts were hoarding.

At length the eldest fell ill. I paid the civilities and compliments which sickness requires with the utmost punctuality. I dreamed every night of escutcheons and white gloves, and enquired every morning at an early hour, whether there were any news of my dear aunt. At last a messenger was sent to inform me, that I must come to her without the delay of a moment. I went and heard her last advice, but opening her will, found that she had left her fortune to her second sister.

I hung my head; the younger sister threatened to be married, and every thing was disappointment and discontent. I was in danger of losing irreparably one third of my hopes, and was condemned still to wait for the rest. Of part of my terror, I was soon eased; for the youth, whom his relations would have compelled to marry the old lady, after innumerable stipulations, articles, and settlements, ran away with the daughter of his father's groom; and my aunt, upon this conviction of the perfidy of man, resolved never to listen more to amorous addresses.

Ten years longer I dragged the shackles of expectation, without ever suffering a

day to pass in which I did not compute how much my chance was improved of being rich to-morrow. At last the second lady died, after a short illness, which yet was long enough to afford her time for the disposal of her estate, which she gave to me after the death of her sister.

I was now relieved from part of my misery; a larger fortune, though not in my power, was certain and unalienable; nor was there now any danger that I might at last be frustrated of my hopes by a fret of dotage, the flatteries of a chambermaid, the whispers of a tale-bearer, or the officiousness of a nurse. But my wealth was yet in reversion, my aunt was to be buried before I could emerge to grandeur and pleasure; and there were yet, according to my father's observation, nine lives between me and happiness.

I however lived on, without any clamours of discontent, and comforted myself with considering, that all are mortal, and they who are continually decaying must at last be destroyed.

But let no man from this time suffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt. The good gentlewoman was very regular in her hours, and simple in her diet; and in walking or sitting still, waking or sleeping, had always in view the preservation of her health. She was subject to no disorder, but hypochondriac dejection; by which, without intention, she increased my miseries; for whenever the weather was cloudy, she would take her bed, and send me notice that her time was come. I went with all the haste of eagerness, and sometimes received passionate injunctions to be kind to her maid, and directions how the last offices should be performed; but if before my arrival the sun happened to break out, or the wind to change, I met her at the door, or found her in the garden, bustling and vigilant, with all the tokens of long life.

Sometimes, however, she fell into distempers, and was thrice given over by the doctor; yet she found means of slipping through the gripe of death; and after having tortured me three months at each time with violent alternations of hope and fear, came out of her chamber without any other hurt than the loss of flesh, which in a few weeks she recovered by broths and jellies.

As most have sagacity sufficient to guess at the desires of an heir, it was the

the constant practice of those who were hoping at second hand, and endeavoured to secure my favour against the time when I should be rich, to pay their court, by informing me, that my aunt began to droop, that she had lately a bad night, that she coughed feebly, and that she could never climb May hill; or at least, that the autumn would carry her off. Thus was I flattered in the winter with the piercing winds of March, and, in summer, with the fogs of September. But she lived through spring and fall, and set heat and cold at defiance; till, after near half a century, I buried her on the fourteenth of last June, aged ninety-three years, five months, and six days.

For two months after her death I was rich; and was pleased with that obsequiousness and reverence which wealth instantaneously procures. But this joy

is now past, and I have returned again to my old habit of wishing. Being accustomed to give the future full power over my mind, and to start away from the scene before me to some expected enjoyment, I deliver up myself to the tyranny of every desire which fancy suggests, and long for a thousand things which I am unable to procure. Money has much less power than is ascribed to it by those that want it. I had formed schemes which I cannot execute, I had supposed events which do not come to pass, and the rest of my life must pass in craving solicitude, unless you can find some remedy for a mind, corrupted with an inveterate disease of wishing, and unable to think on any thing but wants, which reason tells me will never be supplied.

I am, &c.

CUPIDUS,

Nº LXXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1750.

RIKATUR DE LANA SEPE CAPRINA.

HOR.

FOR NOUGHT TORMENTED, SHE FOR NOUGHT TORMENTS.

ELPHINSTON.

MEN seldom give pleasure where they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness, that in whatever state we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may secure the love of those with whom we transact. For though it is generally imagined, that he who grants favours may spare any attention to his behaviour, and that usefulness will always procure friends; yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requests, an art very difficult of attainment; that officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as to lose the greater part of their effect; that compliance may provoke, relief may harass, and liberality disgust.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from benevolence, the chief duty of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamour, turbulence, and bloodshed, it wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the

canker of life, that destroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, because no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, and exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are frustrated at once, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his

his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such an alarming apprehension of the least increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch, such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care or tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness is the captiousness of old age. When the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness or pride; of idleness anxious for trifles; or pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude indeed naturally contract this unsocial quality, because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities therefore are only blameable when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such

as he hires to lull him on the down of absolute authority, to sooth him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarseness of truth; a little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour, he soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

Tetrica had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of understanding, she was soon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, such as she, had nothing to do but take pleasure their own way; that she wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reason to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themselves ill-treated, should look for better usage among their equals.

Warm with these generous sentiments, Tetrica came forth into the world, in which she endeavoured to force respect by haughtiness of mien and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, she suffered such mortifications from those who thought themselves at liberty to return her insults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her to practise her arts of vexation only where she might hope to tyrannize without resistance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors with so much diligence, that she has formed a principle of disapprobation, and finds in every place something to grate her mind, and disturb her quiet.

If she takes the air, she is offended with the heat or cold, the glare of the sun, or the gloom of the clouds; if she makes a visit, the room in which she is to be received, is too light or too dark, or furnished with something which she cannot see without aversion. Her tea is never of the right sort; the figures on the china give her disgust. Where there are children, she hates the gabble of
brats;

brats; where there are none, she cannot bear a place without some cheerfulness and rattle. If many servants are kept in a house, she never fails to tell how Lord Lavish was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, she relates the story of a miser that made his company wait on themselves. She quarrelled with one family, because she had an unpleasant view from their windows; with another, because the squirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, because she could not bear the noise of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers she is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another fashion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at first, then will have a small improvement. Thus she proceeds till no profit can recompense the vexation; they at last leave the clothes at her house, and refuse to serve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, professes to take her own course, and hear her mistress talk.

Such is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised.

It sometimes happens that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the standard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the understanding, and teaches the mind to discern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident likewise to men of vigorous imagination to please themselves too much with futurities, and to fret because those expectations are disappointed which should never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man rashly determine, that his unwillingness to be pleased is a proof of understanding, unless his superiority appears from less doubtful evidence; for though peevishness may sometimes justly boast it's descent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity, and nursling of ignorance.

Nº LXXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1750.

DILIGITUR NEMO, NISI CUI FORTUNA SECUNDA EST,
QUAE SEMUL INTONUIT, PROXIMA QUAEQUE FUGAT.

OVID.

WHEN SMILING FORTUNE SPREADS HER GOLDEN RAY,
ALL CROWD AROUND TO FLATTER AND OBEY;
BUT WHEN SHE THUNDERS FROM AN ANGRY SKY,
OUR FRIENDS, OUR FLATTERERS, OUR LOVERS, FLY.

MISS A. W.

TO THE RAMBLER.

THE diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the knowledge of nature, manners, and life; will perhaps incline you to pay some regard to the observations of one who has been taught to know mankind by unwelcome information, and whose opinions are the result, not of solitary conjectures, but of practice and experience.

I was born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of those arts which are supposed to accomplish the mind, and adorn the person of a woman. To these attainments, which custom and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary acquisitions by the use of books, and the conversation of that

species of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and aversion under the name of Scholars; but whom I have found a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by forward submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

From those men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained; which, embellished with elegance, and fostered by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence,

Y

by

by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard in every place of concourse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation, my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame, my mien was studied, my dress was imitated, my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves; my visits were solicited as honours; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with Melissa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself, that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance; when I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and caresses: to please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them: for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a fru-

gal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow, or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for, having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination, that Melissa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she could cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearance, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem, as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, sold those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my new condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted rather their own gratification than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits; some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my present and former condition, to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendor which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the statulency of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness

me is intended; I will, therefore, so far maintain my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements; these had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary to their happiness, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured because the men who followed them upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

My lovers were not all contented with silent desertion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had formerly endured by wanton and superfluous insults, and endeavoured to mortify me, by paying, in my presence, those civilities to other ladies which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never suffered any one to waste his life in suspense, who could have employed it to better purpose, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whose resent-

ment and respect were equally below my consideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticized, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority; and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happen to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Melissa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate that has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

This, Mr. Rambler, is to see the world. It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

I am, &c. MELISSA.

Y a N° LXXVI.

N^o LXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1750.

SILVIS VBI PASSIM
 PALANTES ERROR CERTQ. DE TRAMITE PELLIT,
 ILLE SINISTROSUM, HIC DEXTROSUM ABIT, UNUS UTRIQUE
 ERROR, SED VARIIS ILLUDIT PARTIBUS.

HOR.

WHILE MAZY ERROR DRAWS MANKIND ASTRAY
 FROM TRUTH'S SURE PATH, EACH TAKES HIS DEVIOUS WAY;
 ONE TO THE RIGHT, ONE TO THE LEFT RECEDES,
 ALIKE DELUDED, AS EACH FANCY LEADS.

ELPHINSTON.

IT is easy for every man, whatever be his character with others, to find reasons for esteeming himself; and therefore censure, contempt, or conviction of crimes, seldom deprive him of his own favour. Those, indeed, who can see only external facts, may look upon him with abhorrence; but when he calls himself to his own tribunal, he finds every fault, if not absolutely effaced, yet so much palliated by the goodness of his intention, and the cogency of the motive, that very little guilt or turpitude remains; and when he takes a survey of the whole complication of his character, he discovers so many latent excellencies, so many virtues that want but an opportunity to exert themselves in act, and so many kind wishes for universal happiness, that he looks on himself as suffering unjustly under the infamy of single failings, while the general temper of his mind is unknown or unregarded.

It is natural to mean well, when only abstracted ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind, and no particular passion turns us aside from rectitude; and so willing is every man to flatter himself, that the difference between approving laws, and obeying them, is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleases his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himself zealous in the cause of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than they conform to his own desires; and counts himself among her warmest lovers, because he praises her beauty, though every rival steals away his heart.

There are, however, great numbers who have little recourse to the refinements of speculation, but who yet live at peace with themselves, by means which require less understanding, or less atten-

tion. When their hearts are burthened with the consciousness of a crime, instead of seeking for some remedy within themselves, they look round upon the rest of mankind, to find others tainted with the same guilt: they please themselves with observing, that they have numbers on their side; and that, though they are hunted out from the society of good men, they are not likely to be condemned to solitude.

It may be observed, perhaps without exception, that none are so industrious to detect wickedness, or so ready to impute it, as they whose crimes are apparent and confessed. They envy an unblemished reputation, and what they envy they are busy to destroy: they are unwilling to suppose themselves meaner, and more corrupt than others; and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations those with whom they cannot rise to an equality. No man yet was ever wicked without secret discontent; and, according to the different degrees of remaining virtue, or unextinguished reason, he either endeavours to reform himself, or corrupt others; either to regain the station which he has quitted, or prevail on others to imitate his defection.

It has always been considered as an alleviation of misery not to suffer alone, even when union and society can contribute nothing to resistance or escape; some comfort of the same kind seems to incite wickedness to seek associates; though, indeed, another reason may be given, for as guilt is propagated, the power of reproach is diminished, and among numbers equally detestable, every individual may be sheltered from shame, though not from conscience.

Another lenitive by which the throbs of the breast are assuaged, is the contemplation, not of the same, but of different crimes. He that cannot justify himself

himself by his resemblance to others, is ready to try some other expedient, and to enquire what will rise to his advantage from opposition and dissimilitude. He easily finds some faults in every human being, which he weighs against his own, and easily makes them preponderate while he keeps the balance in his own hand, and throws in or takes out at his pleasure, circumstances that make them heavier or lighter. He then triumphs in his comparative purity, and sets himself at ease, not because he can refute the charges advanced against him, but because he can censure his accusers with equal justice; and no longer fears the arrows of reproach, when he has stored his magazine of malice with weapons equally sharp and equally envenomed.

This practice, though never just, is yet specious and artful, when the censure is directed against deviations to the contrary extreme. The man who is branded with cowardice may, with some appearance of propriety, turn all his force of argument against a stupid contempt of life, and rash precipitation into unnecessary danger. Every recession from temerity is an approach towards cowardice; and though it be confessed that bravery, like other virtues, stands between faults on either hand, yet the place of the middle point may always be disputed; he may, therefore, often impose upon careless understandings, by turning the attention wholly from himself, and keeping it fixed invariably on the opposite fault; and by shewing how many evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may conceal for a time those which are incurred.

But vice has not always opportunities or address for such artful subterfuges; men often extenuate their own guilt,

only by vague and general charges upon others, or endeavour to gain rest to themselves, by pointing some other prey to the pursuit of censure.

Every whisper of infamy is industriously circulated, every hint of suspicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully published, by those whose interest it is that the eye and voice of the publick should be employed on any rather than on themselves.

All these artifices, and a thousand others equally vain and equally despicable, are incited by that conviction of the deformity of wickedness, from which none can set himself free; and by an absurd desire to separate the cause from the effects, and to enjoy the profit of crimes without suffering the shame. Men are willing to try all methods of reconciling guilt and quiet, and when their understandings are stubborn and uncomplying, raise their passions against them, and hope to overpower their own knowledge.

It is generally not so much the desire of men, sunk into depravity, to deceive the world as themselves; for when no particular circumstances make them dependant on others, infamy disturbs them little, but as it revives their remorse, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The sentence most dreaded is that of reason and conscience, which they would engage on their side at any price but the labours of duty and the sorrows of repentance. For this purpose every seducement and fallacy is sought, the hopes still rest upon some new experiment till life is at an end; and the last hour steals on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in resisting reason, and representing the sense of the Divine disapprobation.

N^o LXXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1750.

OS DIGNUM ATERNO NITIDUM QUOD FULGEAT AURE,
SI MALLET LAUDARE DEUM, CUI SORDIDA MONSTRA
PRÆTULIT, ET LIQUIDAM TEMERAVIT CRIMINE VOCEM.

PRUDENT.

A GOLDEN STATUE SUCH A WIT MIGHT CLAIM,
HAD GOD AND VIRTUE RAIS'D THE NOBLE FLAME;
BUT, AH! NOW LEWD A SUBJECT HAS HE SUNG,
WHAT VILE OBSCENITY PROFANES HIS TONGUE!

F. LEWIS.

AMONG those whose hopes of distinction, or riches, arise from an opinion of their intellectual attainments,

it has been, from age to age, an established custom to complain of the ingratitude of mankind to their instructors, and the discouragement

discouragement which men of genius and study suffer from avarice and ignorance, from the prevalence of false taste, and the encroachment of barbarity.

Men are most powerfully affected by those evils which themselves feel, or which appear before their own eyes; and as there has never been a time of such general felicity, but that many have failed to obtain the rewards to which they had, in their own judgment, a just claim, some offended writer has always declaimed, in the rage of disappointment, against his age or nation; nor is there one who has not fallen upon times more unfavourable to learning than any former century, or who does not wish that he had been reserved in the insensibility of non-existence to some happier hour, when literary merit shall no longer be despised, and the gifts and caresses of mankind shall recompense the toils of study, and add lustre to the charms of wit.

Many of these clamours are undoubtedly to be considered only as the bursts of pride never to be satisfied, as the prattle of affectation, mimicking distresses unselt, or as the common-places of vanity solicitous for splendour of sentences, and acuteness of remark. Yet it cannot be denied that frequent discontent must proceed from frequent hardships; and though it is evident, that not more than one age or people can deserve the censure of being more averse from learning than any other, yet at all times knowledge must have encountered impediments, and wit been mortified with contempt, or harassed with persecution.

It is not necessary, however, to join immediately in the outcry, or to condemn mankind as pleased with ignorance, or always envious of superior abilities. The miseries of the learned have been related by themselves, and since they have not been found exempt from that partiality with which men look upon their own actions and sufferings, we may conclude that they have not forgotten to deck their cause with the brightest ornaments, and strongest colours. The logician collected all his subtilties when they were to be employed in his own defence; and the master of rhetoric exerted against his adversary all the arts by which hatred is embittered, and indignation inflamed.

To believe no man in his own cause, is the standing and perpetual rule of distributive justice. Since therefore, in the

controversy between the learned and their enemies, we have only the pleas of one party, of the party more able to delude our understandings, and engage our passions, we must determine our opinion by facts uncontested, and evidences on each side allowed to be genuine.

By this procedure, I know not whether the students will find their cause promoted, or the compassion which they expect much increased. Let their conduct be impartially surveyed; let them be allowed no longer to direct attention at their pleasure, by expatiating on their own deserts; let neither the dignity of knowledge over-awe the judgment, nor the graces of elegance seduce it. It will then, perhaps, be found, that they were not able to produce claims to kinder treatment, but provoked the calamities which they suffered, and seldom wanted friends but when they wanted virtue.

That few men, celebrated for theoretick wisdom, live with conformity to their precepts, must be readily confessed; and we cannot wonder that the indignation of mankind rises with great vehemence against those who neglect the duties which they appear to know with so strong conviction the necessity of performing. Yet since no man has power of acting equal to that of thinking, I know not whether the speculatist may not sometimes incur censures too severe, and by those who form ideas of his life from their knowledge of his books, be considered as worse than others, only because he was expected to be better.

He by whose writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the passions repressed, may be considered as not unprofitable to the great republic of humanity, even though his behaviour should not always exemplify his rules. His instructions may diffuse their influence to regions in which it will not be inquired, whether the author be *albus an ater*—good or bad; to times when all his faults and all his follies shall be lost in forgetfulness, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thousands and ten thousands that flame which burnt dimly in himself, through the fumes of passion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moralist may be considered as a taper, by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated passions; he extends his radiance further than his heat, and guides all

all that are within view, but burns only those who make too near approaches.

Yet since good or harm must be received for the most part from those to whom we are familiarly known, he whose vices overpower his virtues, in the compass to which his vices can extend, has no reason to complain that he meets not with affection or veneration, when those with whom he passes his life are more corrupted by his practice than enlightened by his ideas. Admiration begins where acquaintance ceases; and his favourers are distant, but his enemies at hand.

Yet many have dared to boast of neglected merit, and to challenge their age for cruelty and folly, of whom it cannot be alleged that they have endeavoured to increase the wisdom or virtue of their readers. They have been at once profligate in their lives, and licentious in their compositions; have not only forsaken the paths of virtue, but attempted to lure others after them. They have smoothed the road of perdition, covered with flowers the thorns of guilt, and taught temptation sweeter notes, softer blandishments, and stronger allurements.

It has been apparently the settled purpose of some writers, whose powers and acquisitions place them high in the rank of literature, to set fashion on the side of wickedness; to recommend debauchery and lewdness, by associating them with qualities most likely to dazzle the discernment and attract the affections; and to shew innocence and goodness with such attendant weaknesses as necessarily expose them to contempt and derision.

Such naturally found intimates among the corrupt, the thoughtless, and the intemperate; passed their lives amidst the levities of sportive idleness, or the warm professions of drunken friendship; and fed their hopes with the promises of wretches, whom their precepts had taught to scoff at truth. But when fools had laughed away their sprightliness, and the languors of excess could no longer be relieved, they saw their protectors hourly drop away, and wondered and stormed to find themselves abandoned. Whether their companions persisted in wickedness, or returned to virtue, they were left equally without assistance; for debauchery is selfish and negligent, and from virtue the virtuous only can expect regard.

It is said by Florus of Catiline, who died in the midst of slaughtered enemies, that *his death had been illustrious, had it been suffered for his country.* Of the wits who have languished away life under the pressures of poverty, or in the restlessness of suspense, carelessly and rejected, flattered and despised, as they were of more or less use to those who stiled themselves their patrons; it might be observed, that their miseries would enforce compassion, had they been brought upon them by honesty and religion.

The wickedness of a loose or profane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken raver; not only because it extends its effects wider, as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught, but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue; when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed; but for the frigid villainy of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitudes for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory; only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation; and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?

What were their motives, or what their excuses, is below the dignity of reason to examine. If having extinguished in themselves the distinction of right and wrong, they were insensible of the mischief which they promoted, they deserved to be hunted down by the general compact, as no longer partaking of social nature; if influenced by the corruption of patrons, or readers, they sacrificed their own convictions to vanity or interest, they were to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that murders for pay; since they committed greater crimes without greater temptations. *Of him, to whom much is given, much shall be required.* Those whom God has favoured with superior faculties, and made eminent for quickness of intuition, and accuracy of distinctions, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eyes, for

for defects and deviations which, in souls less enlightened, may be guiltless. But, surely, none can think without horror on that man's condition who has been more wicked in proportion as he had

more means of excelling in virtue, and used the light imparted from Heaven only to embellish folly, and shed lustre upon crimes.

N^o LXXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1750.

MORS SOLA FATETUR
QUANTULA SINT HOMINUM CORPUSCULA.

Juv.

DEATH ONLY THIS MYSTERIOUS TRUTH UNFOLDS,
THE MIGHTY SOUL NOW SMALL A BODY HOLDS.

DRYDEN.

CORPORAL sensation is known to depend so much upon novelty, that custom takes away from many things their power of giving pleasure or pain. Thus a new dress becomes easy by wearing it, and the palate is reconciled by degrees to dishes which at first disgusted it. That by long habit of carrying a burden, we lose, in great part, our sensibility of it's weight; any man may be convinced by putting on for an hour the armour of our ancestors; for he will scarcely believe that men would have had much inclination to marches and battles, encumbered and oppressed, as he will find himself, with the ancient panoply. Yet the heroes that overrun regions, and stormed towns in iron accoutrements, he knows not to have been bigger, and has no reason to imagine them stronger than the present race of men; he therefore must conclude, that their peculiar powers were conferred only by peculiar habits, and that their familiarity with the dress of war enabled them to move in it with ease, vigour, and agility.

Yet it seems to be the condition of our present state, that pain should be more fixed and permanent than pleasure. Uneasiness gives way by slow degrees, and is long before it quits it's possession of the sensory; but all our gratifications are volatile, vagrant, and easily dissipated. The fragrance of the jessamine bower is lost after the enjoyment of a few moments; and the Indian wanders among his native spices without any sense of their exhalations. It is, indeed, not necessary to shew by many instances what all mankind confess, by an incessant call for variety, and restless pursuit of enjoyments, which they value only because unpossessed.

Something similar, or analogous, may be observed in effects produced immediately upon the mind; nothing can strongly strike or affect us, but what is rare or sudden. The most important events, when they become familiar, are no longer considered with wonder or solicitude, and that which at first filled up our whole attention, and left no place for any other thought, is soon thrust aside into some remote repository of the mind, and lies among other lumber of the memory, overlooked and neglected. Thus far the mind resembles the body, but here the similitude is at an end.

The manner in which external force acts upon the body is very little subject to the regulation of the will; no man can at pleasure obtund or invigorate his senses, prolong the agency of any image traced upon the eye, or any sound infused into the ear. But our ideas are more subjected to choice; we can call them before us, and command their stay; we can facilitate and promote their recurrence, we can either repress their intrusion, or hasten their retreat. It is therefore the business of wisdom and virtue, to select among numberless objects striving for our notice, such as may enable us to exalt our reason, extend our views, and secure our happiness. But this choice is to be made with very little regard to rareness or frequency; for nothing is valuable merely because it is either rare or common, but because it is adapted to some useful purpose, and enables us to supply some deficiency of our nature.

Milton has judiciously represented the father of mankind, as seized with horror and astonishment at the sight of death, exhibited to him on the Mount

of Vision. For, surely, nothing can so much disturb the passions, or perplex the intellects of man, as the disruption of his union with visible nature; a separation from all that has hitherto delighted or engaged him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being; an entrance into a state not simply which he knows not, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know; an immediate and perceptible communication with the Supreme Being, and, what is above all distressful and alarming, the final sentence, and unalterable allotment.

Yet we to whom the shortness of life has given frequent occasions of contemplating mortality, can, without emotion, see generations of men pass away, and are at leisure to establish modes of sorrow, and adjust the ceremonial of death. We can look upon funeral pomp as a common spectacle in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amusements, without dejection of look, or inquietude of heart.

It is, indeed, apparent from the constitution of the world, that there must be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the last hour, however it may become the solitude of a monastery, is inconsistent with many duties of common life. But surely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds; as an habitual and settled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention should seldom wander so far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by sight of an event, which must soon, we know not how soon, happen likewise to ourselves, and of which, though we cannot appoint the time, we may secure the consequence.

Every instance of death may justly awaken our fears and quicken our vigilance; but its frequency so much weakens its effect, that we are seldom alarmed unless some close connection is broken, some scheme frustrated, or some hope defeated. Many therefore seem to pass on from youth to decrepitude without any reflection on the end of life, because they are wholly involved within themselves, and look on others only as inhabitants of the common earth, without any expectation of receiving good, or intention of bestowing it.

Events, of which we confess the importance, excite little sensibility, unless

they affect us more nearly than as sharers in the common interest of mankind; that desire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, is often mortified when we remark how little concern is caused by the eternal departure even of those who have passed their lives with publick honours, and been distinguished by extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness, except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown, diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topic to the conversation of the day. They impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocal of benefits and endearments.

Thus it often happens, that those who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at last in the ground without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies with which they were delighted, none had been obliged; and, though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments, at least of common minds, that I believe men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age. He who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can look in time without concern, upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which himself is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than formerly, but that he is more familiar to the death of others, and therefore is not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to submit tamely to the tyranny of accident; and to suffer our reason to be useless. Every friend may justly be considered as a summons to prepare for that state into which it shows us that we must sometime enter, and the summons is more loud and piercing, at the hour of which it warns us, or at less distance. To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our

post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me one of the most striking passages in the visions of Quevedo, which stigmatizes those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. 'How,' says he, 'can death be sudden to a being who always knew that he must die, and that the time of his death was uncertain?'

Since business and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a fu-

ture state, some admonition is frequently necessary to recall it to our minds; and what can more properly renew the impression than the examples of mortality which every day supplies? The great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we must die; it will therefore be useful to accustom ourselves, whenever we see a funeral, to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure for ever.

Nº LXXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1750.

TAM SEPE NOSTRUM DECIPI FARULLUM, QUID
MIRARIS, AULE? SEMPER BONUS HOMO TIRO EST.

MART.

YOU WONDER I'VE SO LITTLE WIT,
FRIEND JOHN, SO OFTEN TO BE HIT:
NONE BETTER GUARD AGAINST A CHEAT
THAN HE WHO IS A KNAVE COMPLETE.

F. LEWIS.

SUSPICION, however necessary it may be to our safe passage through ways beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has been always considered, when it exceeds the common measures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a Greek writer of sentences has laid down as a standing maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himself to be perjured.*

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in comparison with something that we know: whoever, therefore, is over-run with suspicion, and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal, must either have learned by experience or observation the wickedness of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often suffered or seen treachery; or he must derive his judgment from the consciousness of his own disposition, and impute to others the same inclinations which he feels predominant in himself.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and observing the arts by which negligence is surprised, timidity overborne, and credulity amused, requires either great latitude of converse and long acquaintance with business, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteness of penetration. When therefore a young man, not distinguished by vigour of intellect, comes into the world

full of scruples and diffidence; makes a bargain with many provisional limitations; hesitates in his answer to a common question, lest more should be intended than he can immediately discover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; considers every care as an act of hypocrisy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderness of his friends, because he believes no one to have any real tenderness but for himself; whatever expectations this early sagacity may raise of his future eminence or riches, I can seldom forbear to consider him as a wretch incapable of generosity or benevolence, as a villain early completed beyond the need of common opportunities and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this class, instruction and admonition are generally thrown away, because they consider artifice and deceit as proofs of understanding; they are misled at the same time by the two great seducers of the world, vanity and interest; and not only look upon those who act with openness and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obscurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowness of comprehension, shortness of views, and slowness of contrivance.

The world has been long amused with the mention of policy in public transactions,

actions, and of art in private affairs; they have been considered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level: yet I have not found many performances, either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falsehood and impudence, without the assistance of any other powers. To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief; to sooth pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes; can surely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to it's own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practices are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtilty, because they know how to steal upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves, who was hindered from obviating their stratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suspicion is, indeed, a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued; a pain to which the state of that man bears a very exact analogy who dares never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes, and fears to intrust his children, or his friend, with the secret that throbs in his breast, and the anxieties that break into his face. To avoid, at this expence, those evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman satirist, to save life by losing all for which a wise man would live.

When in the diet of the German empire, as Camerarius relates, the princes were once displaying their felicity, and each boasting the advantages of his own dominions, one who possessed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of it's cities, or the fertility of it's soil, rose

to speak, and the rest listened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and, if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boast of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered; men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by supplication. Frequent experience of counterfeited miseries, and dissembled virtue, in time overcomes that disposition to tenderness and sympathy, which is so powerful in our younger years; and they that happen to petition the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish without regard, and suffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeserving or ungrateful.

Historians are certainly chargeable with the deprivation of mankind, when they relate without censure those stratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his destruction. A ship comes before a port, weather-beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessaries, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent, the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their success is recorded to encourage imitation.

But surely war has it's laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the community of nature, who suffer hostility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and pursue their private advantage by means which, if once established, must destroy kindness, cut off from every man all hopes of assistance from another, and fill the world with perpetual suspicion and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be restored; and those who have conquered by such treachery may be just-

ly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes not only the ease but the existence of society. He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion. It is better to suffer wrong than to do it; and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

N^o LXXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1750.

VIDES UT ALTA STET NIVE CANDIDUM
SOPACITE, NEC IAM SUSTINEANT ONUS
SILVÆ LABORANTES

HOR.

BEHOLD YON MOUNTAIN'S HOARY HEIGHT,
MADE HIGHER WITH NEW MOUNTS OF SNOW;
AGAIN BEHOLD THE WINTER'S WEIGHT
OPPRESS THE LAB'RING WOODS BELOW.

DRYDEN.

AS Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been eminently adapted to this disposition of the mind; it is formed to raise expectations by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find something to revive our curiosity, and engage our attention. In the dusk of the morning we watch the rising of the sun, and see the day diversify the clouds, and open new prospects in it's gradual advance. After a few hours, we see the shades lengthen, and the light decline, till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs different from each other in magnitude and splendour. The earth varies it's appearance as we move, upon it; the woods offer their shades, and the fields their harvests; the hill flatters with an extensive view, and the valley invites with shelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of seasons, and a perpetuity of spring; but I am not certain that in this state of imaginary hap-

piness they have made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand of new gratifications, which seems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember: thus ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering it's natural tepidity; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold, we must fall below ease again, if we desire to rise above it, and purchase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely that, however the fancy may be amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no scenes are displayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we should soon grow weary of uniformity, and our thoughts languish for want of other subjects, call on Heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniencies of summer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations,

Every

Every season has it's particular power of striking the mind. The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world always fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, it's grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

It is observed by Milton, that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *fullness against nature*. If we allot different duties to different seasons, he may be charged with equal disobedience to the voice of nature who looks on the bleak hills and leafless woods, without seriousness and awe. Spring is the season of gaiety, and winter of terror; in spring the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence sparkles at the sight of happiness and plenty: in the winter, compassion melts at universal calamity, and the tear of softness starts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of the creation in distress.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heaviness and sorrow; nor do I recommend them beyond the degree necessary to maintain in it's full vigour that habitual sympathy and tenderness which, in a world of so much misery, is necessary to the ready discharge of our most important duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper season for domestic merriment and gaiety. We are seldom invited by the votaries of pleasure to look abroad for any other purpose, than that we may shrink back with more satisfaction to our coverts, and when we have heard the howl of the tempest, and felt the gripe of the frost, congratulate each other with more gladness upon a close room, an easy chair, a large fire, and a smoking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. Differences, we know, are never so effectually laid asleep, as by some common calamity: an enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the same fire-side those who, by the opposition of incli-

nations, or difference of employment, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual interest to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wish for the continuance of the social season, with all it's bleakness and all it's severities.

To the men of study and imagination the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and silence produce composure of mind, and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleasure naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which those whom literature enables to find amusements for themselves, have more than common convictions of their own happiness. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from most of the diversions which are called in to assist the flight of time, they can find new subjects of enquiry, and preserve themselves from that weariness which hangs always flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philosophers; it is necessary that the greater part of mankind should be employed in the minute business of common life; minute, indeed, not if we consider it's influence upon our happiness, but if we respect the abilities requisite to conduct it. These must necessarily be more dependent on accident for the means of spending agreeably those hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or nature obliges them to allow to relaxation. Yet even on these I would willingly impress such a sense of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careless hours amusements of more use and dignity than the common games, which not only weary the mind without improving it, but strengthen the passions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profusion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reasonable being to spend any of the little time allotted us, without some tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our existence. And though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass with-

out possibility of qualifying us more or less for the better employment of those which are to come.

It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in honest conversation, without being able when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages; but a man may shuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any

other token than his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions, and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to spend the dreary months before them, may consider which of their past amusements fills them now with the greatest satisfaction, and resolve to repeat those gratifications of which the pleasure is most durable.

N^o LXXXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1750.

DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI—

VIRG.

HEAR, AND BE JUST.

AMONG questions which have been discussed without any approach to decision, may be numbered the precedence, or superior excellence of one virtue to another, which has long furnished a subject of dispute to men whose leisure sent them out into the intellectual world in search of employment, and who have, perhaps, been sometimes withheld from the practice of their favourite duty, by zeal for it's advancement, and diligence in it's celebration.

The intricacy of this dispute may be alleged as a proof of that tenderness for mankind which Providence has, I think, universally displayed, by making attainments easy in proportion as they are necessary. That all the duties of morality ought to be practised, is without difficulty discoverable, because ignorance or uncertainty would immediately involve the world in confusion and distress; but which duty ought to be most esteemed, we may continue to debate, without inconvenience, so all be diligently performed as there is opportunity or need; for upon practice, not upon opinion, depends the happiness of mankind; and controversies, merely speculative, are of small importance in themselves, however they may have sometimes heated a disputant, or provoked a faction.

Of the divine author of our religion it is impossible to peruse the evangelical histories, without observing how little he favoured the vanity of inquisitiveness; how much more rarely he condescended to satisfy curiosity, than to relieve distress; and how much he desired that his

followers should rather excel in goodness than in knowledge. His precepts tend immediately to the rectification of the moral principles, and the direction of daily conduct, without ostentation, without art, at once irrefragable and plain, such as well-meaning simplicity may readily conceive, and of which we cannot mistake the meaning, but when we are afraid to find it.

The measure of justice prescribed to us, in our transactions with others, is remarkably clear and comprehensive: *Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.* A law by which every claim of right may be immediately adjusted, as far as the private conscience requires to be informed; a law of which every man may find the exposition in his own breast, and which may always be observed without any other qualifications than honesty of intention and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, some sons of sophistry have been subtle enough to throw mists, which have darkened their own eyes. To perplex this universal principle, they have enquired whether a man, conscious to himself of unreasonable wishes, be bound to gratify them in another. But surely there needed no long deliberation to conclude, that the desires, which are to be considered by us as the measure of right, must be such as we approve, and that we ought to pay no regard to those expectations in others which we condemn in ourselves, and which, however they may intrude upon our imagination, we know it our duty to resist and suppress.

One

One of the most celebrated cases which have been produced as requiring some skill in the direction of conscience to adapt them to this great rule, is that of a criminal asking mercy of his judge, who cannot but know, that if he was in the state of the supplicant, he should desire that pardon which he now denies. The difficulty of this sophism will vanish, if we remember that the parties are, in reality, on one side the criminal, and on the other the community, of which the magistrate is only the minister, and by which he is intrusted with the publick safety. The magistrate, therefore, in pardoning a man unworthy of pardon, betrays the trust with which he is invested, gives away what is not his own, and, apparently, does to others what he would not that others should do to him. Even the community, whose right is still greater to arbitrary grants of mercy, is bound by those laws which regard the great republick of mankind, and cannot justify such forbearance as may promote wickedness, and lessen the general confidence and security in which all have an equal interest, and which all are therefore bound to maintain. For this reason the state has not a right to erect a general sanctuary for fugitives, or give protection to such as have forfeited their lives by crimes against the laws of common morality, equally acknowledged by all nations, because no people can, without infraction of the universal league of social beings, incite, by prospects of impunity and safety, those practices in another dominion which they would themselves punish in their own.

One occasion of uncertainty and hesitation, in those by whom this great rule has been commented and dilated, is the confusion of what the exacter casuists are careful to distinguish; *debts of justice* and *debts of charity*. The immediate and primary intention of this precept is, to establish a rule of justice; and I know not whether invention, or sophistry, can start a single difficulty to retard it's application, when it is thus expressed and explained—*Let every man allow the claim of right in another, which he should think himself entitled to make in the like circumstances.*

The discharge of the *debts of charity*, or duties which we owe to others, not merely as required by justice, but as is stated

by benevolence, admits in it's own nature greater complication of circumstances, and greater latitude of choice. Justice is indispensably and universally necessary, and what is necessary must always be limited, uniform, and distinct. But beneficence, though in general equally enjoined by our religion, and equally needful to the conciliation of the Divine favour, is yet, for the most part, with regard to it's single acts, elective and voluntary. We may, certainly, without injury to our fellow-beings, allow in the distribution of kindness something to our affections; and change the measure of our liberality according to our opinions and prospects, our hopes and fears. This rule, therefore, is not equally determinate and absolute with respect to offices of kindness and acts of liberality, because liberality and kindness, absolutely determined, would lose their nature; for how could we be called tender, or charitable, for giving that which we are positively forbidden to withhold?

Yet even in adjusting the extent of our beneficence, no other measure can be taken than this precept affords us, for we can only know what others suffer or want, by considering how we should be affected in the same state; nor can we proportion our assistance by any other rule than that of doing what we should then expect from others. It indeed generally happens that the giver and receiver differ in their opinions of generosity; the same partiality to his own interest inclines one to large expectations, and the other to sparing distributions. Perhaps the infirmity of human nature will scarcely suffer a man groaning under the pressure of distress, to judge rightly of the kindness of his friends, or think they have done enough till his deliverance is completed; not therefore what we might wish, but what we could demand from others, we are obliged to grant, since, though we can easily know how much we might claim, it is impossible to determine what we should hope.

But in all enquiries concerning the practice of voluntary and occasional virtues, it is safest for minds not oppressed with superstitious fears to determine against their own inclinations, and secure themselves from deficiency by doing more than they believe strictly necessary. For of this every man may be certain, that, if he were to exchange conditions,

conditions with his dependent, he should expect more than, with the utmost exertion of his ardour, he now will prevail upon himself to perform; and when

reason has no settled rule, and our passions are striving to mislead us, it is surely the part of a wise man to err on the side of safety.

N^o LXXXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1750.

OMNIA CASTOR EMIT, SIC PRÆ UT OMNIA VENDAT.

MART.

WHO BUYS WITHOUT DISCRETION, BUYS TO SELL.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT will not be necessary to solicit your good-will by any formal preface, when I have informed you, that I have long been known as the most laborious and zealous virtuoso that the present age has had the honour of producing, and that inconveniencies have been brought upon me by an unextinguishable ardour of curiosity, and an unshaken perseverance in the acquisition of the productions of art and nature.

It was observed, from my entrance into the world, that I had something uncommon in my disposition, and that there appeared in me very early tokens of superior genius. I was always an enemy to trifles; the playthings which my mother bestowed upon me I immediately broke, that I might discover the method of their structure, and the causes of their motions: of all the toys with which children are delighted, I valued only my coral; and, as soon as I could speak, asked, like *Pierres*, innumerable questions which the maids about me could not resolve. As I grew older I was more thoughtful and serious; and instead of amusing myself with puerile diversions, made collections of natural rarities, and never walked into the fields without bringing home stones of remarkable forms, or insects of some uncommon species. I never entered an old house, from which I did not take away the painted glass, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demolished the convents and monasteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early possessed by a taste for solid knowledge, I passed my youth with very little disturbance from passions and appetites; and having no pleasure in the company of boys and girls, who talked of plays, politicks, fashions, or love, I carried on my enquiries with incessant diligence, and had amassed more

stones, mosses, and shells, than are to be found in many celebrated collections, at an age in which the greatest part of young men are studying under tutors, or endeavouring to recommend themselves to notice by their dress, their air, and their levities.

When I was two and twenty years old, I became, by the death of my father, possessed of a small estate in land, with a very large sum of money in the publick funds; and must confess that I did not much lament him, for he was a man of mean parts, bent rather upon growing rich than wise. He once fretted at the expence of only ten shillings, which he happened to overhear me offering for the sting of a hornet, though it was a cold moist summer, in which very few hornets had been seen. He often recommended to me the study of physics; 'In which,' said he, 'you may at once gratify your curiosity after natural history, and increase your fortune by benefiting mankind.' I heard him, Mr. Rambler, with pity; and as there was no prospect of elevating a mind formed to grovel, suffered him to please himself with hoping that I should some time follow his advice. For you know that there are men with whom, when they have once settled a notion in their heads, it is to very little purpose to dispute.

Being now left wholly to my own inclinations, I very soon enlarged the bounds of my curiosity, and contented myself no longer with such rarities as required only judgment and industry, and when once found, might be had for nothing. I now turned my thoughts to *exoticks* and *antiquities*; and became so well known for my generous patronage of ingenious men, that my levee was crowded with visitants, some to see my museum, and others to increase it's treasures, by selling me whatever they had brought from other countries.

I had always a contempt for that narrowness



towness of conception, which contents itself with cultivating some single corner of the field of science; I took the whole region into my view, and wished it of yet greater extent. But no man's power can be equal to his will. I was forced to proceed by slow degrees, and to purchase what chance or kindness happened to present. I did not however proceed without some design, or imitate the indiscretion of those who begin a thousand collections, and finish none. Having been always a lover of geography, I determined to collect the maps drawn in the rude and barbarous times, before any regular surveys, or just observations; and have, at a great expence, brought together a volume, in which, perhaps, not a single country is laid down according to its true situation, and by which, he that desires to know the errors of the ancient geographers may be amply informed.

But my ruling passion is patriotism: my chief care has been to procure the products of our own country; and as Alfred received the tribute of the Welch in wolves heads, I allowed my tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till I had exhausted the papilionaceous tribe. I then directed them to the pursuit of other animals; and obtained, by this easy method, most of the grubs and insects which land, air, or water, can supply. I have three species of earthworms not known to the naturalists, have discovered a new ephemera, and can shew four wafers that were taken torpid in their winter quarters. I have, from my own ground, the longest blade of grass upon record; and once accepted, as a half year's rent for a field of wheat, an ear containing more grains than had been seen before upon a single stem.

One of my tenants so much neglected his own interest, as to supply me, in a whole summer, with only two horse-flies, and those of little more than the common size; and I was upon the brink of seizing for arrears, when his good fortune threw a white mole in his way, for which he was not only forgiven but rewarded.

These, however, were petty acquisitions, and made at small expence; nor should I have ventured to rank myself among the virtuosi without better claims. I have suffered nothing worthy the regard of a wise man to escape my notice: I have ransacked the old and the new

world; and been equally attentive to past ages and the present. For the illustration of ancient history, I can shew a marble, of which the inscription, though it is not now legible, appears, from some broken remains of the letters, to have been Tuscan, and therefore probably engraved before the foundation of Rome. I have two pieces of porphyry found among the ruins of Ephesus, and three letters broken off by a learned traveller from the monuments of Persepolis; a piece of stone which paved the Areopagus of Athens; and a plate, without figures or characters, which was found at Corinth, and which I therefore believe to be that metal which was once valued before gold. I have sand gathered out of the Granicus; a fragment of Trajan's bridge over the Danube; some of the mortar which cemented the water-course of Tarquin; a horseshoe broken on the Flaminian way; and a turf with five daisies dug from the field of Pharsalia.

I do not wish to raise the envy of unsuccessful collectors, by too pompous a display of my scientific wealth; but cannot forbear to observe, that there are few regions of the globe which are not honoured with some memorial in my cabinets. The Persian monarchs are said to have boasted the greatness of their empire, by being served at their tables with drink from the Ganges and the Danube: I can shew one vial, of which the water was formerly an icicle on the crags of Caucasus, and another that contains what once was snow on the top of Atlas; in a third is shew brushed from a banana in the gardens of Ispahan; and, in another, brine that has rolled in the Pacifick ocean. I flatter myself that I am writing to a man who will rejoice at the honour which my labours have procured to my country; and therefore I shall tell you that Britain can, by my care, boast of a snail that has crawled upon the wall of China; a humming-bird which an American princess wore in her ear; the tooth of an elephant who carried the Queen of Siam; the skin of an ape that was kept in the palace of the Great Mogul; a ribbon that adorned one of the maids of a Turkish sultana; and a scymitar once wielded by a soldier of Abas the Great.

In collecting antiquities of every country, I have been careful to chuse only by intrinsic worth, and real usefulness,

A a

without

without regard to party or opinions. I have therefore a lock of Cromwell's hair in a box turned from a piece of the royal oak; and keep, in the same drawers, sand scraped from the coffin of King Richard, and a commission signed by Henry the Seventh. I have equal veneration for the ruff of Elizabeth, and the shoe of Mary of Scotland; and should lose, with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of Raleigh, and a stirrup of King James. I have paid the same price for a glove of Lewis, and a thimble of Queen Mary; for a fur cap of the Czar, and a boot of Charles of Sweden.

You will easily imagine that these accumulations were not made without some diminution of my fortune; for I was so well known to spare no cost, that at every sale some bid against me for hire, some for sport, and some for malice; and if I asked the price of any thing, it was sufficient to double the demand. For curiosity, trafficking thus with ava-

rice, the wealth of India had not been enough; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to my closet: here I was inclined to stop, and live upon my estate in literary leisure; but the sale of the Harleian collection shook my resolution; I mortgaged my land, and purchased thirty medals, which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has seized my repository; I am therefore condemned to disperse what the labour of an age will not reassemble. I submit to that which cannot be opposed, and shall, in a short time, declare a sale. I have, while it is yet in my power, sent you a pebble, picked up by Tavernier on the banks of the Ganges; for which I desire no other recompence than that you will recommend my catalogue to the publick.

QUISQUILIVS.

Nº LXXXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY, 1, 1751.

NISI UTILE EST QUOD FACIAS STULTA EST GLORIA.

PRÆD.

ALL USELESS SCIENCE IS AN EMPTY BOAST.

THE publication of the letter in my last paper has naturally led me to the consideration of that thirst after curiosities, which often draws contempt and ridicule upon itself, but which is perhaps no otherwise blameable, than as it wants those circumstantial recommendations which add lustre even to moral excellencies, and are absolutely necessary to the grace and beauty of indifferent actions.

Learning confers so much superiority on those who possess it, that they might probably have escaped all censure had they been able to agree among themselves; but as envy and competition have divided the republick of letters into factions, they have neglected the common interest; each has called in foreign aid, and endeavoured to strengthen his own cause by the frown of power, the hiss of ignorance, and the clamour of popularity. They have all engaged in feuds, till by mutual hostilities they demolished those outworks which veneration had raised for their security, and exposed themselves to barbarians, by whom every region of science is equally laid waste.

Between men of different studies and professions, may be observed a constant reciprocation of reproaches. The collector of shells and stones derides the folly of him who pastes leaves and flowers upon paper, pleases himself with colours that are perceptibly fading, and amasses with care what cannot be preserved. The hunter of insects stands amazed that any man can waste his short time upon lifeless matter, while many tribes of animals yet want their history. Every one is inclined not only to promote his own study, but to exclude all others from regard; and having heated his imagination with some favourite pursuit, wonders that the rest of mankind are not seized with the same passion.

There are, indeed, many subjects of study which seem but remotely allied to useful knowledge, and of little importance to happiness or virtue; nor is it easy to forbear some sallies of merriment, or expressions of pity, when we see a man wrinkled with attention, and emaciated with solicitude, in the investigation of questions, of which, without visible inconvenience, the world may expire in ignorance.

ignorance. Yet it is dangerous to discourage well-intended labours, or innocent curiosity: for he who is employed in searches, which by any deduction of consequences tend to the benefit of life, is surely laudable, in comparison of those who spend their time in counteracting happiness, and filling the world with wrong and danger, confusion and remorse. No man can perform so little as not to have reason to congratulate himself on his merits, when he beholds the multitudes that live in total idleness, and have never yet endeavoured to be useful.

It is impossible to determine the limits of enquiry, or to foresee what consequences a new discovery may produce. He who suffers not his faculties to lie torpid, has a chance, whatever be his employment, of doing good to his fellow-creatures. The man that first ranged the woods in search of medicinal springs, or climbed the mountains for salutary plants, has undoubtedly merited the gratitude of posterity, how much soever his frequent miscarriages might excite the scorn of his contemporaries. If what appears little be universally despised, nothing greater can be attained, for all that is great was at first little, and rose to it's present bulk by gradual accessions, and accumulated labours.

Those who lay out time or money in assembling matter for contemplation, are doubtless entitled to some degree of respect, though in a flight of gaiety it be easy to ridicule their treasure, or in a fit of fullness to despise it. A man who thinks only on the particular object before him, goes not away much illuminated by having enjoyed the privilege of handling the tooth of a shark, or the paw of a white bear; yet there is nothing more worthy of admiration to a philosophical eye, than the structure of animals, by which they are qualified to support life in the elements or climates to which they are appropriated; and of all natural bodies it must be generally confessed, that they exhibit evidences of infinite wisdom, bear their testimony to the supreme reason, and excite in the mind new raptures of gratitude, and new incentives to piety.

To collect the productions of art, and examples of mechanical science or manual ability, is unquestionably useful, even when the things themselves are of small importance, because it is always

advantageous to know how far the human powers have proceeded, and how much experience has found to be within the reach of diligence. Idleness and timidity often despair without being overcome, and forbear attempts for fear of being defeated; and we may promote the invigoration of faint endeavours, by shewing what has been already performed. It may sometimes happen that the greatest efforts of ingenuity have been exerted in trifles; yet the same principles and expedients may be applied to more valuable purposes, and the movements, which put into action machines of no use but to raise the wonder of ignorance, may be employed to drain fens, or manufacture metals, to assist the architect, or preserve the sailor.

For the utensils, arms, or dresses of foreign nations, which make the greatest part of many collections, I have little regard when they are valued only because they are foreign, and can suggest no improvement of our own practice. Yet they are not all equally useless; nor can it be always safely determined, which should be rejected or retained: for they may sometimes unexpectedly contribute to the illustration of history, and to the knowledge of the natural commodities of the country, or of the genius and customs of it's inhabitants.

Rarities there are of yet a lower rank, which owe their worth merely to accident, and which can convey no information, nor satisfy any rational desire. Such are many fragments of antiquity, as urns and pieces of pavement; and things held in veneration only for having been once the property of some eminent person, as the armour of King Henry; or, for having been used on some remarkable occasion, as the lantern of Guy Faux. The loss or preservation of these seems to be a thing indifferent; nor can I perceive why the possession of them should be coveted. Yet, perhaps, even this curiosity is implanted by nature: and when I find Tully confessing of himself, that he could not forbear, at Athens, to visit the walks and houses which the old philosophers had frequented or inhabited, and recollect the reverence which every nation, civil and barbarous, has paid to the ground where merit has been buried, I am afraid to declare against the general voice of mankind, and am inclined to believe, that this regard, which we

involuntarily pay to the meanest relique of a man great and illustrious, is intended as an incitement to labour, and an encouragement to expect the same renown, if it be fought by the same virtues.

The virtuoso, therefore, cannot be said to be wholly useless; but perhaps he may be sometimes culpable for confining himself to business below his genius, and losing, in petty speculations, those hours, by which, if he had spent them in nobler studies, he might have given new light to the intellectual world. It is never without grief, that I find a man capable of ratiocination or invention enlisting himself in this secondary class of learnings; for when he has once discovered a method of gratifying his desire of eminence by expence rather than by labour, and known the sweets of a life blest at once with the ease of idleness and the reputation of knowledge, he will not easily be brought to undergo again the toil of thinking, or leave his toys and trinkets for arguments and principles, arguments which require circumspection and vigilance, and principles which cannot be obtained but by the drudgery of meditation. He will gladly shut himself up for ever with his shells and medals, like the companions of

Ulysses, who having tasted the fruit of Lotos, would not, even by the hope of seeing their own country, be tempted again to the dangers of the sea.

ΑΑΑ' αὖτ' ἐβόησεν μὲν ἄ' ἤρασι Λατοφά γούρι,
Λατὼν ἰερὰν ἱερίαν μίσην, τοῖσ' αὖτε λαδίσθαι.

Who's tastes
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts;
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends.

Pope.

Collections of this kind are of use to the learned, as heaps of stones and piles of timber are necessary to the architect. But to dig the quarry, or to search the field, requires not much of any quality, beyond stubborn perseverance; and though genius must often lie unactive without this humble assistance, yet this can claim little praise, because every man can afford it.

To mean understandings, it is sufficient honour to be numbered among the lowest labourers of learning; but different abilities must find different tasks. To hew stone, would have been unworthy of Palladio; and to have rambled in search of shells and flowers, had but ill suited with the capacity of Newton.

Nº LXXXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1751.

CUNARUM FUERAS MOTOR, CHARIDEME, MEARUM,
ET PUERI CUSTOS, ASSIDUUSQUE COMES.
JAM MIHI NIGRESUNT TONSA SUDARIA BARBA,
SED TIBI NON CREVI: TE NOSTER VILlicus HORRETI
TE DISPENSATOR, TE DOMUS IPSA PAVET.
CORRIPIS, OBSERVAS, QUERERIS, SUSPIRIA DUCIS,
ET VIX A FERULIS ABSTINET IRA MANUM.

MART.

YOU ROCK'D MY CRADLE, WERE MY GUIDE
IN YOUTH, STILL TENDING AT MY SIDE;
BUT NOW, DEAR SIR, MY BEARD IS GROWN,
STILL I'M A CHILD TO THEE ALONE.
OUR STEWARD, BUTLER, COOK, AND ALL,
YOU FRIGHT; NAY, E'EN THE VERY WALL;
YOU FRY, AND FROWN; AND GROWL, AND CHIDE,
AND SCARCE WILL LAY THE ROD ASIDE.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

YOU seem in all your papers to be an enemy to tyranny, and to look with impartiality upon the world; I shall therefore lay my case before you, and hope

by your decision to be set free from unreasonable restraints, and enabled to justify myself against the accusations which spite and peevishness produce against me.

At the age of five years I lost my mother; and my father not being qualified to superintend the education of a girl, committed

committed me to the care of his sister, who instructed me with the authority, and, not to deny her what she may justly claim, with the affection of a parent. She had not very elevated sentiments or extensive views, but her principles were good, and her intentions pure; and though some may practise more virtues, scarce any commit fewer faults.

Under this good lady I learned all the common rules of decent behaviour, and standing maxims of domestick prudence; and might have grown up by degrees to a country gentlewoman, without any thoughts of ranging beyond the neighbourhood, had not Flavia come down, last summer, to visit her relations in the next village. I was taken, of course, to compliment the stranger; and was, at the first sight, surprised at the unconcern with which she saw herself gazed at by company, whom she had never known before; at the carelessness with which she received compliments, and the readiness with which she returned them. I found she had something which I perceived myself to want, and could not but wish to be like her, at once easy and officious, attentive and unembarrassed. I went home, and for four days could think and talk of nothing but Miss Flavia; though my aunt told me, that she was a forward flirt, and thought herself wise before her time.

In a little time she repaid my visit, and raised in my heart a new confusion of love and admiration. I soon saw her again, and still found new charms in her air, conversation, and behaviour. You who have perhaps seen the world, may have observed, that formality soon ceases between young persons. I know not how others are affected on such occasions, but I found myself irresistibly allured to friendship and intimacy, by the familiar complaisance and airy gaiety of Flavia; so that in a few weeks I became her favourite, and all the time was passed with me that she could gain from ceremony and visit.

As she came often to me, she necessarily spent some hours with my aunt, to whom she paid great respect, by low courtesies, submissive compliance, and soft acquiescence; but as I became gradually more accustomed to her manners, I discovered that her civility was general; that there was a certain degree of deference shewn by her to circumstances and appearances; that many went away flat-

tered by her humility, whom she despised in her heart; that the influence of far the greatest part of those with whom she conversed ceased with their presence; and that sometimes she did not remember the names of them whom, without any intentional insincerity or false commendation, her habitual civility had sent away with very high thoughts of their own importance.

It was not long before I perceived, that my aunt's opinion was not of much weight in Flavia's deliberations, and that she was looked upon by her as a woman of narrow sentiments, without knowledge of books, or observations on mankind. I had hitherto considered my aunt as entitled by her wisdom and experience to the highest reverence; and could not forbear to wonder that any one so much younger should venture to suspect her of error, or ignorance: but my surprise was without uneasiness; and being now accustomed to think Flavia always in the right, I readily learned from her to trust my own reason, and to believe it possible, that they who had lived longer might be mistaken.

Flavia had read much, and used so often to converse on subjects of learning, that she put all the men in the county to flight, except the old parson, who declared himself much delighted with her company, because she gave him opportunities to recollect the studies of his younger years; and by some mention of ancient story, had made him rub the dust off his Homer, which had lain unregarded in his closet. With Homer, and a thousand other names familiar to Flavia, I had no acquaintance; but began, by comparing her accomplishments with my own, to repine at my education, and wish that I had not been so long confined to the company of those from whom nothing but housewifery was to be learned. I then set myself to peruse such books as Flavia recommended, and heard her opinion of their beauties and defects. I saw new worlds hourly bursting upon my mind, and was enraptured at the prospect of diversifying life with endless entertainment.

The old lady finding that a large screen, which I had undertaken to adorn with turkey-work against winter, made very slow advances, and that I had added in two months but three leaves to a flowered apron then in the frame, took the alarm, and with all the zeal of honest folly exclaimed

claimed against my new acquaintance, who had filled me with idle notions, and turned my head with books. But she had now lost her authority, for I began to find innumerable mistakes in her opinions, and improprieties in her language; and therefore thought myself no longer bound to pay much regard to one who knew little beyond her needle and her dairy; and who professed to think that nothing more is required of a woman, than to see that the house is clean, and that the maids go to bed and rise at a certain hour.

She seemed, however, to look upon Flavia as seducing me, and to imagine that when her influence was withdrawn, I should return to my allegiance; she therefore contented herself with remote hints, and gentle admonitions, intermixed with sage histories of the miscarriages of wit, and disappointments of pride. But since she has found, that though Flavia is departed, I still persist in my new scheme, she has at length lost her patience, she snatches my book out of my hand, tears my paper if she finds me writing, burns Flavia's letters before my face when she can seize them, and threatens to lock me up, and to complain to my father of my perverseness. 'If women,' she says, 'would but know their duty and their interest, they would be careful to acquaint themselves with family affairs, and many a penny might be saved; for while the mistress of the house is scribbling and reading, servants are junketing, and linen is wearing out.' She then takes me round the rooms, shews me the worked hangings, and chairs of tent-stitch, and asks whether all this was done with a pen and a book.

I cannot deny, that I sometimes laugh, and sometimes am fullen; but she has not delicacy enough to be much moved either with my mirth or my gloom, if she did not think the interest of the family endangered by this change of my manners. She had for some years marked out young Mr. Surly, an heir in the neighbourhood, remarkable for his love of fighting-cocks, as an advantageous match; and was extremely pleased with the civilities which he used to pay me, till under Flavia's tuition I learned to talk of subjects which he could not understand. 'This,' she says, 'is the

'consequence of female study; girls grow too wise to be advised, and too stubborn to be commanded;' but she is resolved to try who shall govern, and will thwart my humour till she breaks my spirit.

These menaces, Mr. Rambler, sometimes make me quite angry; for I have been sixteen these ten weeks, and think myself exempted from the dominion of a governess, who has no pretensions to more sense or knowledge than myself. I am resolved, since I am as tall and as wise as other women, to be no longer treated like a girl. Miss Flavia has often told me, that ladies of my age go to assemblies and routes, without their mothers and their aunts; I shall therefore, from this time, leave asking advice, and refuse to give accounts. I wish you would state the time at which young ladies may judge for themselves, which I am sure you cannot but think ought to begin before sixteen; if you are inclined to delay it longer, I shall have very little regard to your opinion.

My aunt often tells me of the advantages of experience, and of the deference due to seniority; and both she, and all the antiquated part of the world, talk of the unreserved obedience which they paid to the commands of their parents, and the undoubting confidence with which they listened to their precepts; of the terrors which they felt at a frown, and the humility with which they supplicated forgiveness whenever they had offended. I cannot but fancy that this boast is too general to be true, and that the young and the old were always at variance. I have, however, told my aunt, that I will mend whatever she will prove to be wrong; but she replies, that she has reasons of her own, and that she is sorry to live in an age when girls have the impudence to ask for proofs.

I beg once again, Mr. Rambler, to know whether I am not as wise as my aunt; and whether, when she presumes to check me as a baby, I may not pluck up a spirit, and return her insolence. I shall not proceed to extremities without your advice, which is therefore impatiently expected by

MYATILLA.

P. S. Remember I am past sixteen.

Nº LXXXV.

N^o LXXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1751.OTIA SI TOLLAS PERIRE CUPIDINIS ARCUS
CONTEMPTQUE JACENT, ET SINE LUCE FACIES.

OVID.

AT BUSY HEARTS IN VAIN LOVE'S ARROWS FLY;
DIM, SCORN'D, AND IMPOTENT, HIS TORCHES LIE.

MANY writers of eminence in physick have laid out their diligence upon the consideration of those distempers to which men are exposed by particular states of life; and very learned treatises have been produced upon the maladies of the camp, the sea, and the mines. There are, indeed, few employments which a man accustomed to anatomical enquiries, and medical refinements, would not find reasons for declining as dangerous to health, did not his learning or experience inform him, that almost every occupation, however inconvenient or formidable, is happier and safer than a life of sloth.

The necessity of action is not only demonstrable from the fabrick of the body, but evident from observation of the universal practice of mankind; who for the preservation of health in those whose rank or wealth exempts them from the necessity of lucrative labour, have invented sports and diversions, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades, yet of equal fatigue to those that practise them, and differing only from the drudgery of the husbandman or manufacturer, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful sense of compulsion. The huntsman rises early, pursues his game through all the dangers and obstructions of the chase, swims rivers, and scales precipices, till he returns home no less harassed than the soldier, and has perhaps sometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or death: yet he has no motive to incite his ardour; he is neither subject to the commands of a general, nor dreads any penalties for neglect and disobedience; he has neither profit nor honour to expect from his perils and his conquests, but toils without the hope of mural or civic garlands, and must content himself with the praise of his tenants and companions.

But such is the constitution of man, that labour may be styled its own reward; nor will any external incitements

be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Ease is the utmost that can be hoped from a sedentary and unactive habit; ease, a neutral state between pain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound of vigour, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and by frequent exposure fortifies his frame against the common accidents of cold and heat.

With ease, however, if it could be secured, many would be content; but nothing terrestrial can be kept at a stand. Ease, if it is not rising into pleasure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of speculation may suggest of observing the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its waste, we know that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that as their vigour fails, obstructions are generated; and that from obstructions proceed most of those pains which wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they sometimes suffer life to be long, condemn it to be useless, chain us down to the couch of misery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronic from ourselves: the dart of death indeed falls from Heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.

It is necessary to that perfection of which

which our present state is capable, that the mind and body should both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be suffered to grow lax or torpid for want of use; that neither health be purchased by voluntary submission to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health which must enable it either to give pleasure to it's possessor, or assistance to others. It is too frequently the pride of students to despise those amusements and recreations which give to the rest of mankind strength of limbs and cheerfulness of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed seldom consistent with such skill in common exercises or sports as is necessary to make them practised with delight; and no man is willing to do that of which the necessity is not pressing and immediate, when he knows that his awkwardness must make him ridiculous.

*Ludere qui nescit, compendibus abstinet armis,
Indolentique Pila, Discosque, Trachine quiescit,
Ne spolia risum tollant impuni Corona.*

HOR.

He that's unskillful will not toss a ball;
Nor run, nor wrestle, for he fears the fall;
He justly fears to meet deserv'd disgrace,
And that the ring will hiss the baffled ass.

CREECH.

Thus the man of learning is often resigned, almost by his own consent, to languor and pain; and while in the prosecution of his studies he suffers the weariness of labour, is subject by his course of life to the maladies of idleness.

It was, perhaps, from the observation of this mischievous omission in those who are employed about intellectual objects, that Locke has, in his System of Education, urged the necessity of a trade to men of all ranks and professions, that when the mind is weary with it's proper task, it may be relaxed by a slighter attention to some mechanical operation; and that while the vital functions are re-suscitated and awakened by vigorous motion, the understanding may be restrained from that vagrance and dissipation by which it relieves itself after a long intenseness of thought, unless some allurement be presented that may engage application without anxiety.

There is so little reason for expecting frequent conformity to Locke's precept, that it is not necessary to enquire whether

the practice of mechanical arts might not give occasion to petty emulation, and degenerate ambition; and whether, if our divines and physicians were taught the lathe and the chizel, they would not think more of their tools than their books; as Nero neglected the care of his empire for his chariot and his fiddle. It is certainly dangerous to be too much pleased with little things; but what is there which may not be perverted? Let us remember how much worse employment might have been found for those hours which a manual occupation appears to engross; let us compute the profit with the loss; and when we reflect how often a genius is allured from his studies, consider likewise, that perhaps by the same attractions he is sometimes withheld from debauchery, or recalled from malice, from ambition, from envy, and from lust.

I have always admired the wisdom of those by whom our female education was instituted; for having contrived, that every woman, of whatever condition, should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluse and domestick leisure may be filled up. These arts are more necessary as the weakness of their sex and the general system of life debar ladies from many employments which, by diversifying the circumstances of men, preserve them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happiness of the world may be the consequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps, the most powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confusion and slaughter that would be produced by so many piercing eyes and vivid understandings, turned loose at once upon mankind, with no other business than to sparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to destroy.

For my part, whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of misses busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain-work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous ensnarements of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and with idleness her attendant train of passions, fancies; and chimeras, fears, sorrows, and



and desires. Ovid and Cervantes will inform them that Love has no power but over those whom he catches unemployed; and Hector, in the Iliad, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with terrors, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff.

It is certain that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetic principle, that *Nature abhors a*

vacuum, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however absurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

Nº LXXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1751.

LEGITIMUMQUE SONUM DIGITIS CALLEMUS ET AURE.

HOR.

BY FINGERS, OR BY EAR, WE NUMBERS SCAN.

ELPHINSTON.

ONE of the ancients has observed, that the burthen of government is increased upon princes by the virtues of their immediate predecessors. It is, indeed, always dangerous to be placed in a state of unavoidable comparison with excellence, and the danger is still greater when that excellence is consecrated by death; when envy and interest cease to act against it; and those passions by which it was at first vilified and opposed, now stand in it's defence, and turn their vehemence against honest emulation.

He that succeeds a celebrated writer, has the same difficulties to encounter; he stands under the shade of exalted merit, and is hindered from rising to his natural height, by the interception of those beams which should invigorate and quicken him. He applies to that attention which is already engaged, and unwilling to be drawn off from certain satisfaction; or perhaps to an attention already wearied, and not to be recalled to the same object.

One of the old poets congratulates himself that he has the untrodden regions of Parnassus before him, and that his garland will be gathered from plantations which no writer had yet culled. But the imitator treads a beaten walk, and with all his diligence can only hope to find a few flowers or branches untouched by his predecessor, the refuse of contempt, or the omissions of negligence. The Macedonian conqueror, when he was once invited to hear a man that sung like a nightingale, replied with contempt, that he had

heard the nightingale herself; and the same treatment must every man expect whose praise is that he imitates another.

Yet, in the midst of these discouraging reflections, I am about to offer to my reader some observations upon *Paradise Lost*; and hope that, however I may fall below the illustrious writer who has so long dictated to the commonwealth of learning, my attempt may not be wholly useless. There are, in every age, new errors to be rectified, and new prejudices to be opposed. False taste is always busy to mislead those that are entering upon the regions of learning; and the traveller, uncertain of his way, and forsaken by the sun, will be pleased to see a fainter orb arise on the horizon, that may rescue him from total darkness, though with weak and borrowed lustre.

Addison, though he has considered this poem under most of the general topics of criticism, has barely touched upon the versification; not probably because he thought the art of numbers unworthy of his notice, for he knew with how minute attention the ancient critics considered the disposition of syllables, and had himself given hopes of some metrical observations upon the great Roman poet; but being the first who undertook to display the beauties, and point out the defects of Milton, he had many objects at once before him, and passed willingly over those which were most barren of ideas, and required labour, rather than genius.

Yet versification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indispensably

B b

necessary

necessary to a poet. Every other power by which the understanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exercised in prose. But the poet has this peculiar superiority, that to all the powers which the perfection of every other composition can require, he adds the faculty of joining music with reason, and of acting at once upon the senses and the passions. I suppose there are few who do not feel themselves touched by poetical melody; and who will not confess that they are more or less moved by the same thoughts, as they are conveyed by different sounds, and more affected by the same words in one order than in another. The perception of harmony is indeed conferred upon men in degrees very unequal, but there are none who do not perceive it, or to whom a regular series of proportionate sounds cannot give delight.

In treating on the verification of Milton I am desirous to be generally understood, and shall therefore studiously decline the dialect of grammarians; though, indeed, it is always difficult, and sometimes scarcely possible, to deliver the precepts of an art, without the terms by which the peculiar ideas of that art are expressed, and which had not been invented but because the language already in use was insufficient. If therefore I shall sometimes seem obscure, may be imputed to this voluntary interdiction, and to a desire of avoiding that offence which is always given by unusual words.

The heroic measure of the English language may be properly considered as pure or mixed. It is pure when the accent rests upon every second syllable through the whole line.

Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?

DRYDEN.

Here love his golden shafts employs, here
lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple
wings,
Reigns here, and revels; not in the bought
smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd.

MILTON.

The accent may be observed, in the second line of Dryden, and the second and fourth of Milton, to repose upon every second syllable.

The repetition of this sound or perception at equal times, is the most complete harmony of which a single verse is capable, and should therefore be exactly kept in distiches, and generally in the last line of a paragraph, that the ear may rest without any sense of imperfection.

But, to preserve the series of sounds untransposed in a long composition, is not only very difficult, but tiresome and disgusting; for we are soon wearied with the perpetual recurrence of the same cadence. Necessity has therefore enforced the mixed measure, in which some variation of the accents is allowed; this, though it always injures the harmony of the line considered by itself, yet compensates the loss by relieving us from the continual tyranny of the same sound, and makes us more sensible of the harmony of the pure measure.

Of these mixed numbers every poet affords us innumerable instances; and Milton seldom has two pure lines together, as will appear if any of his paragraphs be read with attention merely to the music.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and
heav'n,
Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent
globe,
And starry pole: thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large; where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground;
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

In this passage it will be at first observed, that all the lines are not equally harmonious, and upon a nearer examination it will be found that only the fifth and ninth lines are regular, and the rest are more or less licentious with respect to the accent. In some the accent is equally upon two syllables together, and in both strong. As—

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and
heav'n.

In others the accent is equally upon two syllables, but upon both weak.

— a race —

To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

In the first pair of syllables the accent may deviate from the rigour of exactness, without any unpleasing diminution of harmony, as may be observed in the lines already cited, and more remarkably in this—

— Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day.

But, excepting in the first pair of syllables, which may be considered as arbitrary, a poet who, not having the invention or knowledge of Milton, has more need to allure his audience by musical cadences, should seldom suffer more than one aberration from the rule in any single verse.

There are two lines in this passage more remarkably unharmonious,

— This delicious place,
For us too large; where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground,

Here the third pair of syllables in the first, and fourth pair in the second verse, have their accents retrograde or inverted; the first syllable being strong or acute, and the second weak. The detriment which the measure suffers by this inversion of the accents is sometimes less per-

ceptible, when the verses are carried one into another, but is remarkably striking in this place, where the vicious verse concludes a period; and is yet more offensive in rhyme, when we regularly attend to the flow of every single line. This will appear by reading a couplet, in which Cowley, an author not sufficiently studious of harmony, has committed the same fault:

— his harmless life —
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round.

In these the law of metre is very grossly violated by mingling combinations of sound directly opposite to each other, as Milton expresses in his sonnet, by *committing short and long*, and setting one part of the measure at variance with the rest. The ancients, who had a language more capable of variety than ours, had two kinds of verse, the Iambick, consisting of short and long syllables alternately, from which our heroick measure is derived, and the Trochaick, consisting in a like alternation of long and short. These were considered as opposites, and conveyed the contrary images of speed and slowness; to confound them, therefore, as in these lines, is to deviate from the established practice. But where the senses are to judge, authority is not necessary, the ear is sufficient to detect dissonance, nor should I have sought auxiliaries on such an occasion against any name but that of Milton.

Nº LXXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1751.

INVIDIUS, IRACUNDUS, TENER, VINOSUS, AMATOR,
NEMO ADROPERUS EST, UT NON MITISCERE POSUIT,
SI NODO CULTURÆ PATIENTEM COMMDET AURIM.

HOR.

THE SLAVE TO ENVY, ANGER, WINE, OR LOVE,
THE WRETCH OF SLOTH, IT'S EXCELLENCE SHALL PROVE;
PIERCENESS ITSELF SHALL HEAR IT'S RAGE AWAY,
WHEN LIST'NING CALMLY TO TH' INSTRUCTIVE LAY.

FRANCIS.

THAT few things are so liberally bestowed, or squandered with so little effect, as good advice, has been generally observed; and many sage positions have been advanced concerning the reasons of this complaint, and the means of removing it. It is indeed an impor-

tant and noble enquiry, for little would be wanting to the happiness of life, if every man could conform to the right as soon as he was shown it.

This perverse neglect of the most salutary precepts, and stubborn resistance of the most pathetick persuasion, is usually

B b 2 imputed

imputed to him by whom the counsel is received; and we often hear it mentioned as a sign of hopeless depravity, that though good advice was given, it has wrought no reformation.

Others, who imagine themselves to have quicker sagacity and deeper penetration, have found out, that the inefficacy of advice is usually the fault of the counsellor, and rules have been laid down, by which this important duty may be successfully performed: we are directed by what tokens to discover the favourable moment at which the heart is disposed for the operation of truth and reason, with what address to administer, and with what vehicles to disguise the *embarrassments of the soul*.

But, notwithstanding this specious expedient, we find the world yet in the same state; advice is still given, but still received with disgust; nor has it appeared that the bitterness of the medicine has been yet abated, or it's power increased, by any methods of preparing it.

If we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently useless. For what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence and inculcated with importunity; but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

It is not often that any man can have so much knowledge of another, as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently, whose superiority either of power or understanding may intitle them to inspect our lives; it is therefore very probable that he who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause; and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions or desires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious. But for the same reason every one is eager to

instruct his neighbours. To be wise or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

—*Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum
Tollere humi, victorque virum salutare per ora.*
VIRG.

New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
DAYDEN.

Vanity is so frequently the apparent motive of advice, that we, for the most part, summon our powers to oppose it without any very accurate enquiry whether it is right. It is sufficient that another is growing great in his own eyes at our expence, and assumes authority over us without our permission; for many would contentedly suffer the consequences of their own mistakes, rather than the insolence of him who triumphs as their deliverer.

It is, indeed, seldom found that any advantages are enjoyed with that moderation which the uncertainty of all human good so powerfully enforces; and therefore the adviser may justly suspect, that he has inflamed the opposition which he laments by arrogance and superciliousness. He may suspect, but needs not hastily to condemn himself, for he can rarely be certain that the softest language, or the most humble diffidence, would have escaped resentment; since scarcely any degree of circumspection can prevent or obviate the rage with which the slothful, the impotent, and the unsuccessful, vent their discontent upon those that excel them. Modesty itself, if it is praised, will be envied; and there are minds so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits, not because recompence is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.

The number of those whom the love of themselves has thus far corrupted, is perhaps not great; but there are few so free from vanity, as not to dictate to those who will hear their instructions, with a visible sense of their own beneficence; and few to whom it is not unpleasant to receive documents, however tenderly and cautiously delivered, or who

are

are not willing to raise themselves from pupillage, by disputing the propositions of their teacher.

It was the maxim, I think, of Alphonfus of Arragon, that *dead counsellors are safest*. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information that we receive from books is pure from interest, fear, or ambition. Dead counsellors are likewise most instructive; because they are heard with patience and with reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that man wiser than ourselves, from whose abilities we may receive advantage, without any danger of rivalry or opposition, and who affords us the light of his experience, without hurting our eyes by flashes of insolence.

By the consultation of books, whether of dead or living authors, many temptations to petulance and opposition, which occur in oral conferences, are avoided. An author cannot obtrude his advice unasked, nor can he often be suspected of any malignant intention to insult his readers with his knowledge or his wit. Yet so prevalent is the habit of comparing ourselves with others, while they remain within the reach of our passions, that books are seldom read with complete impartiality, but by those from whom the writer is placed at such a distance that his life or death is indifferent.

We see that volumes may be perused, and perused with attention, to little effect; and that maxims of prudence, or principles of virtue, may be treasured in the memory without influencing the conduct. Of the numbers that pass their lives among books, very few read to be made wiser or better, apply any general reproof of vice to themselves, or try their own manners by axioms of justice. They purpose either to consume those hours for which they can find no other amuse-

ment, to gain or preserve that respect which learning has always obtained; or to gratify their curiosity with knowledge, which, like treasures buried and forgotten, is of no use to others or themselves.

'The preacher,' says a French author, 'may spend an hour in explaining and enforcing a precept of religion, without feeling any impression from his own performance; because he may have no further design than to fill up his hour.' A student may easily exhaust his life in comparing divines and moralists, without any practical regard to morality or religion; he may be learning, not to live, but to reason; he may regard only the elegance of style, justness of argument, and accuracy of method; and may enable himself to criticize with judgment, and dispute with subtilty, while the chief use of his volumes is unthought of, his mind is unaffected, and his life is unreformed.

But though truth and virtue are thus frequently defeated by pride, obstinacy, or folly, we are not allowed to desert them; for whoever can furnish arms which they hitherto have not employed, may enable them to gain some hearts which would have resisted any other method of attack. Every man of genius has some arts of fixing the attention peculiar to himself, by which, honestly exerted, he may benefit mankind; for the arguments for purity of life fail of their due influence, not because they have been considered and confuted, but because they have been passed over without consideration. To the position of Tully, that if Virtue could be seen, she must be loved, may be added, that if Truth could be heard, she must be obeyed.

N^o LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1751.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMIT HONESTI;
 AUDEBIT QUÆCUNQUE MINUS SPLENDORIS HABEBUNT,
 ACT SINE PONDERE KRUNT, ET HONORE INDIGNA PERSENTUR,
 VERBA MOVERE LOCO, QUAMVIS INVITA RECEDANT,
 ET VERSENTUR ADHUC INTRA PENETRALIA VESTÆ.

HOR.

BUT HE THAT HATH A CURIOUS PIECE DESIGN'D,
 WHEN HE BEGINS, MUST TAKE A CENSOR'S MIND;
 SEVERE AND HONEST; AND WHAT WORDS APPEAR
 TOO LIGHT AND TRIVIAL, OR TOO WEAK TO BEAR
 THE WEIGHTY SENSE, NOR WORTH THE READER'S CARE,
 SHAKE OFF; THO' STUBBORN, THEY ARE LOTH TO MOVE,
 AND THO' WE FANCY, DEARLY THO' WE LOVE.

CREECH.

THERE is no reputation for 'genius,' says Quintilian, 'to be gained by writing on things which, however necessary, have little splendor or shew. The height of a building attracts the eye, but the foundations lie without regard. Yet since there is not any way to the top of science, but from the lowest parts, I shall think nothing unconnected with the art of oratory, which he that wants cannot be an orator.'

Confirmed and animated by this illustrious precedent, I shall continue my enquiries into Milton's art of versification. Since, however minute the employment may appear, of analysing lines into syllables, and whatever ridicule may be incurred by a solemn deliberation upon accents and pauses, it is certain that without this petty knowledge no man can be a poet; and that from the proper disposition of single sounds, results that harmony that adds force to reason, and gives grace to sublimity; that shackles attention, and governs passions.

That verse may be melodious and pleasing, it is necessary, not only that the words be so ranged as that the accent may fall in it's proper place, but that the syllables themselves be so chosen as to flow smoothly into one another. This is to be effected by a proportionate mixture of vowels and consonants, and by tempering the mute consonants with liquids and semi-vowels. The Hebrew grammarians have observed, that it is impossible to pronounce two consonants without the intervention of a vowel, or without some emission of the breath between one and the other; this is longer and more perceptible, as the sounds of

the consonants are less harmonically conjoined, and, by consequence, the flow of the verse is longer interrupted.

It is pronounced by Dryden, that a line of monosyllables is almost always harsh. This, with regard to our language, is evidently true, not because monosyllables cannot compose harmony, but because our monosyllables being of Teutonic original, or formed by contraction, commonly begin and end with consonants, as—

—Every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they bear, see, smell, touch, taste.

The difference of harmony arising principally from the collocation of vowels and consonants, will be sufficiently conceived by attending to the following passages:

Immortal Amarant—there grows
 And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst
 of Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
 With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks in wreaths of twixt beams.

The same comparison that I propose to be made between the fourth and sixth verses of this passage, may be repeated between the last lines of the following quotations:

Under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem.

Here in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,

Espoused

*Espos'd Eve first deck'd her nuptial bed;
And heav'nly choirs the hymenean sung.*

Milton, whose ear had been accus-
tom'd, not only to the musick of the an-
cient tongues, which, however vitiated by
our pronunciation, excel all that are
now in use, but to the softness of the
Italian, the most mellifluous of all mo-
dern poetry, seems fully convinced of
the unsuitness of our language for smooth
versification, and is therefore pleas'd
with an opportunity of calling in a
softer word to his assistance; for this
reason, and I believe for this only, he
sometimes indulges himself in a long se-
ries of proper names, and introduces
them where they add little but musick
to his poem.

— The richer feast
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Gerion's sons
Call El Dorado. —

The moon — The Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Pesele
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands.

He has indeed been more attentive to
his syllables than to his accents, and
does not often offend by collisions of
consonants, or openings of vowels upon
each other, at least not more often than
other writers who have had less impor-
tant or complicated subjects to take off
their care from the cadence of their
lines.

The great peculiarity of Milton's ver-
sification, compar'd with that of later
poets, is the elision of one vowel be-
fore another, or the suppression of the
last syllable of a word ending with a
vowel, when a vowel begins the follow-
ing word. As —

Knowledge —
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

This licence, though now disus'd in
English poetry, was practis'd by our
old writers, and is allow'd in many other
languages, ancient and modern; and
therefore the critics on *Paradise Lost*
have, without much deliberation, com-
mended Milton for continuing it. But
one language cannot communicate it's
rules to another. We have already tried
and reject'd the hexameter of the an-
cients, the double close of the Italians,

and the alexandrine of the French; and
the elision of vowels, however graceful
it may seem to other nations, may be
very unsuitable to the genius of the
English tongue.

There is reason to believe that we have
negligently lost part of our vowels, and
that the silent *e* which our ancestors ad-
ded to most of our monosyllables, was
once vocal. By this destruction of our
syllables, our language is overstocked
with consonants, and it is more necessary
to add vowels to the beginning of words,
than to cut them off from the end.

Milton therefore seems to have some-
what mistaken the nature of our lan-
guage, of which the chief defect is rug-
gedness and asperity, and has left our
harsh cadences yet harsher. But his eli-
sions are not all equally to be censur'd;
in some syllables they may be allow'd,
and perhaps in a few may be safely
imitated. The abscision of a vowel is
undoubtedly vicious when it is strongly
found, and makes, with it's associate
consonant, a full and audible syllable.

— What he gives,
Spiritual, may to purest spirits be found.
No ingrateful food, and food alike these pure
Intelligential substances require.

Fruits — Hesperian fables true,
If true, here *only*, and of delicious taste.

— Evening now approach'd,
For we have *asse* our evening and our morn.

Of guests he makes them slaves,
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males.

And vital Virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass. —

God made *bee* of choice his own, and of
his own
To serve him.

I believe every reader will agree that
in all those passages, though not equal-
ly in all, the musick is injured, and in
some the meaning obscured. There are
other lines in which the vowel is cut off,
but it is so faintly pronounced in com-
mon speech, that the loss of it in poetry
is scarcely perceived; and therefore such
compliance with the measure may be al-
low'd.

Nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd —

— From the throne
They view'd the vast immensurable abyss.
Impen-

Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire.
To none communicable in earth or heav'n.

Yet even these contractions encrease the roughness of a language too rough already; and though in long poems they may be sometimes suffered, it never can be faulty to forbear them.

Milton frequently uses in his poems the hypermetrical or redundant line of eleven syllables.

—Thus it shall befall

Him who to worth in woman over-trusting
Lets her will rule—

I also err'd in over-much admiring.

Verses of this kind occur almost in every page; but though they are not unpleasant or dissonant, they ought not to be admitted into heroic poetry, since the narrow limits of our language allow us no other distinction of epick and tragick measures, than is afforded by the liberty of changing at will the terminations of the dramatick lines, and bringing them by that relaxation of metrical rigour nearer to prose.

N^o LXXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1751.

DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.

HOR.

WISDOM AT PROPER TIMES IS WELL FORGOT.

LOCKE, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favourer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced, that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigour, must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exactors of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement.

It is certain, that, with or without our consent, many of the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break from confinement to it's stated task, into sudden excursions. Severe and connected attention is preserved but for a short time; and when a man shuts himself up in his closet, and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any abstruse question, he will find his faculties continually stealing away to more pleasing entertainments. He often perceives himself transported; he knows not how, to distant tracts of thought; and return to his first object as from a dream, without knowing when he forsook it, or how long he has been abstracted from it.

It has been observed, that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, or the choice of books, or the convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens, that the most reclusive are not

the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of severe and exemplary diligence; when they, in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in voluntary visions. In the journey of life some are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some because they miss the way; and many because they leave it by choice, and instead of pressing onward with a steady pace, delight themselves with momentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every flower, and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whose business is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with those airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are restrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the comparison of our conduct with that of others may in time produce. But this invisible riot of the mind, this secret prodigality of being, is secure from detection, and fearless of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, shuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himself to his own fancy; new worlds rise up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long succession of delights dances round him. He is at last called back to life by nature, or by custom, and enters peevish into society,

It is, perhaps, not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady, by close application to some new study which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep curiosity in perpetual motion. But study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves. Active employment, or public pleasure, is generally a necessary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wife and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals.

tervals. Heroick generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumbers all minds from awe and solicitude, invites the modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This easy gaiety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections while their

sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war, and palaces of pleasure; we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, for we cannot think of defence without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters; with protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.

Nº XC. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1751.

IN TENUI LABOR.

VIRG.

WHAT TOIL IN SLENDER THINGS!

IT is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature without failing either to please or instruct. Too much nicety of detail disgusts the greatest part of readers; and to throw a multitude of particulars under general heads, and lay down rules of extensive comprehension, is to common understandings of little use. They who undertake these subjects are therefore always in danger, as one or other inconvenience arises to their imagination, of frightening us with rugged science, or amusing us with empty sound.

In criticising the work of Milton, there is, indeed, opportunity to intersperse passages that can hardly fail to relieve the languors of attention; and since, in examining the variety and choice of the pauses with which he has diversified his numbers, it will be necessary to exhibit the lines in which they are to be found, perhaps the remarks may be well compensated by the examples, and the irksomeness of grammatical disquisitions somewhat alleviated.

Milton formed his scheme of versification by the poets of Greece and Rome, whom he proposed to himself for his models, so far as the difference of his language from theirs would permit the imitation. There are indeed many inconveniences inseparable from our heroick measure compared with that of

Homer and Virgil; inconveniences, which it is no reproach to Milton not to have overcome, because they are in their own nature insuperable; but against which he has struggled with so much art and diligence, that he may at least be said to have deserved success.

The hexameter of the ancients may be considered as consisting of fifteen syllables, so melodiously disposed, that as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleasing and sonorous lyric measures are formed from the fragments of the heroick. It is, indeed, scarce possible to break them in such a manner but that *invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ*, some harmony will still remain, and the due proportions of sound will always be discovered. This measure therefore allowed great variety of pauses, and great liberties of connecting one verse with another, because wherever the line was interrupted, either part singly was musical. But the ancients seem to have confined this privilege to hexameters; for in their other measures, though longer than the English heroick, those who wrote after the refinements of versification, venture so seldom to change their pauses, that every variation may be supposed rather a compliance with necessity than the choice of judgment.

Milton was constrained within the narrow

narrow limits of a measure not very harmonious in the utmost perfection; the single parts, therefore, into which it was to be sometimes broken by pauses, were in danger of losing the very form of verse. This has, perhaps, notwithstanding all his care, sometimes happened.

As harmony is the end of poetical measures, no part of a verse ought to be so separated from the rest as not to remain still more harmonious than prose, or to shew, by the disposition of the tones, that it is part of a verse. This rule in the old hexameter might be easily observed, but in English will very frequently be in danger of violation; for the order and regularity of accents cannot well be perceived in a succession of fewer than three syllables, which will confine the English poet to only five pauses; it being supposed that, when he connects one line with another, he should never make a full pause at less distance than that of three syllables from the beginning or end of a verse.

That this rule should be universally and indispensably established, perhaps cannot be granted; something may be allowed to variety, and something to the adaptation of the numbers to the subject; but it will be found generally necessary, and the ear will seldom fail to suffer by it's neglect.

Thus when a single syllable is cut off from the rest, it must either be united to the line with which the sense connects it, or be sounded alone. If it be united to the other line, it corrupts it's harmony; if disjoined, it must stand alone, and with regard to music be superfluous; for there is no harmony in a single sound, because it has no proportion to another.

Hypocrites austere talk,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure; and commands to some, leaves free to
all.

When two syllables likewise are absconded from the rest, they evidently want some associate sounds to make them harmonious.

—Eyes—

—more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral
reed

Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. *Meanwhile*

To re-salute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd.

He ended, and the sun gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd ~~he blew~~
His trumpet.

First in the east his glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road;
the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence.

The same defect is perceived in the following line, where the pause is at the second syllable from the beginning.

The race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, 'till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee explores.

When the pause falls upon the third syllable or the seventh, the harmony is better preserved; but as the third and seventh are weak syllables, the period leaves the ear unsatisfied, and in expectation of the remaining part of the verse.

He, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,
Confounded though immortal. But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now ~~the~~
thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him.

God—with frequent intercourse,
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending.

It may be, I think, established as a rule, that a pause which concludes a period should be made for the most part upon a strong syllable, as the fourth and sixth; but those pauses which only suspend the sense may be placed upon the weaker. Thus the rest in the third line of the first passage satisfies the ear better than in the fourth, and the close of the second quotation better than of the third.

The evil soon
Drawn back, redounded (as a flood) on those
From whom it sprung; impossible to mix
With blessedness.

—What we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
C 62. One

One night or two with wanton growth decides,
Tending to *wild*.

The paths and bow'rs doubt not but our
joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us.

The rest in the fifth place has the same
inconvenience as in the seventh and third,
that the syllable is weak.

Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with
fowl,
And fish with fish, to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other: nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with countenance
grim,
Glar'd on him passing.

The noblest and most majestic pauses
which our versification admits, are upon
the fourth and sixth syllables; which
are both strongly founded in a pure and
regular verse, and at either of which the
line is so divided, that both members
participate of harmony.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: here nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and chaos to retire.

But far above all others, if I can give
any credit to my own ear, is the rest upon

the sixth syllable, which taking in a com-
plete compass of sound, such as is suffi-
cient to constitute one of our lyric mea-
sures, makes a full and solemn close.
Some passages which conclude at this
stop, I could never read without some
strong emotions of delight or admiration.

Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with the eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister; and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song.

Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy there,
He said not to inquire.

He blew
His trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since, perhaps
When God descended; and, perhaps, once
^{more}
To sound at general doom.

If the poetry of Milton be examined,
with regard to the pauses and flow of
his verses into each other, it will appear,
that he has performed all that our lan-
guage would admit; and the compari-
son of his numbers with those who have
cultivated the same manner of writing,
will show that he excelled as much in the
lower as the higher parts of his art, and
that his skill in harmony was not less
than his invention or his learning.

Nº XCI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1751.

DULCIS INEXPERTIS CULTURA POTENTIS AMICI,
EXPERTUS METUIT.

HOR.

TO COURT THE GREAT ONES, AND TO SOOTH THEIR PRIDE,
SEEMS A SWEET TASK TO THOSE THAT NEVER TRIED;
BUT THOSE THAT HAVE, KNOW WELL THAT DANGER'S NEAR.

CREECH.

THE Sciences having long seen their
votaries labouring for the benefit
of mankind without reward, put up their
petition to Jupiter for a more equitable
distribution of riches and honours. Ju-
piter was moved at their complaints,
and touched with the approaching mi-
series of men; whom the Sciences, wea-
ried with perpetual ingratitude, were now
threatening to forsake; and who would
have been reduced by their departure to
feed in dens upon the mast of trees, to
hunt their prey in deserts, and to perish

under the paws of animals stronger and
fiercer than themselves.

A synod of the celestials was there-
fore convened, in which it was resolv'd,
that Patronage should descend to the
assistance of the Sciences. Patronage
was the daughter of Astræa, by a mor-
tal father, and had been educated in the
school of Truth, by the goddesses,
whom she was now appointed to protect.
She had from her mother that dignity of
aspect, which struck terror into false me-
rit; and from her mistress that reserve
which

which made her only accessible to those whom the Sciences brought into her presence.

She came down, with the general acclamation of all the powers that favour learning. Hope danced before her, and Liberality stood at her side, ready to scatter by her direction the gifts which Fortune, who followed her, was commanded to supply. As she advanced towards Parnassus, the cloud which had long hung over it, was immediately dispelled. The shades, before withered with drought, spread their original verdure, and the flowers that had languished with chills brightened their colours, and invigorated their scents; the Muses tuned their harps and exerted their voices; and all the concert of nature welcomed her arrival.

On Parnassus she fixed her residence, in a palace raised by the Sciences, and adorned with whatever could delight the eye, elevate the imagination, or enlarge the understanding. Here she dispersed the gifts of Fortune with the impartiality of Justice, and the discernment of Truth. Her gate stood always open, and Hope sat at the portal, inviting to entrance all whom the Sciences numbered in their train. The court was therefore thronged with innumerable multitudes; of whom, though many returned disappointed, seldom any had confidence to complain; for Patronage was known to neglect few, but for want of the due claims to her regard. Those, therefore, who had solicited her favour without success, generally withdrew from public notice; and either diverted their attention to meaner employments, or endeavoured to supply their deficiencies by closer application.

In time, however, the number of those who had miscarried in their pretensions grew so great, that they became less ashamed of their repulses; and instead of hiding their disgrace in retirement, began to besiege the gates of the palace, and obstruct the entrance of such as they thought likely to be more caressed. The decisions of Patronage, who was but half a goddess, had been sometimes erroneous; and though she always made haste to rectify her mistakes, a few instances of her fallibility encouraged every one to appeal from her judgment to his own and that of his companions, who are always ready to cla-

mour in the common cause, and elate each other with reciprocal applause.

Hope was a steady friend to the disappointed, and Impudence incited them to accept a second invitation, and lay their claim again before Patronage. They were again, for the most part, sent back with ignominy, but found Hope not alienated, and Impudence more resolutely zealous; they therefore contrived new expedients, and hoped at last to prevail by their multitudes which were always increasing, and their perseverance which Hope and Impudence forbade them to relax.

Patronage having been long a stranger to the heavenly assemblies, began to degenerate towards terrestrial nature, and forget the precepts of Justice and Truth. Instead of confining her friendship to the Sciences, she suffered herself, by little and little, to contract an acquaintance with Pride, the son of Falsehood, by whose embraces she had two daughters, Flattery and Caprice. Flattery was nursed by Liberality, and Caprice by Fortune, without any assistance from the lessons of the Sciences.

Patronage began openly to adopt the sentiments and imitate the manners of her husband, by whose opinion she now directed her decisions with very little heed to the precepts of Truth; and as her daughters continually gained upon her affections, the Sciences lost their influence, till none found much reason to boast of their reception, but those whom Caprice or Flattery conducted to her throne.

The throngs who had so long waited, and so often been dismissed for want of recommendation from the Sciences, were delighted to see the power of those rigorous goddesses tending to its extinction. Their patronesses now renewed their encouragements. Hope smiled at the approach of Caprice, and Impudence was always at hand to introduce her clients to Flattery.

Patronage had now learned to procure herself reverence by ceremonies and formalities, and instead of admitting her petitioners to an immediate audience, ordered the antechamber to be erected, called among mortals, the *Hall of Expectation*. Into this hall the entrance was easy to those whom Impudence had consigned to Flattery, and it was therefore crowded with a promiscuous throng,
assembled

assembled from every corner of the earth, pressing forward with the utmost eagerness of desire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

They entered this general receptacle with ardour and alacrity, and made no doubt of speedy access, under the conduct of Flattery, to the presence of Patronage. But it generally happened that they were here left to their destiny, for the inner doors were committed to Caprice, who opened and shut them, as it seemed, by chance, and rejected or admitted without any settled rule of distinction. In the mean time, the miserable attendants were left to wear out their lives in alternate exultation and dejection, delivered up to the sport of Suspicion, who was always whispering into their ear designs against them which were never formed, and of Envy, who diligently pointed out the good fortune of one or other of their competitors. Infamy flew round the hall, and scattered mildews from her wings, with which every one was stained; Reputation followed her with slower flight, and endeavoured to hide the blemishes with paint, which was immediately brushed away, or separated of itself, and left the stains more visible; nor were the spots of Infamy ever effaced, but with limpid water effused by the hand of Time from a well which sprung up beneath the throne of Truth.

It frequently happened that Science, unwilling to lose the ancient prerogative of recommending to Patronage, would lead her followers into the *Hall of Expectation*; but they were soon discouraged from attending, for not only Envy and Suspicion incessantly tormented them, but Impudence considered them as intruders, and incited Infamy to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but seldom without some spots which they could scarcely wash away, and which shewed that they had once waited in the *Hall of Expectation*.

The rest continued to expect the happy moment, at which Caprice should beckon them to approach; and endeavoured to propitiate her, not with Homeric harmony, the representation of great actions, or the recital of noble sentiments, but with soft and voluptuous melody, intermingled with the praises of Patronage and Pride, by whom they were heard at once with pleasure and contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by Caprice, when they least expected it, and heaped by Patronage with the gifts of Fortune, but they were from that time chained to her foot-stool, and condemned to regulate their lives by her glances and her nods; they seemed proud of their manacles, and seldom complained of any drudgery, however servile, or any affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithstanding their obedience, seized on a sudden by Caprice, divested of their ornaments, and thrust back into the *Hall of Expectation*.

Here they mingled again with the tumult, and all, except a few whom experience had taught to seek happiness in the regions of liberty, continued to spend hours, and days, and years, courting the smile of Caprice by the arts of Flattery; till at length new crowds pressed in upon them, and drove them forth at different outlets into the habitations of Disease, and Shame, and Poverty, and Despair, where they passed the rest of their lives in narratives of promises and breaches of faith, of joys and sorrows, of hopes and disappointments.

The Sciences, after a thousand indignities, retired from the palace of Patronage, and having long wandered over the world in grief and distress, were led at last to the cottage of Independence, the daughter of Fortitude; where they were taught by Prudence and Parsimony to support themselves in dignity and quiet.

N^o XCII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1751.

JAM NUNC MINACI MURMURE CORNUUM
PERSTRINGIS AURIS, JAM LITUI STREPUNT.

HOM.

LO! NOW THE CLARION'S VOICE I HEAR,
IT'S THREAT'NING MURMURS PIERCE MINE EAR;
AND IN THY LINES WITH BRAZEN BREATH
THE TRUMPET SOUNDS THE CHARGE OF DEATH.

FRANCIS.

IT has been long observed, that the idea of beauty is vague and undefined, different in different minds, and diversified by time or place. It has been a term hitherto used to signify that which pleases us we know not why, and in our approbation of which we can justify ourselves only by the concurrence of numbers, without much power of enforcing our opinion upon others by any argument, but example and authority. It is, indeed, so little subject to the examinations of reason, that Pascal supposes it to end where demonstration begins, and maintains, that without incongruity and absurdity we cannot speak of geometrical beauty.

To trace all the sources of that various pleasure which we ascribe to the agency of beauty, or to disentangle all the perceptions involved in it's idea, would, perhaps, require a very great part of the life of Aristotle or Plato. It is, however, in many cases, apparent that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful because they have something which we agree, for whatever reason, to call beauty, in a greater degree than we have been accustomed to find it in other things of the same kind; and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge increases, and appropriate it to higher excellence, when higher excellence comes within our view.

Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; and therefore Boileau justly remarks, that the books which have stood the test of time, and been admired through all the changes which the mind of man has suffered from the various revolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary customs, have a better claim to our regard than any modern can boast, because the long continuance of their reputation proves that they are adequate to our faculties, and agreeable to nature.

It is, however, the task of criticism to establish principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; and to distinguish those means of pleasing which depend upon known causes and rational deduction, from the nameless and inexplicable elegancies which appeal wholly to the fancy, from which we feel delight, but know not how they produce it, and which may well be termed the enchantresses of the soul. Criticism reduces those regions of literature under the dominion of science, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of prescription.

There is nothing in the art of verifying so much exposed to the power of imagination as the accommodation of the sound to the sense, or the representation of particular images, by the flow of the verse in which they are expressed. Every student has innumerable passages, in which he, and perhaps he alone, discovers such resemblances, and since the attention of the present race of poetical readers seems particularly turned upon this species of elegance, I shall endeavour to examine how much these conformities have been observed by the poets, or directed by the critics, how far they can be established upon nature and reason, and on what occasions they have been practised by Milton.

Homer, the father of all poetical beauty, has been particularly celebrated by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, as *the best of all the poets, exhibited the greatest variety of sound*; 'For there are,' says he, 'innumerable passages, in which length of time, bulk of body, extremity of passion, and stillness of repose; or, in which, on the contrary, brevity, speed, and eagerness, are evidently marked out by the sound of the syllables. Thus the anguish and slow pace with which the blind Polypheme groped out
' with

‘ with his hands the entrance of his cave,
‘ are perceived in the cadence of the ver-
‘ ses which describe it.

Κύκλωϊ δὲ ἐνθάδ' ὅτε καὶ ὤδων ἰδύσας,
Χερσὶ φελοφόρῳ—

Mean time the *cyclo*pragging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round
and round.

POPE.

The critick then proceeds to shew,
that the efforts of Achilles struggling in
his armour against the current of a river,
sometimes resisting and sometimes yield-
ing, may be perceived in the elisions of
the syllables, the slow succession of the
feet, and the strength of the consonants.

Δῖον δ' ἄραφ' Ἀχιλλῆα ποταμῶνι ἵστατο κύμα.
Ἄδου δ' ἐνθάδ' ὅτε καὶ ὤδων ἰδύσας
Χερσὶ φελοφόρῳ—

So oft the surge, in watry mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head,
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Thir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him, slides the slimy soil.

POPE.

When Homer describes the crush of
men dashed against a rock, he collects
the most unpleasant and harsh sounds.

Σὺν δὲ δύν μακρὰς ὄρεϊ σάβανας πρὸς γαῖαν
Ἄδου· ἐν δ' ἐνθάδ' ὅτε καὶ ὤδων ἰδύσας
Χερσὶ φελοφόρῳ—

—His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band,
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and ming-
led gore,

POPE.

And when he would place before the
eyes something dreadful and astonishing,
he makes choice of the strongest vowels,
and the letters of most difficult utter-
ance.

Τῇ δ' ἐνὶ μένι Γοργὼ βλοσυρῶντι ἱερὰ καὶ
δάσν' ἀνελόντων· ὅτε δὲ δαίμας τὴν φέρεται.

Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon it's field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield.

POPE.

Many other examples Dionysius pro-
duces; but these will sufficiently shew,
that either he was fanciful, or we have

lost the genuine pronunciation; for I
know not whether, in any one of these
instances, such similitude can be disco-
vered. It seems, indeed, probable, that
the veneration with which Homer was
read, produced many supposititious beau-
ties; for though it is certain, that the
sound of many of his verses very justly
corresponds with the things expressed,
yet when the force of his imagination,
which gave him full possession of every
object, is considered, together with the
flexibility of his language, of which the
syllables might be often contracted or
dilated at pleasure, it will seem unlikely
that such conformity should happen less
frequently even without design.

It is not however to be doubted, that
Virgil, who wrote amidst the light of
criticism, and who owed so much of his
success to art and labour, endeavoured,
among other excellencies, to exhibit this
similitude; nor has he been less happy
in this than in the other graces of veri-
fication. This felicity of his numbers
was, at the revival of learning, display-
ed with great elegance by Vida, in his
Art of Poetry.

Haud satis est illi utcumque claudere versum.—
Omnia sed numeris vocum concordibus aptant,
Atque sono quaecunque canuunt imitantur, et apta
Verborum facie, et quaesito carminis ore.

Nam diversa opus est veluti dare versibus
ora—

Hic mali r motuque pedum, et pernicious alia,
Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia rudit:
Ille autem membris, ac mole ignavius ingens
Incedit tardo moliminis subfido.

Ecce aliquis subit egregio pulcherrimus ore,
Gai letum membris Venus omnibus efflat ho-
morem.

Contra alius rudi, informes ostendit et artos,
Hirsutisque supercilium, ac caudam sinuosam,
Ingratus visa sonitu illa tabili ipso—

Ergo ubi jam natae spumas salu ere ruentem
Incubere mari, videas spumare reatilis
Convulsam remis, rostroque stridentibus aequor.
Tunc longe sale saxa sonant, tunc et freta
ventis

Incipiunt agitata tumescere: litore fluctus
Illidunt rauco, atque refracta remur murat unda
Ad scopulos, cumulo insequitur praeruptus aquae
mons—

Cum vero ex alto speculatus carula Nortas
Lenit in morem stagni, placidaque paludis,
Lalitur unda vadit abies, natat unda carina.
Verba etiam rei exiguae angusta sequuntur,
Ingentesque iurant gentia: cuncta giganteum
Pasta decent, vulbus immanes, pectora lata,

*Et magni membrorum artus, magna ossa la-
certique.*

*Atque adeo, siquid geritur molimine magno,
Adde miram, et pariter tecum quoque verba
laborem*

*Segna: seu quando vim multa globa coactis
Æternum frangenda bidentibus, æquore seu
cum*

*Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.
At mora si fueris damno, præperare jubebo.*

*Si se forte cava extulerit mala vipera terra,
Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora,
pastor;*

*Ferte cili flammæ, date tela, repellite pestem.
Ipse etiam versus ruat, in præcepisue stratur,*

*Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano nox,
Aut cum percussus graviter procumbit humi bos,
Cumque etiam requies rebus datur, ipsa quoque
ultra*

*Carmina paulisper cursu cessare videbis
In medio interrupta: quierunt cum freta ponti,*

*Pæquam auræ posuere, quiescere protinus ipsum
Cernere erit, mediisque incaptis sistere versum.*

*Quid dicam, senior cum telum imbelle sine ictu
Invasidus jactit, et defectu viribus æger?*

*Num quoque tum versus segni pariter pede
languet:*

*Sanguis bebet, frigent effatæ in corpore vires.
Fortem autem juvenem deat prorumpere in
arces,*

*Evertisse domos, præfractaque quadrupedan-
tum*

*Pectora pectoribus percurrere, sternere turres
Ingentes, totoque, ferum dare funera campo.*

'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, number, or determin'd feet.

To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense;
The correspondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the
same.

With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
This blooms with youth and beauty in his
face,

And Venus breathes on ev'ry limb a grace;
That, of rude form, his uncouth members
shows,

Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough
brows;

His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind;
At once the image and the lines appear,
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.

Lo! when the sailors steer the pond'rous ships,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy
deeps,

Incumbent on the main that roars around,
Beneath the lab'ring oars the waves re-
sound;

The prows wide echoing thro' the dark
profound.

To the loud call each distant rock replies;
Toft by the storm the tow'ring surges rise;

While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding
shore,

Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar.
Flash at the shock, and gath'ring in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and over-hang the
deep.

But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas,
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep sub-
sides,

And the pitch'd vessel o'er the surface glides.
When things are small, the terms should still
be so;

For low words please us, when the theme is low.
But when some giant, horrible and grim,

Enormous in his gait, and vast in ev'ry limb,
Stalks tow'ring on; the swelling words must
rise

In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to
shove,

The verse too labours; the throng'd words
scarce move.

When each stiff clod beneath the pond'rous
plough

Crumbles and breaks, th' encumber'd lines
must flow.

Nor less, when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurled their sails, and hoist the wide-
stretch'd sails.

But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away;

And when the viper issues from the brake,
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and
fire, attack

His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.

When night descends, or stunn'd by num'rous
strokes,

And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,

Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves subside, and tempesta
cease,

And hush the roarings of the sea to peace;
So oft we see the interrupted strain

Stopp'd in the midst—and with the silent
main

Pause for a space—at last it glides again.

When Priam strains his aged arms, to throw
His unavailing jav'line at the foe;

(His blood congeal'd, and ev'ry nerve un-
strung)

Then with the theme complies the artful song;
Like him, the solitary numbers flow,

Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force

Beats down embattled armies in his course,
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,

Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty
walls;

Provokes his flying courser to the speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed:

He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders thro' the
plain.

D d

PITT.

From

From the Italian gardens Pope seems to have transplanted this flower, the growth of happier climates, into a soil less adapted to it's nature, and less favourable to it's increase.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow;

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

From these lines, laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the most diligent endeavours after this imagery of sound. The verse intended to represent the whisper of the vernal breeze, must be confessed not much to excel in softness or volubility; and the smooth stream runs with a perpetual clasp of jarring consonants. The noise and turbulence of the torrent is,

indeed, distinctly imaged, for it requires very little skill to make our language rough; but in these lines, which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heaviness, obstruction, or delay. The swiftness of Camilla is rather contrasted than exemplified; why the verse should be lengthened to express speed, will not easily be discovered. In the dactyls used for that purpose by the ancients, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of passing through a long space in a short time. But the alexandrine, by it's pause in the midst, is a tardy and stately measure; and the word *unbending*, one of the most sluggish and slow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate it's motion.

These rules and these examples have taught our present critics to enquire very studiously and minutely into sounds and cadences. It is, therefore, useful to examine with what skill they have proceeded; what discoveries they have made; and whether any rules can be established which may guide us hereafter in such researches.

Nº XCI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1751.

EXPERIAR QUID CONCEDATUR IN ILLOS
QUORUM FLAMINIA TEGITUR CINIS ATQUE LATINA.

JUV.

MORE SAFELY TRUTH TO URGE HER CLAIM PRESUMES,
ON NAMES NOW FOUND ALONE ON BOOKS AND TOMBS.

THERE are few books on which more time is spent by young students, than on treatises which deliver the characters of authors; nor any which oftener deceive the expectation of the reader, or fill his mind with more opinions which the progress of his studies and the increase of his knowledge oblige him to resign.

Baillet has introduced his collection of the decisions of the learned, by an enumeration of the prejudices which mislead the critick, and raise the passions in rebellion against the judgment. His catalogue, though large, is imperfect; and who can hope to complete it? The beauties of writing have been observed to be often such as cannot in the present state of human knowledge be evinced by evidence, or drawn out

into demonstrations; they are therefore wholly subject to the imagination, and do not force their effects upon a mind preoccupied by unfavourable sentiments, nor overcome the counter-action of a false principle or of stubborn partiality.

To convince any man against his will is hard, but to please him against his will is justly pronounced by Dryden to be above the reach of human abilities. Interest and passion will hold out long against the closest siege of diagrams and syllogisms, but they are absolutely impregnable to imagery and sentiment; and will for ever bid defiance to the most powerful strains of Virgil or Homer, though they may give way in time to the batteries of Euclid or Archimedes.

In trusting therefore to the sentence of a critick, we are in danger not only from

from that vanity which exalts writers too often to the dignity of teaching what they are yet to learn, from that negligence which sometimes steals upon the most vigilant caution, and that fallibility to which the condition of nature has subjected every human understanding; but from a thousand extrinsic and accidental causes, from every thing which can excite kindness or malevolence, veneration or contempt.

Many of those who have determined with great boldness upon the various degrees of literary merit, may be justly suspected of having passed sentence, as Seneca remarks of Claudius—

*Una tantum parte audita,
Sæpe et nulla,*

without much knowledge of the cause before them: for it will not easily be imagined of Langbaine, Borrichius, or Rapin, that they had very accurately perused all the books which they praise or censure; or that, even if nature and learning had qualified them for judges, they could read for ever with the attention necessary to just criticism. Such performances, however, are not wholly without their use; for they are commonly just echoes to the voice of fame, and transmit the general suffrage of mankind when they have no particular motives to suppress it.

Criticks, like the rest of mankind, are very frequently misled by interest. The bigotry with which editors regard the authors whom they illustrate or correct, has been generally remarked. Dryden was known to have written most of his critical dissertations only to recommend the work upon which he then happened to be employed; and Addison is suspected to have denied the expediency of poetical justice, because his own Cato was condemned to perish in a good cause.

There are prejudices which authors, not otherwise weak or corrupt, have indulged without scruple; and perhaps some of them are so complicated with our natural affections, that they cannot easily be disentangled from the heart. Scarce any can hear with impartiality a comparison between the writers of his own and another country; and though it cannot, I think, be charged equally on all nations, that they are blinded with this literary patriotism, yet

there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondness of affinity, and esteem them as well for the place of their birth, as for their knowledge or their wit. There is, therefore, seldom much respect due to comparative criticism, when the competitors are of different countries, unless the judge is of a nation equally indifferent to both. The Italians could not for a long time believe, that there was any learning beyond the mountains; and the French seem generally persuaded, that there are no wits or reasoners equal to their own. I can scarcely conceive, that if Scaliger had not considered himself as allied to Virgil, by being born in the same country, he would have found his works so much superior to those of Homer, or have thought the controversy worthy of so much zeal, vehemence, and acrimony.

There is, indeed, one prejudice, and only one, by which it may be doubted whether it is any dishonour to be sometimes misguided. Criticism has so often given occasion to the envious and ill-natured of gratifying their malignity, that some have thought it necessary to recommend the virtue of candour without restriction, and to preclude all future liberty of censure. Writers possessed with this opinion are continually enforcing civility and decency, recommending to critics the proper diffidence of themselves, and inculcating the veneration due to celebrated names.

I am not of opinion that these professed enemies of arrogance and severity have much more benevolence or modesty than the rest of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts any other intention than to distinguish themselves by their softness and delicacy. Some are modest because they are timorous, and some are lavish of praise because they hope to be repaid.

There is indeed some tenderness due to living writers, when they attack none of those truths which are of importance to the happiness of mankind, and have committed no other offence than that of betraying their own ignorance or dullness. I should think it cruelty to crush an insect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmless stupidity, or destroy the jest which makes it's author laugh. Yet I am far from thinking this tenderness universally

D d a necessary;

necessary; for he that writes may be considered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack; since he quits the common rank of life, steps forward beyond the lists, and offers his merit to the publick judgment. To commence author is to claim praise, and no man can justly aspire to honour but at the hazard of disgrace.

But whatever be decided concerning contemporaries, whom he that knows the treachery of the human heart, and considers how often we gratify our own pride or envy under the appearance of contending for elegance and propriety, will find himself not much inclined to disturb; there can be no exemptions pleaded to secure them from criticism, who can no longer suffer by reproach, and of whom nothing now remains but their writings and their names. Upon these authors the critick is undoubtedly at full liberty to exercise the strictest severity, since he endangers only his own fame, and, like *Aeneas* when he drew his sword in the infernal regions, encounters phantoms which cannot be wounded. He may indeed pay some re-

gard to established reputation; but he can by that shew of reverence consult only his own security, for all other motives are now at an end.

The faults of a writer of acknowledged excellence are more dangerous, because the influence of his example is more extensive; and the interest of learning requires that they should be discovered and stigmatized, before they have the sanction of antiquity conferred upon them, and become precedents of indisputable authority.

It has, indeed, been advanced by Addison, as one of the characteristic of a true critick, that he points out beauties rather than faults. But it is rather natural to a man of learning and genius, to apply himself chiefly to the study of writers who have more beauties than faults to be displayed: for the duty of criticism is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by partial representations, but to hold out the light of reason, whatever it may discover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever she shall dictate.

Nº XCIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1751

—BONUS ATQUE FIDUS
JUDEX—PER ORBANTES CATERVAS
EXPLICUIT SUA VICTOR ARMA.

HOR.

PERPETUAL MAGISTRATE IS HE
WHO KEEPS STRICT JUSTICE FULL IN SIGHT;
WHO BIDS THE CROWD AT AWFUL DISTANCE GAZE,
AND VIRTUE'S ARMS VICTORIOUSLY DISPLAYS.

FRANCIS.

THE resemblance of poetick numbers to the subject which they mention or describe, may be considered as general or particular; as consisting in the flow and structure of a whole passage taken together, or as comprised in the sound of some emphatical and descriptive words, or in the cadence and harmony of single verses.

The general resemblance of the sound to the sense is to be found in every language which admits of poetry, in every author whose force of fancy enables him to impress images strongly on his own mind, and whose choice and variety of language readily supplies him with just representations. To such a writer it is natural to change his measure with his

subject, even without any effort of the understanding, or intervention of the judgment. To revolve jollity and mirth necessarily tunes the voice of a poet to gay and sprightly notes, as it fires his eye with vivacity; and reflection on gloomy situations and disastrous events, will sadden his numbers, as it will cloud his countenance. But in such passages there is only the similitude of pleasure to pleasure, and of grief to grief, without any immediate application to particular images. The same flow of joyous versification will celebrate the jollity of marriage, and the exultation of triumph; and the same languor of melody will suit the complaints of an absent lover, as of a conquered king.

H

It is scarcely to be doubted, that on many occasions we make the music which we imagine ourselves to hear; that we modulate the poem by our own disposition, and ascribe to the numbers the effects of the sense. We may observe in life, that it is not easy to deliver a pleasant message in an unpleasing manner, and that we readily associate beauty and deformity with those whom for any reason we love or hate. Yet it would be too daring to declare that all the celebrated adaptations of harmony are chimerical; that Homer had no extraordinary attention to the melody of his verse when he described a nuptial festivity—

Νύμφας δ' ἐν Σάλαμον, δαΐδων ὁ πολὺν τῶμα-
νδον,
Ἥβηται δ' αἶψα, πολλὰς δ' ἰμάντας ἑσπέραι;

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound.

POPE.

that Vida was merely fanciful, when he supposed Virgil endeavouring to represent by uncommon sweetness of numbers the adventitious beauty of Æneas;

*Oi, humerosque Deo similis: namque ipse decorum
Cæsariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis affudit honores.*

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his
temples shine;

And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.

DRYDEN.

or that Milton did not intend to exemplify the harmony which he mentions:

Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praise.

That Milton understood the force of sounds well adjusted, and knew the compass and variety of the ancient measures, cannot be doubted, since he was both a musician and a critic; but he seems to have considered these conformities of cadence, as either not often attainable in our language, or as petty excellencies unworthy of his ambition;

for it will not be found that he has always assigned the same cast of numbers to the same objects. He has given in two passages very minute descriptions of angelick beauty; but though the images are nearly the same, the numbers will be found upon comparison very different.

And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well be feign'd;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd: wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold.

Some of the lines of this description are remarkably defective in harmony, and therefore by no means correspondent with that symmetrical elegance and easy grace which they are intended to exhibit. The failure, however, is fully compensated by the representation of Raphael, which equally delights the ear and imagination.

A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his
breast

With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs, with downy
gold,

And colours dipp'd in heav'n: the third his
feet

Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd
mail,

Sky-tinctur'd grain! like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd

The circuit wide.—

The adumbration of particular and distinct images by an exact and perceptible resemblance of sound, is sometimes studied, and sometimes casual. Every language has many words formed in imitation of the noises which they signify. Such are *Stridor*, *Balo*, and *Beatus*, in Latin; and, in English, to *growl*, to *buzz*, to *biff*, to *jarr*. Words of this kind give to a verse the proper similitude of sound, without much labour of the writer, and such happiness is therefore rather to be attributed to fortune than skill; yet they are sometimes combined with great propriety, and undeniably contribute to enforce the impression of the idea. We hear the passing arrow in this line of Virgil—

Et

Et fugit horrendum fridens elapsa sagitta;
Th' impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing.

POPE.

and the creaking of hell-gates, in the description by Milton—

Open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunders.

But many beauties of this kind, which the moderns, and perhaps the ancients, have observed, seem to be the product of blind reverence acting upon fancy. Dionysius himself tells us, that the sound of Homer's verses sometimes exhibits the idea of corporeal bulk: is not this a discovery nearly approaching to that of the blind man, who after long enquiry into the nature of the scarlet colour, found that it represented nothing so much as the clangour of a trumpet? The representative power of poetick harmony consists of sound and measure; of the force of the syllables singly considered, and of the time in which they are pronounced. Sound can resemble nothing but sound, and time can measure nothing but motion and duration.

The criticks, however, have struck out other similitudes; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot discover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of these lines has been celebrated by writers whose opinion the world has reason to regard—

Vertiur interea cælum, et ruît oceano nox —

Meantime the rapid heav'n's rowl'd down the light,

And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night.

DRYDEN.

Sternitur, exanimisquetremens procumbit humi
bos.—

Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound;

But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.

DRYDEN.

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.—

The mountains labour, and a mouse is born.

ROSCOMMON.

If all these observations are just, there must be some remarkable conformity between the sudden succession of night

to day, the fall of an ox under a blow, and the birth of a mouse from a mountain; since we are told of all these images, that they are very strongly impressed by the same form and termination of the verse.

We may, however, without giving way to enthusiasm, admit that some beauties of this kind may be produced. A sudden stop at an unusual syllable may image the cessation of action, or the pause of discourse; and Milton has very happily imitated the repetitions of an echo:

I fled, and cried out death:

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded death.

The measure or time in pronouncing may be varied so as very strongly to represent, not only the modes of external motion, but the quick or slow succession of ideas, and consequently the passions of the mind. This, at least, was the power of the spondaick and dactyllick harmony; but our language can reach no eminent diversities of sound. We can indeed sometimes, by encumbering and retarding the line, shew the difficulty of a progress made by strong efforts and with frequent interruptions; or mark a slow and heavy motion. Thus Milton has imaged the toil of Satan struggling through chaos—

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on: with difficulty and labour he—

thus he has described the leviathans or whales—

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,

But he has at other times neglected such representations, as may be observed in the volubility and levity of these lines, which express an action tardy and reluctant—

Descent and fall

To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what confusion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then.

In another place, he describes the gentle glide of ebbing waters in a line remarkably rough and halting:

Tripping

Tripping ebb; that stole
With soft foot tow'rd's the deep who now had
stopp'd
His sluices.

It is not indeed to be expected, that the sound should always assist the meaning, but it ought never to counteract it; and therefore Milton has here certainly committed a fault like that of the player, who looked on the earth when he implored the heavens, and to the heavens when he addressed the earth.

Those who are determined to find in Milton an assemblage of all the excellencies which have ennobled all other poets, will perhaps be offended that I do not celebrate his versification in higher terms; for there are readers who discover that in this passage—

So stretch'd out huge in length the arch fiend
lay,

a *long* form is described in a *long* line; but the truth is, that length of body is only mentioned in a *slow* line, to which it has only the resemblance of time to space, of an hour to a maypole.

The same turn of ingenuity might

perform wonders upon the description of the ark:

Then from the mountains hewing timbertall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measur'd by cubit, length, breadth, and height.

In these lines the poet apparently designs to fix the attention upon bulk; but this is effected by the enumeration, not by the measure; for what analogy can there be between modulations of sound, and corporeal dimensions?

Milton, indeed, seems only to have regarded this species of embellishment so far, as not to reject it when it came unsought; which would often happen to a mind so vigorous, employed upon a subject so various and extensive. He had, indeed, a greater and a nobler work to perform; a single sentiment of moral or religious truth, a single image of life or nature, would have been cheaply lost for a thousand echoes of the cadence to the sense; and he who had undertaken to *vindicate the ways of God to man*, might have been accused of neglecting his cause, had he lavished much of his attention upon syllables and sounds.

Nº XCV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1751.

PARCUS DEORUM CULTOR, ET INFREQUENS,
INEANIENTIS DUM SAPIENTIÆ
CONSULTUS ERRO; NUNC RETRORSUM
VELA DARE, ATQUE ITERARE CURSUS
COGOR RELICTOS.

HOR.

A FUGITIVE FROM HEAV'N AND PRAYER,
I MOCK'D AT ALL RELIGIOUS FEAR,
DEEP SCIENC'D IN THE MARY LORE
OF MAD PHILOSOPHY; BUT NOW
HOIST SAIL, AND BACK BY VOYAGE FLOW
TO THAT BLEST HARBOUR, WHICH I LEFT BEFORE.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,
THERE are many diseases both of the body and mind, which it is far easier to prevent than to cure; and therefore I hope you will think me employed in an office not useless either to learning or virtue, if I describe the symptoms of an intellectual malady, which, though at first it seizes only the passions, will, if not speedily remedied, infect the reason, and, from blasting the blossoms of knowledge, proceed in time to canker the root.

I was born in the house of discord. My parents were of unsuitable ages, contrary tempers, and different religions; and therefore employed the spirit and acuteness which nature had very liberally bestowed upon both, in hourly disputes, and incessant contrivances to detect each other in the wrong; so that from the first exertions of reason I was bred a disputant, trained up in all the arts of domestick sophistry, initiated in a thousand low stratagems, nimble shifts, and sly concealments; versed in all the turns of altercation, and acquainted with
the

the whole discipline of *fencing* and *proving*.

It was necessarily my care to preserve the kindness of both the controvertists; and therefore I had very early formed the habit of suspending my judgment, of hearing arguments with indifference, inclining as occasion required to either side, and of holding myself undetermined between them till I knew for what opinion I might conveniently declare.

Thus, Sir, I acquired very early the skill of disputation; and, as we naturally love the arts in which we believe ourselves to excel, I did not let my abilities lie useless, nor suffer my dexterity to be lost for want of practice. I engaged in perpetual wrangles with my school-fellows, and was never to be convinced or repressed by any other arguments than blows, by which my antagonists commonly determined the controversy, as I was, like the Roman orator, much more eminent for eloquence than courage.

At the university I found my predominant ambition completely gratified by the study of logic. I impressed upon my memory a thousand axioms, and ten thousand distinctions, practised every form of syllogism, passed all my days in the schools of disputation, and slept every night with Smiglecius on my pillow.

You will not doubt but such a genius was soon raised to eminence by such application: I was celebrated in my third year for the most artful opponent that the university could boast, and became the terror and envy of all the candidates for philosophical reputation.

My renown, indeed, was not purchased but at the price of all my time and all my studies. I never spoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a position universally acknowledged to be false, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of false representation, and strengthened with all the art of fallacious subtilty.

My father, who had no other wish than to see his son richer than himself, easily concluded that I should distinguish myself among the professors of the law; and therefore, when I had taken my first degree, dispatched me to the Temple with a paternal admonition, that I should never suffer myself to feel shame,

for nothing but modesty could retard my fortune.

Vitiated, ignorant, and heady as I was, I had not yet lost my reverence for virtue, and therefore could not receive such dictates without horror; but, however, was pleased with his determination of my course of life, because he placed me in the way that leads soonest from the prescribed walks of discipline and education, to the open fields of liberty and choice.

I was now in the place where every one catches the contagion of vanity, and soon began to distinguish myself by sophisms and paradoxes. I declared war against all received opinions and established rules, and levelled my batteries particularly against those universal principles which had stood unshaken in all the vicissitudes of literature, and are considered as the inviolable temples of truth, or the impregnable bulwarks of science.

I applied myself chiefly to those parts of learning which have filled the world with doubt and perplexity; and could readily produce all the arguments relating to matter and motion, time and space, identity and infinity.

I was equally able and equally willing to maintain the system of Newton or Descartes, and favoured occasionally the hypothesis of Ptolomy, or that of Copernicus. I sometimes exalted vegetables to sense, and sometimes degraded animals to mechanism.

Nor was I less inclined to weaken the credit of history, or perplex the doctrines of polity. I was always of the party which I heard the company condemn.

Among the zealots of liberty I could harangue with great copiousness upon the advantages of absolute monarchy, the secrecy of its counsels, and the expedition of its measures; and often celebrated the blessings produced by the extinction of parties, and preclusion of debates.

Among the assertors of regal authority, I never failed to declaim with republican warmth upon the original character of universal liberty, the corruption of courts, and the folly of voluntary submission to those whom nature has levelled with ourselves.

I knew the defects of every scheme of government, and the inconveniences of every law. I sometimes shewed how much the condition of mankind would

be improved; by breaking the world into petty sovereignties, and sometimes displayed the felicity and peace which universal monarchy would diffuse over the earth.

To every acknowledged fact I found innumerable objections; for it was my rule to judge of history only by abstracted probability; and therefore I made no scruple of bidding defiance to testimony. I have more than once questioned the existence of Alexander the Great; and having demonstrated the folly of erecting edifices, like the pyramids of Egypt, I frequently hinted my suspicion that the world had been long deceived, and that they were to be found only in the narratives of travellers.

It had been happy for me could I have confined my scepticism to historical controversies, and philosophical disquisitions; but having now violated my reason, and accustomed myself to enquire not after proofs, but objections, I had perplexed truth with falsehood till my ideas were confused, my judgment embarrassed, and my intellects distorted. The habit of considering every proposition as alike uncertain, left me no test by which any tenet could be tried; every opinion presented both sides with equal evidence, and my fallacies began to operate upon my own mind in more important enquiries. It was at last the sport of my vanity to weaken the obligations of moral duty, and efface the distinctions of good and evil, till I had deadened the sense of conviction, and abandoned my heart to the fluctuations of uncertainty, without anchor and without compass, without satisfaction of curiosity, or peace of conscience, without principles of reason, or motives of action.

Such is the hazard of repressing the

first perceptions of truth, of spreading for diversion the snares of sophistry, and engaging reason against its own determinations.

The disproportions of absurdity grow less and less visible, as we are reconciled by degrees to the deformity of a mistress, and falsehood, by long use, is assimilated to the mind, as poison to the body.

I had soon the mortification of seeing my conversation courted only by the ignorant or wicked, by either boys who were enchanted by novelty, or wretches, who having long disobeyed virtue and reason, were now desirous of my assistance to dethrone them.

Thus alarmed, I shuddered at my own corruption, and that pride by which I had been seduced contributed to reclaim me. I was weary of continual irresolution, and a perpetual equipoise of the mind; and ashamed of being the favourite of those who were scorned and shunned by the rest of mankind.

I therefore retired from all temptation to dispute, prescribed a new regimen to my understanding, and resolved, instead of rejecting all established opinions which I could not prove, to tolerate though not adopt all which I could not confute. I forbore to heat my imagination with needless controversies, to discuss questions confessedly uncertain, and refrained steadily from gratifying my vanity by the support of falsehood.

By this method I am at length recovered from my argumental delirium, and find myself in the state of one awakened from the confusion and tumult of a feverish dream. I rejoice in the new possession of evidence and reality, and step on from truth to truth with confidence and quiet.

I am, Sir, &c.

PERTINAX.

Nº XCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1751.

QUOD SI PLATONIS MUSA PERSONAT VERUM,
QUOD QUISQUE DISCIT, IMMOR RECORDATUR.

BORTIUS.

TRUTH IN PLATONICK ORNAMENTS BEDECK'D,
INFORM'D WE LOVE, UNNEEDING RECOLLECT.

IT is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth to

ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth.

The bow and the horse were easily mastered;

E e

mastered; but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservatives a Persian mind was secured against the temptations to falsehood.

There are, indeed, in the present corruption of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications obtained, by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by interest, and the friend by tenderness: those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

The guilt of falsehood is very widely extended, and many whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themselves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own sake; it is generally unpleasant because contrary to our wishes and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress upon our memories.

For this reason many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against truth may be overcome; and as physick is given to children in confecti^ons, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falsehood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and

Wisdom; Falsehood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation; and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unsolicited and alone; Reason indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive; and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falsehood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported, by innumerable legions of appetites and passions; but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, Falsehood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her. In her left-hand she bore the shield of Impudence; and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the passions attended at her call; Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father; and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falsehood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and, holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself amongst the passions.

Truth,

Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received by Falsehood, to spread it's malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falsehood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles which Falsehood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure Falsehood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories she left the Passions in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: they yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and fullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

Truth, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found that, wherever she came, she must force her passage. Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart preoccupied by Passion. She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of

the appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falsehood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to Falsehood they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by Desire. The Muses wove, in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falsehood captivated her admirers; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falsehood, and delivered up their charge: but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and restless dignity.

N^o XCVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1751.

ÆCUNDA CULPÆ SECULA NUPTIAS
PRIMUM INQUINARE, ET GENUS, ET DOMOS,
HOC FONTE DERIVATA CLADES
IN PATRIAM POPULUMQUE FLUIT.

HOR.

FRUITFUL OF CRIMES, THIS AGE FIRST STAIN'D
THEIR HAPLESS OFFSPRING, AND PROFAN'D
THE NUPTIAL BED; FROM WHENCE THE WOE,
WHICH VARIOUS AND UNNUMBER'D ROSE
FROM THIS POLLUTED FOUNTAIN HEAD,
O'ER ROME AND O'ER THE NATIONS SPREAD.

FRANCIS.

THE reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN the Spectator was first published in single papers, it gave me so much pleasure, that it is one of the favourite amusements of my age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the foibles of those times, as described in that useful work, and compare them with the vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wish that you would oftener take cognizance of the manners of the better half of the human species, that if your precepts and observations be carried down to posterity, the Spectators may shew to the rising generation what were the fashionable follies of their grandmothers, the Rambler of their mothers, and that from both they may draw instruction and warning.

When I read those Spectators which took notice of the misbehaviour of young women at church, by which they vainly hope to attract admirers, I used to pronounce such forward young women Seekers, in order to distinguish them by a mark of infamy from those who had patience and decency to stay till they were sought.

But I have lived to see such a change in the manners of women, that I would now be willing to compound with them for that name, although I then thought it disgraceful enough, if they would deserve no worse; since now they are too generally given up to negligence of domestic business, to idle amusements, and

to wicked rackets, without any settled view at all but of squandering time.

In the time of the Spectator, excepting sometimes an appearance in the ring, sometimes at a good and chosen play, sometimes on a visit at the house of a grave relation, the young ladies contented themselves to be found employed in domestick duties; for then routes, drums, balls, assemblies, and such like markets for women, were not known.

Modesty and diffidence, gentleness and meekness, were looked upon as the appropriate virtues and characteristic graces of the sex. And if a forward spirit pushed itself into notice, it was exposed in print as it deserved.

The churches were almost the only places where single women were to be seen by strangers. Men went thither expecting to see them, and perhaps too much for that only purpose.

But some good often resulted, however improper might be their motives. Both sexes were in the way of their duty. The man must be abandoned, indeed, who loves not goodness in another; nor were the young fellows of that age so wholly lost to a sense of right, as pride and conceit has since made them affect to be. When therefore they saw a fair one, whose decent behaviour and cheerful piety shewed her earnest in her first duties, they had the less doubt, judging politically only, that she would have a conscientious regard to her second.

With what ardour have I seen watched for, the rising of a kneeling beauty; and what additional charms has devotion given to her recomunicated features?

The men were often the better for what they heard. Even a Saul was once found prophesying among the prophets whom he had set out to destroy. To a man thus put into good-humour by a pleasing object,

object, religion itself looked more amiable. The Men Seekers of the Spectator's time loved the holy place for the object's sake; and loved the object for her suitable behaviour in it.

Reverence mingled with their love; and they thought that a young lady of such good principles must be addressed only by the man who at least made a shew of good principles, whether his heart was yet quite right or not.

Nor did the young lady's behaviour, at any time of the service, lessen this reverence. Her eyes were her own, her ears the preacher's. Women are always most observed when they seem themselves least to observe, or to lay out for observation. The eye of a respectful lover loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair one, than to find itself obliged to retreat.

When a young gentleman's affection was thus laudably engaged, he pursued it's natural dictates, keeping then was a rare, at least a secret and scandalous vice, and a wife was the summit of his wishes. Rejection was now dreaded, and pre-engagement apprehended. A woman whom he loved, he was ready to think must be admired by all the world. His fears, his uncertainties, increased his love.

Every enquiry he made into the lady's domestick excellence, which, when a wife is to be chosen, will surely not be neglected, confirmed him in his choice. He opens his heart to a common friend, and honestly discovers the state of his fortune. His friend applies to those of the young lady, whose parents, if they approve his proposals, disclose them to their daughter.

She perhaps is not an absolute stranger to the passion of the young gentleman. His eyes, his assiduities, his constant attendance at a church, whither, till of late, he used seldom to come, and a thousand little observances that he paid her, had very probably first forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favour him.

That a young lady should be in love, and the love of the young gentleman undeclared, is an heterodoxy which prudence, and even policy, must not allow. But thus applied to, she is all resignation to her parents. Charming resignation, which inclination opposes not.

Her relations applaud her for her duty; friends meet; points are adjusted;

delightful perturbations, and hopes, and a few lover's fears, fill up the tedious space, till an interview is granted; for the young lady had not made herself cheap at publick places.

The time of interview arrives. She is modestly reserved; he is not confident. He declares his passion; the consciousness of her own worth, and his application to her parents, take from her any doubt of his sincerity; and she owns herself obliged to him for his good opinion. The enquiries of her friends into his character have taught her that his good opinion deserves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future visits; he renews them; the regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he presses for the favour of her hand, he receives a declaration of an entire acquiescence with her duty, and a modest acknowledgment of esteem for him.

He applies to her parents, therefore, for a near day; and thinks himself under obligation to them for the cheerful and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

With this prospect of future happiness, the marriage is celebrated. Gratu- lations pour in from every quarter. Parents and relations on both sides, brought acquainted in the course of the courtship, can receive the happy couple with countenances illumined, and joyful hearts.

The brothers, the sisters, the friends of one family, are the brothers, the sisters, the friends of the other. Their two families thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Their home is the place of their principal delight, nor do they ever occasionally quit it but they find the pleasure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their absence from it.

Oh, Mr. Rambler! forgive the talkativeness of an old man. When I courted and married my Lætitia, then a blooming beauty, every thing passed just so. But how is the case now? The ladies, maidens, wives, and widows, are engrossed by places of open resort and general entertainment, which fill every quarter of the metropolis, and being constantly frequented, make home irksome. Breakfasting-places, dining-places, routs, drums, concerts, balls, plays, operas, masquerades for the evening, and even for all night, and lately, publick sales of the goods of broken house-

house-keepers, which the general dissoluteness of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another seasonable relief to these modern time-killers.

In the summer there are in every country-town assemblies; Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, Scarborough! What expence of dress and equipage is required to qualify the frequenters for such emulous appearance?

By the natural infection of example, the lowest people have places of six-penny resort, and gaming-tables for pence. Thus servants are now induced to fraud and dishonesty, to support extravagance, and supply their losses.

As to the ladies who frequent those publick places, they are not ashamed to shew their faces wherever men dare go, nor blush to try who shall stare most impudently, or who shall laugh loudest on the publick walks.

The men who would make good husbands, if they visit those places, are frighted at wedlock, and resolve to live single, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be spectators of all that passes, and, if they please, more than spectators, at the expence of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thousand pounds in the last age, with a domestick wife, would go farther than ten thousand in this. Yet settlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man especially, sink a fortune into uselessness; and pin-money is stipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and destroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card-tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know not where to find wives, must not the sex be left to the foplings, the coxcombs, the libertines of the age, whom they help to make such? And need even these wretches marry to enjoy the conversation of those who render their company so cheap?

And what, after all, is the benefit which the gay coquette obtains by her flutters? As she is approachable by every man, without requiring, I will not say incense or adoration, but even common complaisance, every fop treats her as upon the level, looks upon her light airs as invitations, and is on the watch to take the advantage: she has companions, indeed, but no lovers; for love is respectful, and timorous; and where among all her followers will she find a husband?

Set, dear Sir, before the youthful, the gay, the inconsiderate, the contempt as well as the danger to which they are exposed. At one time or other, women, not utterly thoughtless, will be convinced of the justice of your censure, and the charity of your instruction.

But should your expostulations and reproofs have no effect upon those who are far gone in fashionable folly, they may be retailed from their mouths to their nieces, (marriage will not often have intitled these to daughters) when they, the meteors of a day, find themselves elbowed off the stage of vanity by other flutterers; for the most admired women cannot have many Tunbridge, many Bath seasons to blaze in; since even fine faces, often seen, are less regarded than new faces, the proper punishment of showy girls, for rendering themselves so impolitically cheap.

I am, Sir,

Your sincere admirer, &c.

Nº XCVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1751.

QUE NEC SARMENTUS INIQUAS
CÆSARIS AD MENSAS, NEC VILIS GABBA TULISSET.

JUV.

WHICH NOT SARMENTUS BROOK'D AT CÆSAR'S BOARD,
FOR CROW'LING GABBA FROM HIS HAUGHTY LORD.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

YOU have often endeavour'd to impress upon your readers an observation of more truth than novelty, that

life passes, for the most part, in petty transactions; that our hours glide away in trifling amusements and slight gratifications; and that there very seldom emerges any occasion that can call forth great virtue or great abilities.

It

It very commonly happens that speculation has no influence on conduct. Just conclusions, and cogent arguments, formed by laborious study, and diligent enquiry, are often repositied in the treasuries of memory, as gold in the miser's chest, useless alike to others and himself. As some are not richer for the extent of their possessions, others are not wiser for the multitude of their ideas.

You have truly described the state of human beings, but it may be doubted whether you have accommodated your precepts to your description; whether you have not generally considered your readers as influenced by the tragick passions, and susceptible of pain or pleasure only from powerful agents, and from great events.

To an author who writes not for the improvement of a single art, or the establishment of a controverted doctrine, but equally intends the advantage, and equally courts the perusal of all the classes of mankind, nothing can justly seem unworthy of regard, by which the pleasure of conversation may be increased, and the daily satisfactions of familiar life secured from interruption and disgust.

For this reason you would not have injured your reputation, if you had sometimes descended to the minuter duties of social beings, and enforced the observance of those little civilities and ceremonious delicacies, which, inconsiderable as they may appear to the man of science, and difficult as they may prove to be detailed with dignity, yet contribute to the regulation of the world, by facilitating the intercourse between one man and another, and of which the French have sufficiently testified their esteem, by terming the knowledge and practice of them *Savoir-vivre—the art of living*.

Politeness is one of those advantages which we never estimate rightly but by the inconvenience of it's loss. It's influence upon the manners is constant and uniform, so that, like an equal motion, it escapes perception. The circumstances of every action are so adjusted to each other, that we do not see where any error could have been committed, and rather acquiesce in it's propriety, than admire it's exactness.

But as sickness shews us the value of ease, a little familiarity with those who were never taught to endeavour the gra-

tification of others, but regulate their behaviour merely by their own will, will soon evince the necessity of established modes and formalities to the happiness and quiet of common life.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplemental laws of good-breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating to rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence; a thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.

The true effect of genuine politeness seems to be rather ease than pleasure. The power of delighting must be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very small number to ravish and to charm, every man may hope by rules and caution not to give pain, and may therefore, by the help of good-breeding, enjoy the kindness of mankind, though he should have no claim to higher distinctions.

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilised nations, is, *That no man should give any preference to himself*. A rule so comprehensive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not easy for the mind to image an incivility, without supposing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habit and conversation: such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence. These, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure; but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the timour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind, less real and rational complaisance, than among those who have passed their time in paying and receiving visits, in frequenting publick entertainments, in studying the exact measures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of fashionable courtesy. They know, indeed, at what hour they

they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many steps they must attend him towards the gate, and what interval should pass before his visit is returned; but seldom extend their care beyond the exterior and unessential parts of civility, nor refuse their own vanity any gratification, however expensive, to the quiet of another.

Trypherus is a man remarkable for splendour and expence; a man that, having been originally placed by his fortune and rank in the first class of the community, has acquired that air of dignity and that readiness in the exchange of compliments, which courts, balls, and levees, easily confer.

But Trypherus, without any settled purposes of malignity, partly by his ignorance of human nature, and partly by the habit of contemplating with great satisfaction his own grandeur and riches, is hourly giving disgust to those whom chance or expectation subject to his vanity.

To a man whose fortune confines him to a small house, he declaims upon the pleasure of spacious apartments, and the convenience of changing his lodging-room in different parts of the year; tells him, that he hates confinement; and concludes, that if his chamber was less, he should never wake without thinking of a prison.

To Eucretas, a man of birth equal to himself, but of much less estate, he shewed his services of plate, and remarked that such things were, indeed, nothing better than costly trifles, but that no man must pretend to the rank of a gentleman without them; and that for

his part, if his estate was smaller, he should not think of enjoying but increasing it, and would esquire out a trade for his eldest son.

He has, in imitation of some more acute observer than himself, collected a great many shifts and artifices by which poverty is concealed; and among the ladies of small fortune, never fails to talk of frippery and slight silks, and the convenience of a general mourning.

I have been insulted a thousand times with a catalogue of his pictures, his jewels, and his rarities, which, though he knows the humble neatness of my habitation, he seldom fails to conclude by a declaration; that wherever he sees a house meanly furnished, he despises the owner's taste, or pities his poverty.

This, Mr. Rambler, is the practice of Trypherus, by which he is become the terror of all who are less wealthy than himself, and has raised innumerable enemies without rivalry, and without malevolence.

Yet though all are not equally culpable with Trypherus, it is scarcely possible to find any man who does not frequently, like him, indulge his own pride by forcing others into a comparison with himself, when he knows the advantage is on his side, without considering, that unnecessarily to obtrude unpleasant ideas, is a species of oppression; and that it is little more criminal to deprive another of some real advantage, than to intercept that forgetfulness of it's absence which is the next happiness to actual possession.

I am, &c.

EUTROPIUS.

Nº XCIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1751.

SCILICET INGENIIS ALIQUA EST CONCORDIA JUNCTIS,
ET SERVAT STUDII FOEDERA QUISQUE SUI,
RUSTICES AGRICOLAM, MILES VERA BELLA GERENTEM,
RECTOREM DUBIA NAVITA PUPPIS AMAT.

OVID.

CONGENIAL PASSIONS SOULS TOGETHER BIND,
AND EVERY CALLING MINGLES WITH IT'S KIND;
SOLDIER UNITES WITH SOLDIER, SWAIN WITH SWAIN,
THE MARINER WITH HIM THAT ROWS THE MAIN.

F. LEWIS.

IT has been ordained by Providence, for the conservation of order in the immense variety of nature, and for the regular propagation of the several classes

of life with which the elements are peopled, that every creature should be drawn by some secret attraction to those of his own kind; and that not only the gentle



gentle and domestick animals which naturally unite into companies, or cohabit by pairs, should continue faithful to their species; but even those ravenous and ferocious savages which Aristotle observes never to be gregarious, should range mountains and deserts in search of one another, rather than pollute the world with a monstrous birth.

As the perpetuity and distinction of the lower tribes of the creation require that they should be determined to proper mates by some uniform motive of choice, or some cogent principle of instinct; it is necessary likewise, that man, whose wider capacity demands more gratifications, and who feels in himself innumerable wants, which a life of solitude cannot supply, and innumerable powers to which it cannot give employment, should be led to suitable companions by particular influence; and among many beings of the same nature with himself, he may select some for intimacy and tenderness, and improve the condition of his existence, by superadding friendship to humanity, and the love of individuals to that of the species.

Other animals are so formed, that they seem to contribute very little to the happiness of each other, and know neither joy, nor grief, nor love, nor hatred, but as they are urged by some desire immediately subservient either to the support of their own lives, or to the continuation of their race, they therefore seldom appear to regard any of the minute discriminations which distinguish creatures of the same kind from one another.

But if man were to feel no incentives to kindness, more than his general tendency to congenial nature, Babylon or London, with all their multitudes, would have to him the desolation of a wilderness; his affections, not compressed into a narrower compass, would vanish like elemental fire, in boundless evaporation; he would languish in perpetual insensibility; and though he might, perhaps, in the first vigour of youth, amuse himself with the fresh enjoyments of life, yet, when curiosity should cease, and alacrity subside, he would abandon himself to the fluctuations of chance, without expecting help against any calamity, or feeling any wish for the happiness of others.

To love all men is our duty, so far as

it includes a general habit of benevolence, and readiness of occasional kindness; but to love all equally is impossible, at least impossible without the extinction of those passions which now produce all our pains and all our pleasures; without the disuse, if not the abolition, of some of our faculties, and the suppression of all our hopes and fears in apathy and indifference.

The necessities of our condition require a thousand offices of tenderness, which mere regard for the species will never dictate. Every man has frequent grievances which only the solicitude of friendship will discover and remedy, and which would remain for ever unheeded in the mighty heap of human calamity, were it only surveyed by the eye of general benevolence, equally attentive to every misery.

The great community of mankind is, therefore, necessarily broken into smaller independent societies; these form distinct interests, which are too frequently opposed to each other, and which they who have entered into the league of particular governments falsely think it virtue to promote, however destructive to the happiness of the rest of the world.

Such unions are again separated into subordinate classes and combinations, and social life is perpetually branched out into minuter subdivisions, till it terminates in the last ramifications of private friendship.

That friendship may at once be fond and lasting; it has been already observed in these papers, that a conformity of inclinations is necessary. No man can have much kindness for him by whom he does not believe himself esteemed, and nothing so evidently proves esteem as imitation.

That benevolence is always strongest which arises from participation of the same pleasures, since we are naturally most willing to revive in our minds the memory of persons with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

It is commonly, therefore, to little purpose, that any one endeavours to ingratiate himself with such as he cannot accompany in their amusements and diversions. Men have been known to rise to favour and to fortune, only by being skilful in the sports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring

P f with

with his taste for some particular species of curiosities, by relishing the same wine, or applauding the same cookery.

Even those whom wisdom or virtue have placed above regard to such petty recommendations, must nevertheless be gained by similitude of manners. The highest and noblest enjoyment of familiar life, the communication of knowledge and reciprocation of sentiments, must always presuppose a disposition to the same inquiry, and delight in the same discoveries.

With what satisfaction could the politician lay his schemes for the reformation of laws, or his comparisons of different forms of government, before the chemist, who has never accustomed his thoughts to any other object than salt and sulphur? or how could the astronomer, in explaining his calculations and conjectures, endure the coldness of a grammarian, who would lose sight of Jupiter and all his satellites, for a happy etymology of an obscure word, or a better explication of a controverted line?

Every man loves merit of the same kind with his own, when it is not likely to hinder his advancement or his reputation; for he not only best understands the worth of those qualities which he labours to cultivate, or the usefulness of the art which he practises with success, but always feels a reflected pleasure from the praises which, though given to another, belong equally to himself.

There is indeed no need of research and refinement to discover that men must generally select their companions from their own state of life, since there are not many minds furnished for great variety of conversation, or adapted to

multiplicity of intellectual entertainments.

The sailor, the academick, the lawyer, the mechanick, and the courtier, have all a cast of talk peculiar to their own fraternity, have fixed their attention upon the same events, have been engaged in affairs of the same sort, and make use of allusions and illustrations which themselves only can understand.

To be infected with the jargon of a particular profession, and to know only the language of a single rank of mortals, is indeed sufficiently despicable. But as limits must be always set to the excursions of the human mind, there will be some study which every man more zealously prosecutes, some darling subject on which he is principally pleased to converse; and he that can most inform or best understand him, will certainly be welcomed with particular regard.

Such partiality is not wholly to be avoided; nor is it culpable, unless suffered so far to predominate as to produce aversion from every other kind of excellence, and to shade the lustre of dissimilar virtues. Those, therefore, whom the lot of life has conjoined, should endeavour constantly to approach towards the inclination of each other, invigorate every motion of concurrent desire, and fan every spark of kindred curiosity.

It has been justly observed, that discord generally operates in little things; it is inflamed to its utmost vehemence by contrariety of taste, oftener than of principles; and might therefore commonly be avoided by innocent conformity, which, if it was not at first the motive, ought always to be the consequence of indissoluble union.

N^o C. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1751.OMNE VAPOR VITIUM RIDENTI FLACCUS AMICO
TANGIT, ET ADMISSUS CIRCUM PRÆCORDIA LUDIT.

PERLIVS.

HORACE, WITH SLY INSINUATING GRACE,
LAUGH'D AT HIS FRIEND, AND LOOK'D HIM IN THE FACE;
WOULD RAISE A BLUSH WHERE SECRET VICE HE FOUND,
AND TICKLE WHILE HE GENTLY PROB'D THE WOUND.
WITH SEEMING INNOCENCE THE CROWD BEGUILD'D;
BUT MADE THE DESPERATE PASSER, WHEN HE SMIL'D.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS very many well-disposed persons, by the unavoidable necessity of their affairs, are so unfortunate as to be totally buried in the country, where they labour under the most deplorable ignorance of what is transacting among the polite part of mankind, I cannot help thinking that, as a publick writer, you should take the case of these truly compassionate objects under your consideration.

These unhappy languishers in obscurity should be furnished with such accounts of the employments of people of the world, as may engage them in their several remote corners to a laudable imitation; or, at least, so far inform and prepare them, that if by any joyful change of situation they should be suddenly transported into the gay scene, they may not gape, and wonder, and stare, and be utterly at a loss how to behave and make a proper appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the welfare of all the country towns in the kingdom might be promoted, if you would use your charitable endeavours to raise in them a noble emulation of the manners and customs of higher life.

For this purpose you should give a very clear and ample description of the whole set of polite acquirements; a complete history of forms, fashions, frolicks, of routes, drums, hurricanes, balls, assemblies, ridottos, masquerades, auctions, plays, operas, puppet-shows, and bear-gardens; of all those delights which profitably engage the attention of the most sublime characters, and by which they have brought to such amazing perfection the whole art and mystery of

passing day after day, week after week, and year after year, without the heavy assistance of any one thing that formal creatures are pleased to call useful and necessary.

In giving due instructions through what steps to attain this summit of human excellence, you may add such irresistible arguments in it's favour, as must convince numbers, who in other instances do not seem to want natural understanding, of the unaccountable error of supposing they were sent into the world for any other purpose but to flutter, sport, and shine. For, after all, nothing can be clearer than that an everlasting round of diversion, and the more lively and hurrying the better, is the most important end of human life.

It is really prodigious, so much as the world is improved, that there should in these days be persons so ignorant and stupid as to think it necessary to mispend their time, and trouble their heads, about any thing else than pursuing the present fancy; for what else is worth living for?

It is time enough surely to think of consequences when they come; and as for the antiquated notions of duty, they are not to be met with in any French novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived almost wholly from the writings of authors who lived a vast many ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any idea of those accomplishments which now characterise people of distinction, have been for some time sinking apace into utter contempt. It does not appear that even their most zealous admirers, for some partisans of his own sort every writer will have, can pretend to say they were ever at one ridotto.

In the important article of diversions, the ceremonial of visits, the extatick delight of unfriendly intimacies and un-

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meaning

meaning civilities, they are absolutely silent. Blunt truth, and downright honesty, plain clothes, staying at home, hard work, few words, and those unenlivened with censure or double meaning, are what they recommend as the ornaments and pleasures of life. Little oaths, polite dissimulation, tea-table scandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of finery, the triumph of precedence, the enchantments of flattery, they seem to have had no notion of; and I cannot but laugh to think what a figure they would have made in a drawing-room, and how frightened they would have looked at a gaming-table.

The noble zeal of patriotism that disdains authority, and tramples on laws for sport, was absolutely the aversion of these tame wretches.

Indeed, one cannot discover any one thing they pretend to teach people, but to be wise and good; acquisitions infinitely below the consideration of persons of taste and spirit, who know how to spend their time to so much better purpose.

Among other admirable improvements, pray, Mr. Rambler, do not forget to enlarge on the very extensive benefit of playing at cards on Sundays, a practice of such infinite use, that we may modestly expect to see it prevail universally in all parts of this kingdom.

To persons of fashion, the advantage is obvious; because, as for some strange reason or other, which no fine gentleman or fine lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play, nor masquerade, nor bottled conjurer, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a Sunday; if it were not for the charitable assistance of whist or bragg, the genteel part of mankind must, one day in seven, necessarily suffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are the persons of high rank the only gainers by so salutary a custom, which extends its good influence, in some degree, to the lower orders of people; but were it quite general, how much better and happier would the world be than it is even now?

'Tis hard upon poor creatures, be they ever so mean, to deny them those enjoyments and liberties which are equally open for all. Yet if servants

were taught to go to church on this day, spend some part of it in reading or receiving instruction in a family way, and the rest in mere friendly conversation, the poor wretches would infallibly take it into their heads, that they were obliged to be sober, modest, diligent, and faithful, to their masters and mistresses.

Now surely no one of common prudence or humanity would wish their domesticks infected with such strange and primitive notions, or laid under such unmerciful restraints: all which may, in a great measure, be prevented by the prevalence of the good-humoured fashion that I would have you recommend. For when the lower kind of people see their betters, with a truly laudable spirit, insolting and flying in the face of those rude, ill-bred dictators, piety and the laws, they are thereby excited and admonished, as far as actions can admonish and excite, and taught that they too have an equal right of setting them at defiance in such instances as their particular necessities and inclinations may require; and thus is the liberty of the whole human species mightily improved and enlarged.

In short, Mr. Rambler, by a faithful representation of the numberless benefits of a modest life, you will have done your part in promoting what every body seems to confess the true purpose of human existence, perpetual dissipation.

By encouraging people to employ their whole attention on trifles, and make amusement their sole study, you will teach them how to avoid many very uneasy reflections.

All the soft feelings of humanity, the sympathies of friendship, all natural temptations to the care of a family, and solicitude about the good or ill of others, with the whole train of domestick and social affections, which create such daily anxieties and embarrassments, will be happily stifled and suppressed in a round of perpetual delights; and all serious thoughts, but particularly that of *hereafter*, be banished out of the world; a most perplexing apprehension, but luckily a most groundless one too, as it is so very clear a case, that nobody ever dies.

I am, &c.

CHARISSA.

N^o CI. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1751.

MELLA JUREB HYELLA TIBI VEL HYMETTIA NASCI,
ET TRYMA CECROPIÆ CORSICA PONIS APLI.

MART.

ALAS! DEAR SIR, YOU TRY IN VAIN,
IMPOSSIBILITIES TO GAIN;
NO HEE FROM CORSICA'S RANK JUICE,
HYELKAN HONEY CAN PRODUCE.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,
HAVING by several years of continual study treasured in my mind a great number of principles and ideas, and obtained by frequent exercise the power of applying them with propriety, and combining them with readiness, I resolv'd to quit the university, where I consider'd myself as a gem hidden in the mine, and to mingle in the crowd of publick life. I was naturally attracted by the company of those who were of the same age with myself; and finding that my academical gravity contributed very little to my reputation, applied my faculties to jocularity and burlesque. Thus, in a short time, I had heated my imagination to such a state of activity and ebullition, that upon every occasion it fumed away in bursts of wit, and evaporations of gaiety. I became on a sudden the idol of the coffee-house; was in one winter solicited to accept the presidentship of five clubs; was dragged by violence to every new play; and quoted in every controversy upon theatrical merit; was in every publick place furround-ed by a multitude of humble auditors, who retailed in other places of resort my maxims and my jests; and was boasted as their intimate and companion by many who had no other pretensions to my acquaintance, than that they had drank chocolate in the same room.

You will not wonder, Mr. Rambler, that I mention my success with some appearance of triumph and elevation. Perhaps no kind of superiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of conversation, by extemporaneous sprightliness of fancy, copiousness of language, and fertility of sentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greater part of the praise is unknown

and unenjoyed; the writer, indeed, spreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleasure or advantage from the diffusion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal sovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure which he bestows; he finds his power confessed by every one that approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise.

The desire which every man feels of importance and esteem, is so much gratified by finding an assembly, at his entrance, brightened with gladness and hushed with expectation, that the recollection of such distinctions can scarcely fail to be pleasing whensoever it is innocent. And my conscience does not reproach me with any mean or criminal effects of vanity; since I always employ'd my influence on the side of virtue, and never sacrific'd my understanding or my religion to the pleasure of applause.

There were many whom either the desire of enjoying my pleasantry, or the pride of being thought to enjoy it, brought often into my company; but I was caressed in a particular manner by Demochares, a gentleman of a large estate, and a liberal disposition. My fortune being by no means exuberant, inclin'd me to be pleas'd with a friend who was willing to be entertained at his own charge. I became by daily invitations habituated to his table; and, as he believ'd my acquaintance necessary to the character of elegance which he was desirous of establishing, I liv'd in all the luxury of affluence, without expence or dependence, and pass'd my life in a perpetual reciprocation of pleasure, with men brought together by similitude

of accomplishments, or desire of improvement.

But all power has it's sphere of activity, beyond which it produces no effect. Demochares being called by his affairs into the country, imagined that he should increase his popularity by coming among his neighbours accompanied by a man whose abilities were so generally allowed. The report presently spread through half the country that Demochares was arrived, and had brought with him the celebrated Hilarius, by whom such merriment would be excited as had never been enjoyed or conceived before. I knew, indeed, the purpose for which I was invited; and as men do not look diligently out for possible miscarriages, was pleased to find myself courted upon principles of interest, and considered as capable of reconciling factions; composing feuds, and uniting a whole province in social happiness.

After a few days spent in adjusting his domestick regulations, Demochares invited all the gentlemen of his neighbourhood to dinner, and did not forget to hint how much my presence was expected to heighten the pleasure of the feast. He informed me what prejudices my reputation had raised in my favour, and represented the satisfaction with which he should see me kindle up the blaze of merriment, and should remark the various effects that my fire would have upon such diversity of matter.

This declaration, by which he intended to quicken my vivacity, filled me with solicitude. I felt an ambition of shining, which I never knew before; and was therefore embarrassed with an unusual fear of disgrace. I passed the night in planning out to myself the conversation of the coming day; recollected all my topicks of railery, proposed proper subjects of ridicule, prepared smart replies to a thousand questions, accommodated answers to imaginary repartees, and formed a magazine of remarks, apophthegms, tales, and illustrations.

The morning broke at last in the midst of these busy meditations. I rose with the palpitations of a champion on the day of combat; and, notwithstanding all my efforts, found my spirits sunk under the weight of expectation. The company soon after began to drop in, and every one, at his entrance, was introduced to Hilarius. What concep-

tion the inhabitants of this region had formed of a wit, I cannot yet discover; but observed that they all seemed, after the regular exchange of compliments, to turn away disappointed; and that while we waited for dinner, they cast their eyes first upon me, and then upon each other, like a theatrical assembly waiting for a shew.

From the uneasiness of this situation I was relieved by the dinner; and as every attention was taken up by the business of the hour, I sunk quietly to a level with the rest of the company. But no sooner were the dishes removed, than instead of cheerful confidence and familiar prattle, an universal silence again shewed their expectation of some unusual performance. My friend endeavoured to rouse them by healths and questions, but they answered him with great brevity, and immediately relapsed into their former taciturnity.

I had waited in hope of some opportunity to divert them, but could find no pass opened for a single sally; and who can be merry without an object of mirth? After a few faint efforts, which produced neither applause nor opposition, I was content to mingle with the mass, to put round the glass in silence, and so lace myself with my own contemplations.

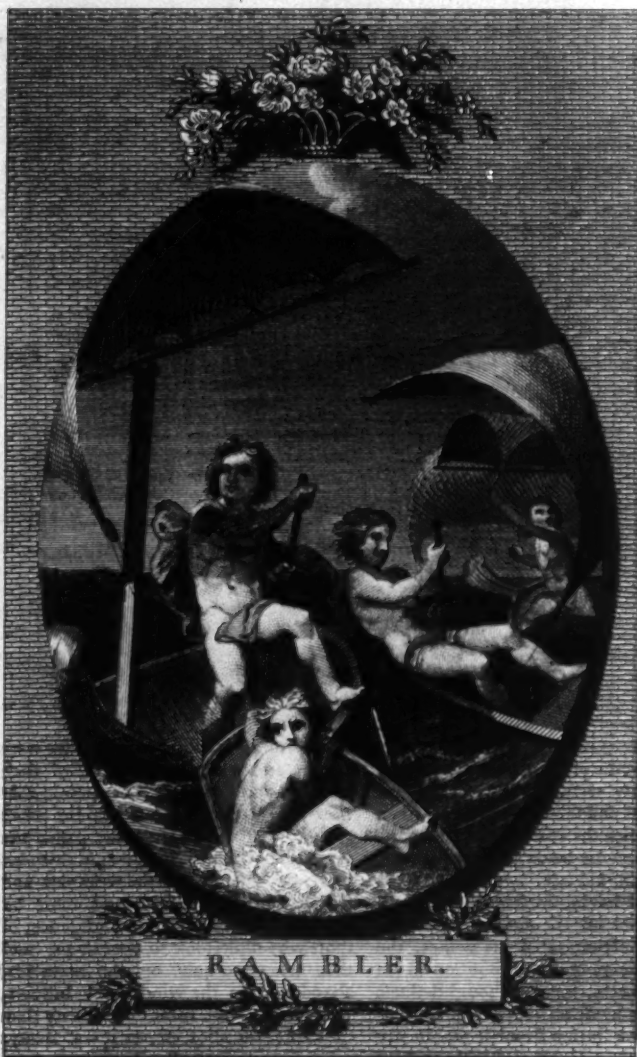
My friend looked round him; the guests stared at one another; and if now and then a few syllables were uttered with timidity and hesitation, there was none ready to make any reply. All our faculties were frozen, and every minute took away from our capacity of pleasing, and disposition to be pleased. Thus passed the hours to which so much happiness was decreed; the hours which had, by a kind of open proclamation, been devoted to wit, to mirth, and to Hilarius.

At last the night came on, and the necessity of parting freed us from the persecutions of each other. I heard them, as they walked along the court, murmuring at the loss of the day; and enquiring whether any man would pay a second visit to a house haunted by a wit.

Demochares, whose benevolence is greater than his penetration, having flattered his hopes with the secondary honour which he was to gain by my sprightliness and elegance, and the affection with which he should be followed for a perpetual banquet of gaiety,

was





Arthur del.

Argue sculp.



was not able to conceal his vexation and resentment, nor would easily be convinced, that I had not sacrificed his interest to sullenness and caprice, and studiously endeavoured to disgust his guests, and suppressed my powers of delighting, in obdurate and premeditated silence. I am informed that the reproach of their ill reception is divided by the gentlemen of the country between us; some being of opinion, that my friend is deluded by an impostor, who, though he has found some art of gaining his favour, is afraid to speak before men of more penetration; and others concluding, that I think only London the proper theatre of my abilities, and disdain to exert my genius for the praise of rusticks.

I believe, Mr. Rambler, that it has

sometimes happened to others who have the good or ill fortune to be celebrated for wits, to fall under the same censures upon the like occasions. I hope therefore that you will prevent any misrepresentations of such failures, by remarking, that invention is not wholly at the command of it's possessor; that the power of pleasing is very often obstructed by the desire; that all expectation lessens surprize, yet some surprize is necessary to gaiety; and that those who desire to partake of the pleasure of wit must contribute to it's production, since the mind stagnates without external ventilation, and that effervescence of the fancy which flashes into transport can be raised only by the infusion of dissimilar ideas.

NO. CII. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1751.

IPSA QUOQUE ASSIDUO LABUNTUR TEMPORA MOTU
NON SECUS AC FLUMEN: NEQUE ENIM CONSISTERE FLUMEN,
NEC LEVIS HORA POTEST; SED UT UNDA IMPELLITUR UNDA,
URGETURQUE PRIOR VENIENTE, URGETURQUE PRIOREM,
TEMPORA SIC FUGIUNT PARITER, PARITERQUE SEQUUNTUR.

OVID.

WITH CONSTANT MOTION AS THE MOMENTS GLIDE,
BEHOLD IN RUNNING LIFE THE ROLLING TIDE!
FOR NONE CAN STEM BY ART, OR STOP BY POW'RS,
THE FLOWING OCEAN, OR THE FLEETING HOUR:
BUT WAVE BY WAVE PURSU'D ARRIVES ON SHORE,
AND EACH IMPELL'D BEHIND IMPELS BEFORE:
SO TIME ON TIME REVOLVING WE DESCRY;
SO MINUTES FOLLOW, AND SO MINUTES FLY.

ELPHINSTON.

LIFE, says Seneca, 'is a voyage, 'in the progress of which we are 'perpetually changing our scenes: we 'first leave childhood behind us, then 'youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.' The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering my

self so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that

failed

failed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked. Before me, and each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal insatiation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course, if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning

others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves, and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors, that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the *gulf* of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow

narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the center. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy perish in the way, and at last were overtaken by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power—"Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked; and, seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

Nº CIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1751.

ECCE VOLUNT SECRETA DOMUS, ATQUE INDE TIMERE.

JUV.

THEY SEARCH THE SECRETS OF THE HOUSE, AND SO ARE WORSHIP'D THERE, AND FEAR'D FOR WHAT THEY KNOW.

DRYDEN.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress. All the attainments possible in our present state are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conquest serves no purpose but that of kindling ambition; discovery has no ef-

fect but of raising expectation; the gratification of one desire encourages another; and after all our labours, studies, and enquiries, we are continually at the same distance from the completion of our schemes, have still some wish unfortunate to be satisfied, and some faculty restless and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The desire of knowledge, though of-

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ten animated by extrinsic and adventitious motives, seems on many occasions to operate without subordination to any other principle; we are eager to see and hear, without intention of referring our observations to a farther end; we climb a mountain for a prospect of the plain; we run to the strand in a storm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profess neither architecture nor fortification; we cross seas only to view nature in nakedness, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a desert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude and every thing polished, every thing great and every thing little; we do not see a thicket but with some temptation to enter it, nor remark an insect flying before us but with an inclination to pursue it.

This passion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. Lucan therefore introduces Cæsar speaking with dignity suitable to the grandeur of his designs, and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-priest of Egypt, that he has no desire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the Nile, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a sight of those fountains which had been so long concealed. And Homer, when he would furnish the Sirens with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wisdom, might yield without disgrace, makes them declare that none ever departed from them but with increase of knowledge.

There is, indeed, scarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to some use, or which may not, at least, gratify pride with occasional superiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind, will find that, upon the first appearance of an object, or the first start of a question, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate discussion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his desires take wing by instantaneous impulse, though their flight may be invigorated, or their efforts renewed, by subsequent considerations. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and

torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earliest searchers after knowledge must have proposed knowledge only as their reward; and that science, though perhaps the nursing of interest, was the daughter of curiosity: for who can believe that they who first watched the course of the stars foresaw the use of their discoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the mensuration of time? They were delighted with the splendor of the nocturnal skies, they found that the lights changed their places; what they admired they were anxious to understand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear satisfied with their intellectual possessions, and seem to live without desire of enlarging their conceptions; before whom the world passes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

This negligence is sometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant passion: a lover finds no inclination to travel any path but that which leads to the habitation of his mistress; a trader can spare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a storm. It is frequently the consequence of a total immersion in sensuality: corporeal pleasures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happiness is obliterated; the mind, long habituated to a lethargick and quiescent state, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and, though she may sometimes be disturbed by the obtrusion of new ideas, shrinks back again to ignorance and rest.

But, indeed, if we except them to whom the continual task of procuring the supports of life denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of such as live without the ardour of enquiry is very small, though many content themselves with cheap amusements, and waste their lives in researches of no importance.

There is no snare more dangerous to busy and excursive minds than the cobwebs of petty inquisitiveness, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute studies, and detain them in a middle state between the tediousness of total inactivity and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with

with ease and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks the historian to a genealogist, the philosopher to a journalist of the weather, and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.

It is happy when those who cannot content themselves to be idle, nor resolve to be industrious, are at least employed without injury to others; but it seldom happens that we can contain ourselves long in a neutral state, or forbear to sink into vice, when we are no longer soaring towards virtue.

Nugaculus was distinguished in his earlier years by an uncommon liveliness of imagination, quickness of sagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he entered into life, he applied himself with particular inquisitiveness to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of interest and ambition, and the various causes of miscarriage and success both in public and private affairs.

Though his friends did not discover to what purpose all these observations were collected, or how Nugaculus would much improve his virtue or his fortune by an incessant attention to changes of countenance, bursts of inconsideration, sallies of passion, and all the other casualties by which he used to trace a character, yet they could not deny the study of human nature to be worthy of a wise man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his discoveries, and listened with submissive modesty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakness of resolves, and the instability of temper, to his account of the various motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of a ruling passion.

Such was the first incitement of Nugaculus to a close inspection into the conduct of mankind. He had no interest in view, and therefore no design of supplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expose them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himself, but has passed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every rising character, and lived

upon a small estate without any thought of encreasing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general master of secret history, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and stratagems, of half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's estate, the terms upon which every spendthrift raises his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure stipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childless acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every house, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his steward; he can tell where the manor-house is falling, though large sums are yearly paid for repairs; and where the tenants are selling woods without the consent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence he is inadvertently guilty of a thousand acts of treachery. He fees no man's servant without draining him of his trust; he enters no family without flattering the children into discoveries; he is a perpetual spy upon the doors of his neighbours; and knows, by long experience, at whatever distance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

Nugaculus is not ill-natured, and therefore his industry has not hitherto been very mischievous to others, or dangerous to himself; but since he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by discovering it, and, if he had no other motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymists, and purchase one secret with another; he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is considered by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happiness in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Thus has an intention, innocent at first, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour by the experience of others, by an accidental declension of minuteness, betrayed Nugaculus, not only to a foolish, but vicious waste of a life which might have been honourably passed in public services, or domestick virtues. He has lost his original intention, and given up his mind to employments that engross, but do not improve it.

N^o CIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1751.—NIHIL EST QUOD CREDERE DE SE
NON POSSIT—

JUVENAL.

NONE L'ER REJECTS HYPERBOLIES OF PRAISE.

THE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demand an interchange of help, and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in society and friendship.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank, or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his strength, or his skill, to the supply of natural wants; there was then little room for peevish dislike, or capricious favour: the affection admitted into the heart was rather esteem than tenderness; and kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when, by force of policy, by wisdom, or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many were condemned to labour for the support of a few, then they whose possessions swelled above their wants naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interest by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to supply.

The desires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unsatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himself excelled by his rivals, will, by other expedients, endeavour to become agreeable

where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleasing* among the most useful studies, and most valuable acquisitions.

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to it's usefulness, and will always flourish most where it is most rewarded; for this reason we find it practised with great assiduity under absolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who soon become so much accustomed to compliance and officiousness, as not easily to find, in the most delicate address, that novelty which is necessary to procure attention.

It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with a companion, who does not encrease, in some respect, his fondness of himself; and, therefore, he that wishes rather to be led forward to prosperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, must consider with more care how to display his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleasing dreams, and chase away disgust and weariness by a perpetual succession of delightful images.

This may, indeed, sometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really possessed, or upon prospects which reason spreads before hope; for whoever can deserve or require to be courted, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts which he may review with satisfaction, and of which, when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will seldom be displeased.

But those who have once degraded their understanding to an application only to the passions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other sources than industry and virtue, seldom retain dignity and magnanimity sufficient to defend them against the constant recurrence of temptation to falsehood. He
that

that is too desirous to be loved, will soon learn to flatter, and when he has exhausted all the variations of honest praise, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topicks of panegyrick, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himself.

The drudgeries of dependance would, indeed, be aggravated by hopelessness of success, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will absolutely confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deserves, will soon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compass of musick. The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves. To praise us for actions or dispositions which deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretensions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen by a new suffrage; we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every confirmation.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the first approaches under the conduct of truth, and to secure credit to future encomiums by such praise as may be ratified by the conscience; but the mind once habituated to the lasciviousness of eulogy, becomes, in a short time, nice and fastidious, and, like a vitiated palate, is incessantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is scarcely credible to what degree discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery; or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, and how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falsehood. No man can, indeed, observe, without indignation, on what names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were

willing to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist.

As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encomiastick veneration which pride has refused. The emperors of Rome suffered themselves to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature.

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must confess to have deserted the cause of virtue for pay: they have committed, against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinctions between good and evil; and instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progress, and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action than his maxims and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance reconciles to all his vices, and all his absurdities; and who easily persuaded themselves to esteem him, by whose regard they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendor of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependance. To solicit patronage is, at least in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

N^o CV. TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1751.

ANIMORUM

IMPULSU, ET COECA MAGNAQUE CUPIDINE DUCTI.

JUV.

VAIN MAN RUNS HEADLONG, TO CAPRICE DESIGN'D;
IMPELL'D BY PASSION, AND WITH FOLLY BLIND.

I Was lately considering, among other objects of speculation, the new attempt of an *universal register*, an office in which every man may lodge an account of his superfluities and wants, of whatever he desires to purchase or to sell. My imagination soon presented to me the latitude to which this design may be extended by integrity and industry, and the advantages which may be justly hoped from a general mart of intelligence, when once it's reputation shall be so established, that neither reproach nor fraud shall be feared from it; when an application to it shall not be censured as the last resource of desperation, nor it's informations suspected as the fortuitous suggestions of men obliged not to appear ignorant. A place where every exuberance may be discharged, and every deficiency supplied, where every lawful passion may find it's gratifications, and every honest curiosity receive satisfaction; where the stock of a nation, pecuniary and intellectual, may be brought together; and where all conditions of humanity may hope to find relief, pleasure, and accommodation; must equally deserve the attention of the merchant and philosopher, of him who mingles in the tumult of business, and him who only lives to amuse himself with the various employments and pursuits of others. Nor will it be an uninstrueting school to the greatest masters of method and dispatch, if such multiplicity can be preserved from embarrassment, and such tumult from inaccuracy.

While I was concerting this splendid project, and filling my thoughts with it's regulation, it's conveniencies, it's variety, and it's consequences, I sunk gradually into slumber; but the same images, though less distinct, still continued to float upon my fancy. I perceived myself at the gate of an immense edifice, where innumerable multitudes were passing without confusion; every

face on which I fixed my eyes seemed settled in the contemplation of some important purpose, and every foot was hastened by eagerness and expectation. I followed the crowd without knowing whither I should be drawn, and remained a while in the unpleasant state of an idler, where all other beings were busy, giving place every moment to those who had more importance in their looks. Ashamed to stand ignorant, and afraid to ask questions, at last I saw a lady sweeping by me, whom, by the quickness of her eyes, the agility of her steps, and a mixture of levity and impatience, I knew to be my long-loved protectress, Curiosity. 'Great goddess,' said I, 'may thy votary be permitted to implore thy favour? If thou hast been my directress from the first dawn of reason, if I have followed thee through the maze of life with invariable fidelity, if I have turned to every new call, and quitted at thy nod one pursuit for another, if I have never stopped at the invitations of fortune, nor forgot thy authority in the bowers of pleasure, inform me now whither chance has conducted me.'

'Thou art now,' replied the smiling power, 'in the presence of Justice, and of Truth, whom the father of gods and men has sent down to register the demands and pretensions of mankind, that the world may at last be reduced to order, and that none may complain hereafter of being doomed to tasks for which they are unqualified, or possessing faculties for which they cannot find employment, or virtues that languish unobserved for want of opportunities to exert them, of being encumbered with superfluities which they would willingly resign, or of wasting away in desires which ought to be satisfied. Justice is now to examine every man's wishes, and Truth is to record them; let us approach, and observe the progress of this great transaction.'

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She then moved forward; and Truth, who knew her among the most faithful of her followers, beckoned her to advance, till we were placed near the seat of Justice. The first who required the assistance of the office came forward with a slow pace, and tumour of dignity, and, shaking a weighty purse in his hand, demanded to be registered by Truth, as the Mæcenas of the present age, the chief encourager of literary merit, to whom men of learning and wit might apply in any exigence or distress with certainty of succour. Justice very mildly enquired, whether he had calculated the expence of such a declaration? whether he had been informed what number of petitioners would swarm about him? whether he could distinguish idleness and negligence from calamity, ostentation from knowledge, or vivacity from wit? To these questions he seemed not well provided with a reply, but repeated his desire to be recorded as a patron. Justice then offered to register his proposal on these conditions; that he should never suffer himself to be flattered; that he should never delay an audience when he had nothing to do; and that he should never encourage followers without intending to reward them. These terms were too hard to be accepted; 'For what,' said he, 'is the end of patronage, but the pleasure of reading dedications, holding multitudes in suspense, and enjoying their hopes, their fears, and their anxiety; flattering them to assiduity, and at last dismissing them for impatience?' Justice heard his confession, and ordered his name to be posted upon the gate among cheats, and robbers, and publick nuisances, which all were by that notice warned to avoid.

Another required to be made known as the discoverer of a new art of education, by which languages and sciences might be taught to all capacities, and all inclinations, without fear of punishment, pain of confinement, loss of any part of the gay mien of ignorance, or any obstruction of the necessary progress in dress, dancing, or cards.

Justice and Truth did not trouble this great adept with many enquiries; but finding his address awkward, and his speech barbarous, ordered him to be registered as a tall fellow who wanted employment, and might serve in any

post where the knowledge of reading and writing was not required.

A man of a very great and philosophical aspect required notice to be given of his intention to set out, a certain day, on a submarine voyage, and of his willingness to take in passengers for no more than double the price at which they might sail above water. His desire was granted, and he retired to a convenient stand, in expectation of filling his ship, and growing rich in a short time by the secrecy, safety, and expedition of the passage.

Another desired to advertise the curious, that he had, for the advancement of true knowledge, contrived an optical instrument, by which those who laid out their industry on memorials of the changes of the wind might observe the direction of the weathercocks on the hither side of the lunar world.

Another wished to be known as the author of an invention by which cities or kingdoms might be made warm in winter by a single fire, a kettle, and pipe. Another had a vehicle by which a man might bid defiance to floods, and continue floating in an inundation, without any inconvenience, till the water should subside. Justice considered these projects as of no importance but to their authors, and therefore scarcely condescended to examine them; but Truth refused to admit them into the register.

Twenty different pretenders came in one hour to give notice of an universal medicine, by which all diseases might be cured or prevented, and life protracted beyond the age of Nestor. But Justice informed them, that one universal medicine was sufficient, and she would delay the notification till she saw who could longest preserve his own life.

A thousand other claims and offers were exhibited and examined. I remarked, among this mighty multitude, that, of intellectual advantages, many had great exuberance, and few confessed any want; of every art there were a hundred professors for a single pupil; but of other attainments, such as riches, honours, and preferments, I found none that had too much, but thousands and ten thousands that thought themselves intitled to a larger dividend.

It often happened, that old misers, and women, married at the close of life, advertised their want of children; nor

was it uncommon for those who had a numerous offspring, to give notice of a son or daughter to be spared; but though appearances promised well on both sides, the bargain seldom succeeded; for they soon lost their inclination to adopted children, and proclaimed their intentions to promote some scheme of publick charity: a thousand proposals were immediately

made, among which they hesitated till death precluded the decision.

As I stood looking on this scene of confusion, Truth condescended to ask me, what was my business at her office? I was struck with the unexpected question, and awaked by my efforts to answer it.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE
R A M B L E R.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Nº CVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1751.

OPINIONUM COMMENTA DELET DIES, NATURÆ JUDICIA CONFIRMAT. .
Cic.

TIME OBLITERATES THE FICTIONS OF OPINION, AND CONFIRMS THE DECISIONS OF NATURE.

IT is necessary to the success of flattery, that it be accommodated to particular circumstances or characters, and enter the heart on that side where the passions stand ready to receive it. A lady seldom listens with attention to any praise but that of her beauty; a merchant always expects to hear of his influence at the bank, his importance on the exchange, the height of his credit, and the extent of his traffick: and the author will scarcely be pleased without lamentations of the neglect of learning, the conspiracies against genius, and the slow progress of merit, or some praises of the magnanimity of those who encounter poverty and contempt in the cause of knowledge, and trust for the reward of their labours to the judgment and gratitude of posterity.

An assurance of unfading laurels, and immortal reputation, is the settled reciprocation of civility between amicable writers. To raise monuments more durable than brass, and more conspicuous than pyramids, has been long the common boast of literature; but among the innumerable architects that erect columns to themselves, far the greater part, either for want of durable materials, or of art to dispose them, see their edifices perish as they are towering to completion; and those few that for a while attract the eye of mankind, are generally weak in the foundation, and soon sink by the saps of time.

No place affords a more striking con-

viction of the vanity of human hopes, than a publick library; for who can see the wall crowded on every side by mighty volumes, the works of laborious meditation and accurate enquiry, now scarcely known but by the catalogue, and preserved only to increase the pomp of learning, without considering how many hours have been wasted in vain endeavours, how often imagination has anticipated the praises of futurity, how many statues have risen to the eye of vanity, how many ideal converts have elevated zeal, how often wit has exulted in the eternal infamy of his antagonists, and dogmatism has delighted in the gradual advances of his authority, the immutability of his decrees, and the perpetuity of his power.

—Non unquam dedit
Documenta fers majora, quàm fragili loco
Starent superbi.

Insulting chance ne'er call'd with loud voice,
On swelling mortals to be proud no more.

Of the innumerable authors whose performances are thus treasured up in magnificent obscurity, most are forgotten, because they never deserved to be remembered, and owed the honours which they once obtained, not to judgment, or to genius, to labour or to art, but to the prejudice of faction, the stratagem of intrigue, or the servility of adulation.

Nothing is more common than to find

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men whose works are now totally neglected, mentioned with praises by their contemporaries, as the oracles of their age, and the legislators of science. Curiosity is naturally excited, their volumes after long enquiry are found, but seldom reward the labour of the search. Every period of time has produced these bubbles of artificial fame, which are kept up a while by the breath of fashion, and then break at once, and are annihilated. The learned often bewail the loss of ancient writers whose characters have survived their works; but perhaps, if we could now retrieve them, we should find them only the Granvilles, Montagues, Stepneys, and Sheffields of their time, and wonder by what infatuation or caprice they could be raised to notice.

It cannot, however, be denied, that many have sunk into oblivion, whom it were unjust to number with this despicable class. Various kinds of literary fame seem destined to various measures of duration. Some spread into exuberance with a very speedy growth, but soon wither and decay; some rise more slowly, but last long. Parnassus has its flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its oaks of towering height, and its laurels of eternal verdure.

Among those whose reputation is exhausted in a short time by its own luxuriance, are the writers who take advantage of present incidents or characters which strongly interest the passions, and engage universal attention. It is not difficult to obtain readers when we discuss a question which every one is desirous to understand, which is debated in every assembly, and has divided the nation into parties; or when we display the faults or virtues of him whose public conduct has made almost every man his enemy or his friend. To the quick circulation of such productions all the motives of interest and vanity concur; the disputant enlarges his knowledge, the zealot animates his passion, and every man is desirous to inform himself concerning affairs so vehemently agitated and variously represented.

It is scarcely to be imagined, through how many subordinations of interest the ardour of party is diffused; and what multitudes fancy themselves affected by every satire or panegyrick on a man of eminence. Whoever has, at any time, taken occasion to mention him with praise

or blame, whoever happens to love or hate any of his adherents, as he wishes to confirm his opinion, and to strengthen his party, will diligently peruse every paper from which he can hope for sentiments like his own. An object, however small in itself, if placed near to the eye, will engross all the rays of light; and a transaction, however trivial, swells into importance when it presses immediately on our attention. He that shall peruse the political pamphlets of any past reign, will wonder why they were so eagerly read, or so loudly praised. Many of the performances which had power to inflame factions, and fill a kingdom with confusion, have now very little effect upon a frigid critick; and the time is coming, when the compositions of later hirelings shall lie equally despised. In proportion as those who write on temporary subjects are exalted above their merit at first, they are afterwards depressed below it; nor can the brightest elegance of diction, or most artful subtilty of reasoning, hope for much esteem from those whose regard is no longer quickened by curiosity or pride.

It is, indeed, the fate of controvertists, even when they contend for philosophical or theological truth, to be soon laid aside and slighted. Either the question is decided, and there is no more place for doubt and opposition; or mankind despair of understanding it, and grow weary of disturbance, content themselves with quiet ignorance, and refuse to be harassed with labours which they have no hopes of recompensing with knowledge.

The authors of new discoveries may surely expect to be reckoned among those whose writings are secure of veneration: yet it often happens that the general reception of a doctrine obscures the books in which it was delivered. When any tenet is generally received and adopted as an incontrovertible principle, we seldom look back to the arguments upon which it was first established, or can bear that tediousness of deduction, and multiplicity of evidence, by which its author was forced to reconcile it to prejudice, and fortify it in the weakness of novelty against obliquity and envy.

It is well known how much of our philosophy is derived from Boyle's discovery of the qualities of the air; yet

of those who now adopt or enlarge his theory, very few have read the detail of his experiments. His name is, indeed, revered; but his works are neglected; we are contented to know, that he conquered his opponents, without enquiring what cavils were produced against him, or by what proofs they were confuted.

Some writers apply themselves to studies boundless and inexhaustible, as experiments and natural philosophy. These are always lost in successive compilations as new advances are made, and former observations become more familiar. Others spend their lives in remarks on language, or explanations of antiquities, and only afford materials for lexicographers and commentators, who are themselves overwhelmed by subsequent collectors, that equally destroy the memory of their predecessors by amplification, transposition, or contraction. Every new system of nature gives birth to a swarm of expositors, whose

business is to explain and illustrate it, and who can hope to exist no longer than the founder of their sect preserves his reputation.

There are, indeed, few kinds of composition, from which an author, however learned or ingenious, can hope a long continuance of fame. He who has carefully studied human nature, and can well describe it, may with most reason flatter his ambition. Bacon, among all his pretensions to the regard of posterity, seems to have pleased himself chiefly with his *Essays, which come home to men's business and before*, and of which therefore he declares his expectation, that they will live as long as books last. It may, however, satisfy an honest and benevolent mind to have been useful, though less conspicuous; nor will be that extend his hope to higher rewards be so much anxious to obtain praise, as to discharge the duty which Providence assigns him.

Nº CVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1751.

ALTERNIS LIGTUR CONTENDERE VERIBUS AMBO
CORPUS: ALTERNOS MUSÆ MEMINISSE VOLUNT.

VIRG.

ON THEMES ALTERNATE NOW THE SWAINS RECITE:
THE MUSES IN ALTERNATE THEMES DELIGHT.

ELPHINSTON.

AMONG the various censures, which the unavoidable comparison of my performances with those of my predecessors has produced, there is none more general than that of uniformity. Many of my readers remark the want of those changes of colours, which formerly fed the attention with unexhausted novelty, and of that intermixture of subjects, or alternation of manner, by which other writers relieved weariness, and awakened expectation.

I have, indeed, hitherto avoided the practice of uniting gay and solemn subjects in the same paper, because it seems absurd for an author to counteract himself, to press at once with equal force upon both parts of the intellectual balance, or give medicines, which, like the double poison of Dryden, destroy the force of one another. I have endeavoured sometimes to divert, and sometimes to elevate; but have imagined it an useless attempt to disturb merriment by

solemnity, or interrupt seriousness by drollery. Yet I shall this day publish two letters of very different tendency, which I hope, like *tragi-comedy*, may chance to please even when they are not critically approved.

TO THE RAMBLER.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH, as my mamma tells me, I am too young to talk at the table, I have great pleasure in listening to the conversation of learned men, especially when they discourse of things which I do not understand; and have, therefore, been of late particularly delighted with many disputes about the *alteration of the stile*, which, they say, is to be made by act of parliament.

One day when my mamma was gone out of the room, I asked a very great scholar what the title was? He told me, he was afraid I should hardly understand him when he informed me, that it

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was

was the stated and established method of computing time. It was not, indeed, likely that I should understand him; for I never yet knew time computed in my life, nor can imagine why we should be at so much trouble to count what we cannot keep. He did not tell me whether we are to count the time past, or the time to come; but I have considered them both by myself, and think it as foolish to count time that is gone, as money that is spent; and as for the time which is to come, it only seems farther off by counting; and therefore when any pleasure is promised me, I always think of the time as little as I can.

I have since listened very attentively to every one that talked upon this subject, of whom the greater part seem not to understand it better than myself; for though they often hint how much the nation has been mistaken, and rejoice that we are at last growing wiser than our ancestors, I have never been able to discover from them, that any body has died sooner or been married later for counting time wrong; and therefore I began to fancy that there was a great bubble with little consequence.

At last, two friends of my papa, Mr. Cycle, and Mr. Starlight, being, it seems, both of high learning, and able to make an almanack, began to talk about the new stile. Sweet Mr. Starlight—I am sure I shall love his name as long as I live; for he told Cycle roundly, with a fierce look, that we should never be right without a *year of confusion*. Dear Mr. Rambler, did you ever hear any thing so charming? a whole year of confusion! When there has been a rout at mamma's, I have thought one night of confusion worth a thousand nights of rest; and if I can but see a year of confusion, a whole year of cards in one room, and dancings in another, here a feast, and there a masquerade, and plays, and coaches, and hurries, and messages, and milliners, and raps at the door, and visits, and frolicks, and new fashions, I shall not care what they do with the rest of the time, nor whether they count it by the old stile or the new; for I am resolved to break loose from the nursery in the tumult, and play my part among the rest; and it will be strange if I cannot get a husband and a chariot in the year of confusion.

Cycle, who is neither so young nor so handsome as Starlight, very gravely

maintained, that all the perplexity may be avoided by leaping over eleven days in the reckoning; and indeed, if it should come only to this, I think the new stile is a delightful thing; for my mamma says I shall go to court when I am sixteen, and if they can but contrive often to leap over eleven days together, the months of restraint will soon be at an end. It is strange, that with all the plots that have been laid against time, they could never kill it by act of parliament before. Dear Sir, if you have any vote or interest, get them but for once to destroy eleven months, and then I shall be as old as some married ladies. But this is desired only if you think they will not comply with Mr. Starlight's scheme; for nothing surely could please me like a year of confusion, when I shall no longer be fixed this hour to my pen and the next to my needle; or wait at home for the dancing-master one day, and the next for the musick-master, but run from ball to ball, and from drum to drum; and spend all my time without tasks, and without account, and go out without telling whither, and come home without regard to prescribed hours, or family-rules. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

PROPERANTIA.

I Was seized this morning with an unusual pensiveness, and finding that books only served to heighten it, took a ramble into the fields, in hopes of relief and invigoration from the keenness of the air and brightness of the sun.

As I wandered wrapped up in thought, my eyes were struck with the hospital for the reception of deserted infants, which I surveyed with pleasure, till by a natural train of sentiment, I began to reflect on the fate of the mothers. For to what shelter can they fly? Only to the arms of their betrayer, which perhaps are now no longer open to receive them; and then how quick must be the transition from deluded virtue to shameless guilt, and from shameless guilt to hopeless wretchedness!

The anguish that I felt, left me no rest till I had, by your means, addressed myself to the publick on behalf of those forlorn creatures, the women of the town; whose misery here might satisfy the most rigorous censor, and whose participation of our common nature might surely

surely induce us to endeavour, at least, their preservation from eternal punishment.

These were all once, if not virtuous, at least innocent; and might still have continued blameless and easy, but for the arts and insinuations of those whose rank, fortune, or education, furnished them with means to corrupt or to delude them. Let the libertine reflect a moment on the situation of that woman, who, being forsaken by her betrayer, is reduced to the necessity of turning prostitute for bread, and judge of the enormity of his guilt by the evils which it produces.

It cannot be doubted, but that numbers follow this dreadful course of life with shame, horror, and regret; but where can they hope for refuge? The world is not their friend, nor the world's law. Their sighs, and tears, and groans, are criminal in the eye of their tyrants, the bully and the bawd, who fatten on their misery, and threaten them with want or a gaol, if they shew the least design of escaping from their bondage.

'To wipe all tears from off all faces,' is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is often within the most limited power: yet the opportunities which every day affords of relieving the most wretched of human beings are over-looked and neglected, with equal disregard of policy and goodness,

There are places, indeed, set apart, to which these unhappy creatures may resort, when the diseases of incontinence seize upon them; but if they obtain a cure, to what are they reduced? Either to return with the small remains of beauty to their former guilt, or perish in the streets with nakedness and hunger.

How frequently have the gay and thoughtless, in their evening frolics, seen a band of these miserable females, covered with rags, shivering with cold, and pining with hunger; and, without either pitying their calamities, or reflecting upon the cruelty of those who perhaps first seduced them by caresses of fondness, or magnificence of promises, go on to reduce others to the same wretchedness by the same means?

To stop the increase of this deplorable multitude, is undoubtedly the first and most pressing consideration. To prevent evil is the great end of government; the end for which vigilance and severity are properly employed. But surely those whom passion or interest have already depraved, have some claim to compassion, from beings equally frail and fallible with themselves. Nor will they long groan in their present afflictions, if none were to refuse them relief, but these that owe their exemption from the same distress only to their wisdom and their virtue.

AMICUS.

NO CVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1751.

SAPERE AUDE,

INCIPE. VIVENDI RECTE QUI PROROGAT HORAM,

ROSTICUS EXPECTAT DUM DEFLUAT ANNUS: AT ILLE

LABITUR, ET LABETUR IN OMNE VOLUNTIS EVUM.

HOR.

BEGIN, BE BOLD, AND VENTURE TO BE WISE;

HE WHO DEFERS THIS WORK FROM DAY TO DAY,

DOES ON A RIVER'S BANK EXPECTING STAY,

TILL THE WHOLE STREAM, WHICH STOPPED HIM, SHOULD BE GONE,

THAT RUNS, AND, AS IT RUNS, FOR EVER WILL BE GONE.

COVETUS.

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in it's worst form, has observed of the earth, 'that it's greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked moun-

tains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man.

The same observation may be trans-

ferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by listlessness and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares; in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however strained by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us sensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and as our

we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences; by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient, and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded, it will be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe

severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion, till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity, than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of it's channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to king-

dom, by the hopes of patronage and preferment; hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation; and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world, such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the *Praise of Folly*, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo suis impendendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*—lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that *time was his estate*; an estate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants; or laid out for show rather than for use.

Nº CIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1751.

GRATUM EST, QUOD PATRIÆ CIVEM, POPULOQUE DEDISTI,
SI FACIS UT PATRIA SIT IDONEUS, UTILIS AGIS,
UTILIS ET BELLORUM PACIS, REBUS AGENDIS.
FLUATUM ENIM INTERMIT, QUIBUS ARTIBUS, ET QUIBUS HUNC
MORIBUS INSTITUTIS.

GRATEFUL THE GIFT! A MEMBER TO THE STATE,
IF YOU THAT MEMBER USEFUL SHALL CREATE;
TRAIN'D BOTH TO WAR, AND WHEN THE WAR SHALL CEASE,
AS FOND, ASK'IT TO IMPROVE THE ARTS OF PEACE.
FOR MUCH IT BOOTS WHICH WAY YOU TRAIN YOUR BOY,
THE HOPEFUL OBJECT OF YOUR FUTURE JOY.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH you seem to have taken a view sufficiently extensive of the miseries of life, and have employed much

of your speculation on mournful subjects, you have not yet exhausted the whole stock of human infelicity. There is still a species of wretchedness which escapes your observation, though it might supply

supply you with many sage remarks, and salutary cautions.

I cannot but imagine the start of attention awakened by this welcome hint; and at this instant see the Rambler snuffing his candle, rubbing his spectacles, stirring his fire, locking out interruption, and settling himself in his easy-chair, that he may enjoy a new calamity without disturbance. For, whether it be that continued sickness or misfortune has acquainted you only with the bitterness of being; or that you imagine none but yourself able to discover what I suppose has been seen and felt by all the inhabitants of the world; whether you intend your writings as antidotal to the levity and merriment with which your rivals endeavour to attract the favour of the publick; or fancy that you have some particular powers of dolorous declamation, and *warble out your groans* with uncommon elegance or energy; it is certain, that whatever be your subject, melancholy for the most part bursts in upon your speculation, your gaiety is quickly overcast, and though your readers may be flattered with hopes of pleasantries, they are seldom dismissed but with heavy hearts.

That I may therefore gratify you with an imitation of your own syllables of sadness, I will inform you that I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered in my first cries such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the increase of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in playhouses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their time called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the de-

jection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer so fine a child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestick tutor should be procured, and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom, having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too

too burdensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdain the instructions of a tutor, who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caress-

sed and applauded: the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited by a thousand oblique solicitations my attendance to the playhouse, and my salutations in the park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived, that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these widdings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered that he wondered why Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies; and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I

find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt. I am, &c.

FLORENTULUS.

Nº CX. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1751.

AT NOBIS VITA DOMINUM QUÆRENTIBUS UNUM
LUX ITER EST, ET CLARA DIES, ET GRATIA SIMPLEX.
SPEM SEQUIMUR, GRADIMURQUE FIDE, FRUIMURQUE FUTURIS,
AD QUÆ NON VENIUNT PRÆSENTIS GAUDIA VITÆ,
NEC CURRUNT PARITER CAPTA, ET CAPIENDA VOLUPTAS.

PRUDENTIUS.

WE TRUST THIS MAZE OF LIFE ONE LORD OBEY;
WHOSE LIGHT AND GRACE UNERRING, LEAD THE WAY.
BY HOPE AND FAITH SECURE OF FUTURE BLISS,
GLADLY THE JOYS OF PRESENT LIFE WE MISS;
FOR BAFFLED MORTALS STILL ATTEMPT IN VAIN,
PRESENT AND FUTURE BLISS AT ONCE TO GAIN.

F. LEWIS.

THAT to please the Lord and Father of the universe, is the supreme interest of created and dependent beings, as it is easily proved, has been universally confessed; and since all rational agents are conscious of having neglected or violated the duties prescribed to them, the fear of being rejected, or punished by God, has always burdened the human mind. The expiation of crimes, and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, therefore constitutes a large part of every religion.

The various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and interest tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may sometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at least shew the general consent of all ages and nations in their opinion of the placability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be established as the first and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his existence is the origin of philosophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no prospect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the least deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the contemplation of a creator,

whom he must consider as a governor too pure to be pleased, and too severe to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, escape, nor resist.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. A constant and unflinching obedience is above the reach of terrestrial diligence; and therefore the progress of life could only have been the natural descent of negligent despair from crime to crime, had not the universal persuasion of forgiveness to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation, recalled those to the paths of virtue whom their passions had solicited aside, and animated to new attempts, and firmer perseverance, those whom difficulty had discouraged, or negligence surprised.

In times and regions so disjoined from each other, that there can scarcely be imagined any communication of sentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal austerities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appealing his justice by a speedy and cheerful submission to a less penalty when a greater is incurred.

Incorporated minds will always feel some inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual observances. Ideas not represented by sensible objects are fleeting, variable,

variable, and evanescent. We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our own thoughts, but as it is recorded by some certain and definite effect. He that reviews his life in order to determine the probability of his acceptance with God, if he could once establish the necessary proportion between crimes and sufferings, might securely rest upon his performance of the expiation; but while safety remains the reward only of mental purity, he is always afraid lest he should decide too soon in his own favour, lest he should not have felt the pangs of true contrition; lest he should mistake satiety for detestation, or imagine that his passions are subdued when they are only sleeping.

From this natural and reasonable diffidence arose, in humble and timorous piety, a disposition to confound penance with repentance, to repose on human determinations, and to receive from some judicial sentence the stated and regular assignment of reconciliatory pain. We are never willing to be without resource, we seek in the knowledge of others a succour for our own ignorance; and are ready to trust any that will undertake to direct us when we have confidence in ourselves.

This desire to ascertain by some outward marks the state of the soul, and this willingness to calm the conscience by some settled method, have produced, as they are diversified in their effects by various tempers and principles, most of the disquisitions and rules, the doubts and solutions, that have embarrassed the doctrine of repentance, and perplexed tender and flexible minds with innumerable scruples concerning the necessary measures of sorrow, and adequate degrees of self-abhorrence; and these rules corrupted by fraud, or debased by credulity, have, by the common refliency of the mind from one extreme to another, incited others to an open contempt of all subsidiary ordinances, all prudential caution, and the whole discipline of regulated piety.

Repentance, however difficult to be practised, is, if it be explained without superstition, easily understood. *Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too

closely connected with it, to be easily separated; for they not only mark its sincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obstinacy, by which his safety or happiness in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorse. He who is fully convinced that he suffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miscarriage to its first cause, to impute to himself a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary resolutions against the like fault, even when he knows that he shall never again have the power of committing it. Danger considered as imminent, naturally produces such trepidations of impatience as leave all human means of safety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment seized with useless anxieties; adding one security to another, trembling with sudden doubts, and distracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whose crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who considers himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting with security; what can he judge of himself but that he is not yet awakened to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the Divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

Retirement from the cares and pleasures of the world has been often recommended as useful to repentance. This at least is evident, that every one retires, whenever ratiocination and recollection are required on other occasions; and surely the retrospect of life, the disentanglement of actions complicated with innumerable circumstances, and diffused in various relations, the discovery of the primary movements of the heart, and the extirpation of lusts and appetites deeply rooted and widely spread, may be allowed to demand some secession from sport and noise, and business and folly. Some suspension of common affairs, some pause of temporal pain and pleasure, is doubtless necessary to him that deliberates for eternity,

eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miscarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only question in which mistake cannot be rectified.

Austerities and mortifications are means by which the mind is invigorated and roused, by which the attractions of pleasure are interrupted, and the chains of sensuality are broken. It is observed by one of the fathers, that *he who restrains himself in the use of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden*. Abstinence, if nothing more, is at least a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction; or delights to approach the pleasures which he knows it fatal to partake. Austerity is the proper antidote to indulgence; the diseases of mind as well as body are cured by contraries, and to contraries we should readily have recourse, if we dreaded guilt as we dread pain.

The completion and sum of repentance is a change of life. That sorrow

which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the Divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from doubt and contest, misery and temptation.

What better can we do than prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wring the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

Nº CXI. TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1751.

Ἐπιμὴν γὰρ εἰ ταχὺς, καὶ ἀσφαλὲς.

ΣΟΦΡΟΝ.

DISASTER ALWAYS WAITS ON EARLY WIT.

IT has been observed, by long experience, that late springs produce the greatest plenty. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breezes, is for the most part liberally recompensed by the exuberance and fecundity of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced, and the sun is high, escape those chilling blasts, and nocturnal frosts, which are often fatal to early luxuriance, prey upon the first smiles of vernal beauty, destroy the feeble principles of vegetable life, intercept the fruit in the gem, and beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.

I am afraid there is little hope of persuading the young and sprightly part of my readers, upon whom the spring naturally forces my attention, to learn from the great process of nature, the difference between diligence and hurry, between speed and precipitation; to prosecute their designs with calmness, to watch

the concurrence of opportunity, and endeavour to find the lucky moment which they cannot make. Youth is the time of enterprize and hope; having yet no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first repulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects its own weakness, or submits to sap the difficulties which it expected to subdue by storm. Before disappointments have enforced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of plodding industry, and fancy that, by increasing the fire, we can at pleasure accelerate the projection.

At our entrance into the world, when health and vigour give us fair promises
of

of time sufficient for the regular maturation of our schemes, and a long enjoyment of our acquisitions, we are eager to seize the present moment; we pluck every gratification within our reach, without suffering it to ripen into perfection, and crowd all the varieties of delight into a narrow compass; but age seldom fails to change our conduct; we grow negligent of time in proportion as we have less remaining, and suffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or slow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes or some fortuitous occurrence, or drowsy equilibrations of undetermined counsel. Whether it be that the aged, having tasted the pleasures of man's condition, and found them delusive, become less anxious for their attainment; or that frequent miscarriages have depressed them to despair, and frozen them to inactivity; or that death shocks them more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid to remind themselves of their decay, or to discover to their own hearts, that the time of trifling is past.

A perpetual conflict with natural desires seems to be the lot of our present state. In youth we require something of the tardiness and frigidity of age; and in age we must labour to recall the fire and impetuosity of youth; in youth we must learn to expect, and in age to enjoy.

The torment of expectation is, indeed, not easily to be borne at a time when every idea of gratification fires the blood, and flashes on the fancy; when the heart is vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire. Yet since the fear of missing what we seek must always be proportionable to the happiness expected from possessing it, the passions, even in this tempestuous state, might be somewhat moderated by frequent inculcation of the mischief of temerity, and the hazard of losing that which we endeavour to seize before our time.

He that too early aspires to honours, must resolve to encounter not only the opposition of interest, but the malignity of envy. He that is too eager to be rich, generally endangers his fortune in wild adventures, and uncertain projects; and he that hastens too speedily to reputation, often raises his character by arti-

fices and fallacies, decks himself in colours which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may shake off, or competition pluck away.

The danger of early eminence has been extended by some, even to the gifts of nature; and an opinion has been long conceived, that quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment, or extent of knowledge, appearing before the usual time, preface a short life. Even those who are less inclined to form general conclusions, from instances which by their own nature must be rare, have yet been inclined to prognosticate no suitable progress from the first fallies of rapid wits; but have observed, that after a short effort they either loiter or faint, and suffer themselves to be surpassed by the even and regular perseverance of slower understandings.

It frequently happens, that applause abates diligence. Whosoever finds himself to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sit down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. He whom success has made confident of his abilities, quickly claims the privilege of negligence, and looks contemptuously on the gradual advances of a rival, whom he imagines himself able to leave behind whenever he shall again summon his force to the contest. But long intervals of pleasure dissipate attention, and weaken constancy; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth, to rouse out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curiosity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of study.

Even that friendship which intends the reward of genius, too often tends to obstruct it. The pleasure of being caressed, distinguished, and admired, easily seduces the student from literary solitude. He is ready to follow the call which summons him to hear his own praise, and which, perhaps, at once flatters his appetite with certainty of pleasures, and his ambition with hopes of patronage; pleasures which he conceives inexhaustible, and hopes which he has not yet learned to distrust.

These evils, indeed, are by no means to be imputed to nature, or considered as inseparable from an early display of uncommon abilities. They may be certainly escaped by prudence and resolution,

tion, and must therefore be recounted rather as consolations to those who are less liberally endowed, than as discouragements to such as are born with uncommon qualities. Beauty is well known to draw after it the persecutions of impertinence, to incite the artifices of envy, and to raise the flames of unlawful love; yet among the ladies whom prudence or modesty have made most eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniencies of an amiable form? or would have purchased safety by the loss of charms?

Neither grace of person, nor vigour of understanding, are to be regarded otherwise than as blessings, as means of happiness indulged by the Supreme Benefactor; but the advantages of either may be lost by too much eagerness to obtain them. A thousand beauties in their first blossom, by an imprudent exposure to the open world, have suddenly withered at the blast of infamy; and men who might have subjected new regions to the empire of learning, have

been lured by the praise of their first productions from academical retirement, and wasted their days in vice and dependence. The virgin who too soon aspires to celebrity and conquest, perishes by childish vanity, ignorant credulity, or guiltless indiscretion. The genius who catches at laurels and preferment before his time, mocks the hopes that he had excited, and loses those years which might have been most usefully employed, the years of youth, of spirit, and vivacity.

It is one of the innumerable absurdities of pride, that we are never more impatient of direction, than in that part of life when we need it most; we are in haste to meet enemies whom we have not strength to overcome, and to undertake tasks which we cannot perform: and as he that once miscarries does not easily persuade mankind to favour another attempt, an ineffectual struggle for fame is often followed by perpetual obscurity.

Nº CXII. SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1751.

IN MEA VESANAS HABUI PENDENTIA VIRE,
ET VALUI POENAS FORTIS IN IPSE MEAS.

OVID.

OF STRENGTH PERNICIOUS TO MYSELF I BOAST;
THE POW'RS I HAVE WERE GIV'N ME TO MY COST.

F. LEWIS.

WE are taught by Celsus, that health is best preserved by avoiding settled habits of life, and deviating sometimes into slight aberrations from the laws of medicine; by varying the proportions of food and exercise, interrupting the successions of rest and labour, and mingling hardships with indulgence. The body, long accustomed to stated quantities and uniform periods, is disordered by the smallest irregularity; and since we cannot adjust every day by the balance or barometer, it is fit sometimes to depart from rigid accuracy, that we may be able to comply with necessary affairs, or strong inclinations. He that too long observes nice punctualities, condemns himself to voluntary imbecility, and will not long escape the miseries of disease.

The same laxity of regimen is equally necessary to intellectual health, and to

a perpetual susceptibility of occasional pleasure. Long confinement to the same company which perhaps similitude of taste brought first together, quickly contracts his faculties, and makes a thousand things offensive that are in themselves indifferent; a man accustomed to hear only the echo of his own sentiments, soon bars all the common avenues of delight, and has no part in the general gratifications of mankind.

In things which are not immediately subject to religious or moral consideration, it is dangerous to be too long or too rigidly in the right. Sensibility may, by an incessant attention to elegance and propriety, be quickened to a tenderness inconsistent with the condition of humanity, irritable by the slightest asperity, and vulnerable by the gentlest touch. He that pleases himself too much with minute exactness, and sub-

mits

mits to endure nothing in accommodations, attendance, or address, below the point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the crowd of life, be harassed with innumerable distresses, from which those who have not in the same manner increased their sensations find no disturbance. His exotick softness will shrink at the coarseness of vulgar felicity, like a plant transplanted to northern nurseries, from the dews and sun-shine of the tropical regions.

There will always be a wide interval between practical and ideal excellence; and, therefore, if we allow not ourselves to be satisfied while we can perceive any error or defect, we must refer our hopes of ease to some other period of existence. It is well known that, exposed to a microscope, the smoothest polish of the most solid bodies discovers cavities and prominences; and that the softest bloom of roseate virginity repels the eye with excrescences and discolorations. The perceptions as well as the senses may be improved to our own disquiet, and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of dislike, raise in time an artificial fastidiousness, which shall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, shew us the naked skeleton of every delight, and present us only with the pains of pleasure, and the deformities of beauty.

Peevishness, indeed, would perhaps very little disturb the peace of mankind, were it always the consequence of superfluous delicacy; for it is the privilege only of deep reflection, or lively fancy, to destroy happiness by art and refinement. But by continual indulgence of a particular humour, or by long enjoyment of undisputed superiority, the dull and thoughtless may likewise acquire the power of tormenting themselves and others; and become sufficiently ridiculous or hateful to those who are within sight of their conduct, or reach of their influence.

They that have grown old in a single state are generally found to be morose, fretful, and captious; tenacious of their own practices and maxims; soon offended by contradiction or negligence; and impatient of any association, but with those that will watch their nod, and submit themselves to unlimited authority. Such is the effect of having lived without the necessity of consulting any inclination but their own.

The irascibility of this class of tyrants is generally exerted upon petty provocations, such as are incident to understandings not far extended beyond the instincts of animal life; but, unhappily, he that fixes his attention on things always before him, will never have long cessations of anger. There are many veterans of luxury, upon whom every noon brings a paroxysm of violence, fury, and execration; they never sit down to their dinner without finding the meat so injudiciously bought, or so unskillfully dressed, such blunders in the seasoning, or such improprieties in the sauce, as can scarcely be expiated without blood; and, in the transports of resentment, make very little distinctions between guilt and innocence, but let fly their menaces, or growl out their discontent, upon all whom fortune exposes to the storm.

It is not easy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependence on a peevish man. In every other state of inferiority the certainty of pleasing is perpetually increased by a fuller knowledge of our duty; and kindness and confidence are strengthened by every new act of trust, and proof of fidelity. But peevishness sacrifices to a momentary offence the obsequiousness or usefulness of half a life, and more is performed, increases her exactings.

Chrysalus gained a fortune by trade, and retired into the country; and, having a brother burdened by the number of his children, adopted one of his sons. The boy was dismissed with many prudent admonitions; informed of his father's inability to maintain him in his native rank; cautioned against all opposition to the opinions or precepts of his uncle; and animated to perseverance by the hopes of supporting the honour of the family, and overtopping his elder brother. He had a natural ductility of mind, without much warmth of affection, or elevation of sentiment; and therefore readily complied with every variety of caprice; patiently endured contradictory reproofs; heard false accusations without pain, and opprobrious reproaches without reply; laughed obstreperously at the nineteenth repetition of a joke; asked questions about the universal decay of trade; admired the strength of those heads by which the price of stocks is changed and adjusted; and behaved with such

prudence

prudence and circumspection, that after six years the will was made, and Juvenclus was declared heir. But unhappily, a month afterwards, retiring at night from his uncle's chamber, he left the door open behind him: the old man tore his will, and being then perceptibly declining, for want of time to deliberate, left his money to a trading company.

When female minds are imbibed by age or solitude, their malignity is generally exerted in a rigorous and spiteful superintendence of domestick trifles. Eriphile has employed her eloquence for twenty years upon the degeneracy of servants, the nastiness of her house, the ruin of her furniture, the difficulty of preserving tapestry from the moths, and the carelessness of the sluts whom she employs in brushing it. It is her business every morning to visit all the rooms, in hopes of finding a chair without it's cover, a window shut or open contrary to her orders, a spot on the hearth, or a feather on the floor, that the rest of the day may be justifiably spent in taunts of contempt, and vociferations of anger. She lives for no other purpose but to preserve the neatness of a house and gardens, and feels neither inclination to pleasure, nor aspiration after virtue, while she is engrossed by the great employment of keeping gravel from grass, and wainscot from dirt. Of three amiable nieces she has declared herself an irreconcilable enemy to one, because she broke off a tulip with her hoop; to another, because she spilt her coffee on a Turkey carpet; and to the third, because she let a wet dog run into the parlour. She has broken off her intercourse of visits, because company makes a house dirty; and resolves to confine herself

more to her own affairs, and to live no longer in mire by foolish lenity.

Peevishness is generally the vice of narrow minds; and, except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, by which the resolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lightest addition to it's miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is, to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness from causes unworthy of our notice.

He that resigns his peace to little casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity which constitute the chief praise of a wise man.

The province of prudence lies between the greatest things and the least; some surpass our power by their magnitude, and some escape our notice by their number and their frequency. But the indispensable business of life will afford sufficient exercise to every understanding; and such is the limitation of the human powers, that by attention to trifles we must let things of importance pass unobserved: when we examine a mite with a glass, we see nothing but a mite.

That it is every man's interest to be pleased, will need little proof: that it is his interest to please others, experience will inform him. It is therefore not less necessary to happiness than to virtue, that he rid his mind of passions which make him uneasy to himself, and hateful to the world, which enchain his intellects, and obstruct his improvement.

N^o CXIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1751.

—UXOREM, POSTHUME DUCIS?

DIC QUA TISIPHONE, QUIBUS EXAGITARE COLUMBIS?

Juv.

A SOBER MAN LIKE THEE TO CHANGE HIS LIFE!
WHAT FURY WOULD POSSESS THEE WITH A WIFE?

DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Know not whether it is always a proof of innocence to treat censure with contempt. We owe so much reverence to the wisdom of mankind, as justly to wish, that our own opinion of our merit may be ratified by the concurrence of other suffrages; and since guilt and infamy must have the same effect upon intelligences unable to pierce beyond external appearance, and influenced often rather by example than precept, we are obliged to refute a false charge, lest we should countenance the crime which we have never committed. To turn away from an accusation with supercilious silence, is equally in the power of him that is hardened by villany, and inspirited by innocence. The wall of brass which Horace erects upon a clear conscience, may be sometimes raised by impudence or power; and we should always wish to preserve the dignity of virtue by adorning her with graces which wickedness cannot assume.

For this reason I have determined no longer to endure, with either patient or sullen resignation, a reproach which is, at least in my opinion, unjust; but will lay my case honestly before you, that you or your readers may at length decide it.

Whether you will be able to preserve your boasted impartiality, when you hear, that I am considered as an adversary by half the female world, you may surely pardon me for doubting, notwithstanding the veneration to which you may imagine yourself entitled by your age, your learning, your abstraction, or your virtue. Beauty, Mr. Rambler, has often overpowered the resolutions of the firm, and the reasonings of the wise, roused the old to sensibility, and subdued the rigorous to softness.

I am one of those unhappy beings, who have been marked out as hus-

bands for many different women, and deliberated a hundred times on the brink of matrimony. I have discussed all the nuptial preliminaries so often, that I can repeat the forms in which jointures are settled, pin-money secured, and provisions for younger children ascertained; but am at last doomed by general consent to everlasting solitude, and excluded by an irreversible decree from all hopes of connubial felicity. I am pointed out by every mother, as a man whose visits cannot be admitted without reproach, who raises hopes only to embitter disappointment, and makes offers only to reduce girls into a waste of that part of life, in which they might gain advantageous matches, and become mistresses and mothers.

I hope you will think, that some part of this penal severity may justly be remitted, when I inform you, that I never yet professed love to a woman without sincere intentions of marriage; that I have never continued an appearance of intimacy from the hour that my inclination changed; but to preserve her whom I was leaving from the shock of abruptness, or the ignominy of contempt; that I always endeavoured to give the ladies an opportunity of seeming to discard me; and that I never forsook a mistress for larger fortune, or brighter beauty, but because I discovered some irregularity in her conduct, or some depravity in her mind; not because I was charmed by another, but because I was offended by herself.

I was very early tired of that succession of amusements by which the thoughts of most young men are dissipated, and had not long glittered in the splendour of an ample patrimony before I wished for the calm of domestick happiness. Youth is naturally delighted with sprightliness and ardour, and therefore I breathed out the sighs of my first affection at the feet of the gay, the sparkling, the vivacious Ferocula. I fancied to myself

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myself a perpetual source of happiness in wit never exhausted, and spirit never depressed; looked with veneration on her readiness of expedients, contempt of difficulty, assurance of address, and promptitude of reply; considered her as exempt by some prerogative of nature from the weakness and timidity of female minds; and congratulated myself upon a companion superior to all common troubles and embarrassments. I was, indeed, somewhat disturbed by the unshaken perseverance with which she enforced her demands of an unreasonable settlement; yet I should have consented to pass my life in union with her, had not my curiosity led me to a crowd gathered in the street, where I found Perocula, in the presence of hundreds, disputing for six-pence with a chairman. I saw her in so little need of assistance, that it was no breach of the laws of chivalry to forbear interposition, and I spared myself the shame of owning her acquaintance. I forgot some point of ceremony at our next interview, and soon provoked her to forbid me her presence.

My next attempt was upon a lady of great eminence for learning and philosophy. I had frequently observed the barrenness and uniformity of connubial conversation, and therefore thought highly of my own prudence and discernment, when I selected from a multitude of wealthy beauties, the deep-read Misothea, who declared herself the inexorable enemy of ignorant pertness, and puerile levity; and scarcely condescended to make tea, but for the linguist, the geometrician, the astronomer, or the poet. The queen of the Amazons was only to be gained by the hero who could conquer her in single combat; and Misothea's heart was only to bless the scholar who could overpower her by disputation. Amidst the fondest transports of courtship she could call for a definition of terms, and treated every argument with contempt that could not be reduced to regular syllogism. You may easily imagine, that I wished this courtship at an end; but when I desired her to shorten my torments, and fix the day of my felicity, we were led into a long conversation, in which Misothea endeavoured to demonstrate the folly of attributing choice and self-direction to any human being. It was not difficult to discover the danger of committing my-

self for ever to the arms of one who might at any time mistake the dictates of passion, or the calls of appetite, for the decree of fate; or consider cuckoldom as necessary to the general system, as a link in the everlasting chain of successive causes. I therefore told her, that destiny had ordained us to part, and that nothing should have torn me from her but the talons of necessity.

I then solicited the regard of the calm, the prudent, the economical Sophronia, a lady who considered wit as dangerous, and learning as superfluous, and thought that the woman who kept her house clean, and her accounts exact, took receipts for every payment, and could find them at a sudden call, enquired nicely after the condition of the tenants, read the price of stocks once a week, and purchased every thing at the best market, could want no accomplishments necessary to the happiness of a wife and man. She discoursed with great solemnity on the care and vigilance which the superintendence of a family demands; observed how many were ruined by confidence in servants; and told me that she never expected honesty but from a strong chest, and that the best store-keeper was the mistress's eye. Many such oracles of generosity she uttered, and made every day new improvements in her schemes for the regulation of her servants, and the distribution of her time. I was convinced, that whatever I might suffer from Sophronia, I should escape poverty; and we therefore proceeded to adjust the settlements according to her own rule, *fair and softly*. But one morning her maid came to me in tears to intreat my interest for a reconciliation to her mistress, who had turned her out at night for breaking six teeth in a tortoise-shell comb: she had attended her lady from a distant province, and having not lived long enough to save much money, was destitute among strangers, and though of a good family, in danger of perishing in the streets, or of being compelled by hunger to prostitution. I made no scruple of promising to restore her; but upon my first application to Sophronia, was answered with an air which called for approbation, that if she neglected her own affairs, I might suspect her of neglecting mine; that the comb stood her in three half-crowns; that no servant should

wrong

wrong her twice; and that indeed she took the first opportunity of parting with Phillida, because, though she was honest, her constitution was bad, and she thought her very likely to fall sick. Of our conference I need not tell you the effect; it surely may be forgiven me, if on this occasion I forgot the decency of common forms.

From two more ladies I was disengaged by finding, that they entertained my rivals at the same time, and determined their choice by the liberality of our settlements. Another I thought myself justified in forsaking, because she

gave my attorney a bribe to favour her in the bargain; another because I could never soften her to tenderness, till she heard that most of my family had died young; and another, because, to increase her fortune by expectations, she represented her sister as languishing and consumptive.

I shall in another letter give the remaining part of my history of courtship. I presume that I should hitherto have injured the majesty of female virtue, had I not hoped to transfer my affection to higher merit. I am, &c.

HYMENÆUS.

Nº CXIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1751.

— AUDI,
NULLA UNQUAM DE MORTE HOMINIS CUNCTATIO LONGA EST.

Juv.

WHEN A MAN'S LIFE IS IN DEBATE,
THE JUDGE CAN NE'ER TOO LONG DELIBERATE.

DRYDEN.

POWER and superiority are so flattering and delightful, that, fraught with temptation and exposed to danger as they are, scarcely any virtue is so cautious, or any prudence so timorous, as to decline them. Even those that have most reverence for the laws of right, are pleased with shewing that not fear, but choice, regulates their behaviour; and would be thought to comply, rather than obey. We love to overlook the boundaries which we do not wish to pass; and, as the Roman satirist remarks—
'He that has no design to take the life of another, is yet glad to have it in his hands.'

From the same principle, tending yet more to degeneracy and corruption, proceeds the desire of investing lawful authority with terror, and governing by force rather than persuasion. Pride is unwilling to believe the necessity of assigning any other reason than her own will; and would rather maintain the most equitable claims by violence and penalties, than descend from the dignity of command to dispute and expostulation.

It may, I think, be suspected, that this political arrogance has sometimes found its way into legislative assemblies, and mingled with deliberations upon property and life. A slight perusal of

the laws by which the measures of vindictive and coercive justice are established, will discover so many disproportions between crimes and punishments, such capricious distinctions of guilt, and such confusion of remissness and severity, as can scarcely be believed to have been produced by publick wisdom, sincerely and calmly studious of publick happiness.

The learned, the judicious, the pious Boerhaave, relates, that he never saw a criminal dragged to execution without asking himself, 'Who knows whether this man is not less culpable than me?' On the days when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave, let every spectator of the dreadful procession put the same question to his own heart. Few among those that crowd in thousands to the legal massacre, and look with carelessness, perhaps with triumph, on the utmost exacerbations of human misery, would then be able to return without horror and dejection. For who can congratulate himself upon a life passed without some act more mischievous to the peace or prosperity of others, than the theft of a piece of money?

It has been always the practice, when any particular species of robbery becomes prevalent and common, to endeavour

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deavour it's suppression by capital denunciations. Thus, one generation of malefactors is commonly cut off, and their successors are frightened into new expedients; the art of thievery is augmented with greater variety of fraud, and subtilized to higher degrees of dexterity, and more occult methods of conveyance. The law then renews the pursuit in the heat of anger, and overtakes the offender again with death. By this practice, capital inflictions are multiplied, and crimes very different in their degrees of enormity, are equally subjected to the severest punishment that man has the power of exercising upon man.

The lawgiver is undoubtedly allowed to estimate the malignity of an offence, not merely by the loss or pain which single acts may produce, but by the general alarm and anxiety arising from the fear of mischief, and insecurity of possession: he therefore exercises the right which societies are supposed to have over the lives of those that compose them, not simply to punish a transgression, but to maintain order, and preserve quiet; he enforces those laws with severity that are most in danger of violation, as the commander of a garrison doubles the guard on that side which is threatened with the enemy.

This method has been long tried, but tried with so little success, that rapine and violence are hourly increasing: yet few seem willing to despair of it's efficacy; and of those who employ their speculations upon the present corruption of the people, some propose the introduction of more horrid, lingering, and terrific punishments; some are inclined to accelerate the executions; some to discourage pardons; and all seem to think that lenity has given confidence to wickedness, and that we can only be rescued from the talons of robbery by inflexible rigour, and sanguinary justice.

Yet since the right of setting an uncertain and arbitrary value upon life has been disputed, and since experience of past times gives us little reason to hope that any reformation will be effected by a periodical havock of our fellow-beings, perhaps it will not be useless to consider what consequences might arise from relaxations of the law, and a more rational and equitable adaption of penalties to offences.

Death is, as one of the ancients ob-

erves, *τὸν φοβερόν, φοβερότατον*—*of dreadful things the most dreadful*; an evil, beyond which nothing can be threatened by sublunary power, or feared from human enmity or vengeance. This error should, therefore, be reserved as the last resort of authority, as the strongest and most operative of prohibitory functions, and placed before the treasure of life, to guard from invasion, what cannot be restored. To equal robbery with murder is to reduce murder to robbery, to confound in common minds the gradations of iniquity, and incite the commission of a greater crime to prevent the detection of a less. If only murder were punished with death, very few robbers would stain their hands in blood; but when, by the last act of cruelty no new danger is incurred, and greater security may be obtained, upon what principle shall we bid them forbear?

It may be urged, that the sentence is often mitigated to simple robbery; but surely this is to confess that our laws are unreasonable in our own opinion; and, indeed, it may be observed, that all but murderers have, at their last hour, the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favour.

From this conviction of the inequality of the punishment to the offence, proceeds the frequent solicitation of pardons. They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing, compared with his misery; and severity defeats itself by exciting pity.

The gibbet, indeed, certainly disables those who die upon it from infecting the community; but their death seems not to contribute more to the reformation of their associates, than any other method of separation. A thief seldom passes much of his time in recollection or anticipation, but from robbery hastens to riot, and from riot to robbery; nor, when the grave closes upon his companion, has any other care than to find another.

The frequency of capital punishments, therefore, rarely hinders the commission of a crime, but naturally and commonly prevents it's detection, and is, if we proceed only upon prudential principles, chiefly for that reason to be avoided. Whatever may be urged by casuists or politicians, the greater part of mankind, as they can never think

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that to pick the pocket and to pierce the heart is equally criminal, will scarcely believe that two malefactors so different in guilt can be justly doomed to the same punishment: nor is the necessity of submitting the conscience to human laws so plainly evinced, so clearly stated, or so generally allowed, but that the pious, the tender, and the just, will always scruple to concur with the community in an act which their private judgment cannot approve.

He who knows not how often rigorous laws produce total impunity, and how many crimes are concealed and forgotten for fear of hurrying the offender to that state in which there is no repentance, has conversed very little with mankind. And whatever epithets of reproach or contempt this compassion may incur from those who confound cruelty with firmness, I know not whether any wise man would wish it less powerful, or less extensive.

If those whom the wisdom of our laws has condemned to die, had been detected in their rudiments of robbery, they might, by proper discipline and useful labour, have been disentangled from their habits, they might have escaped all the temptations to subsequent crimes, and passed their days in reparation and penitence; and detected they might all have been, had the prosecutors been certain that their lives would have been spared. I believe, every thief will confess, that he has been more than once seized and dismissed; and that he has sometimes ventured upon capital

crimes, because he knew that those whom he injured would rather connive at his escape, than cloud their minds with the horrors of his death.

All laws against wickedness are ineffectual, unless some will inform, and some will prosecute; but till we mitigate the penalties for mere violations of property, information will always be hated, and prosecution dreaded. The heart of a good man cannot but recoil at the thought of punishing a slight injury with death; especially when he remembers, that the thief might have procured safety by another crime, from which he was restrained only by his remaining virtue.

The obligations to assist the exercise of public justice are indeed strong; but they will certainly be overpowered by tenderness for life. What is punished with severity contrary to our ideas of adequate retribution, will be seldom discovered; and multitudes will be suffered to advance from crime to crime, till they deserve death, because, if they had been sooner prosecuted, they would have suffered death before they deserved it.

This scheme of invigorating the laws by relaxation, and extirpating wickedness by lenity, is so remote from common practice, that I might reasonably fear to expose it to the publick, could it be supported only by my own observations: I shall, therefore, by ascribing it to its author, Sir Thomas More, endeavour to procure it that attention which I wish always paid to prudence, to justice, and to mercy.

Nº CXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1751.

QUEDAM PARVA QUIDEM, SED NON TOLERANDA MARITIS.

JUV.

SOME FAULTS, THO' SMALL, INTOLERABLE GROW.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

812,

I Sit down, in pursuance of my late engagement, to recount the remaining part of the adventures that beset me in my long quest of conjugal felicity, which, though I have not yet been so happy as to obtain it, I have at least endeavoured to deserve by unwearied diligence, without suffering from repeated

disappointments any abatement of my hope, or repression of my activity.

You must have observed in the world a species of mortals who employ themselves in promoting matrimony, and, without any visible motive of interest or vanity, without any discoverable impulse of malice or benevolence, without any reason, but that they want objects of attention and topics of conversation,

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are incessantly busy in procuring wives and husbands. They fill the ears of every single man and woman with some convenient match, and when they are informed of your age and fortune, offer a partner of life with the same readiness, and the same indifference, as a salesman, when he has taken measure by his eye, fits his customer with a coat.

It might be expected that they should soon be discouraged from this officious interpolation by resentment or contempt; and that every man should determine the choice on which so much of his happiness must depend, by his own judgment and observation: yet it happens, that as these proposals are generally made with a shew of kindness, they seldom provoke anger, but are at worst heard with patience, and forgotten. They influence weak minds to approbation; for many are sure to find in a new acquaintance whatever qualities report has taught them to expect; and in more powerful and active understandings they excite curiosity, and sometimes, by a lucky chance, bring persons of similar tempers within the attraction of each other.

I was known to possess a fortune, and to want a wife; and therefore was frequently attended by these hymeneal solicitors, with whose importunity I was sometimes diverted, and sometimes perplexed; for they contended for me as vultures for a carcase; each employing all his eloquence, and all his artifices, to enforce and promote his own scheme, from the success of which he was to receive no other advantage than the pleasure of defeating others equally eager, and equally industrious.

An invitation to sup with one of those busy friends, made me by a concerted chance acquainted with Camilla, by whom it was expected that I should be suddenly and irresistibly enslaved. The lady, whom the same kindness had brought without her own concurrence into the lists of love, seemed to think me at least worthy of the honour of captivity; and exerted the power, both of her eyes and wit, with so much art and spirit, that though I had been too often deceived by appearances to devote myself irrevocably at the first interview, yet I could not suppress some raptures of admiration, and flutters of desire. I was easily persuaded to make nearer approaches; but soon discovered, that an

union with Camilla was not much to be wished. Camilla professed a boundless contempt for the folly, levity, ignorance, and impertinence of her own sex; and very frequently expressed her wonder that men of learning or experience could submit to trifle away life with beings incapable of solid thought. In mixed companies, she always associated with the men, and declared her satisfaction when the ladies retired. If any short excursion into the country was proposed, she commonly insisted upon the exclusion of women from the party; because, where they were admitted, the time was wasted in frothy compliments, weak indulgences, and idle ceremonies. To shew the greatness of her mind, she avoided all compliance with the fashion; and to boast the profundity of her knowledge, mistook the various textures of silk, confounded tabbies with damasks, and sent for ribbands by wrong names. She despised the commerce of stated visits, a farce of empty form without instruction; and congratulated herself, that she never learned to write message-cards. She often applauded the noble sentiment of Plato, who rejoiced that he was born a man rather than a woman; proclaimed her approbation of Swift's opinion, that women are only a higher species of monkies; and confessed, that when she considered the behaviour, or heard the conversation, of her sex, she could not but forgive the Turks for suspecting them to want souls.

It was the joy and pride of Camilla to have provoked, by this insolence, all the rage of hatred, and all the persecutions of calumny; nor was she ever more elevated with her own superiority, than when she talked of female anger and female cunning. Well, says she, has nature provided that such virulence should be disabled by folly, and such cruelty be restrained by impotence.

Camilla doubtless expected, that what she lost on one side, she should gain on the other; and imagined that every male heart would be open to a lady who made such generous advances to the borders of virility. But man, ungrateful man, instead of springing forward to meet her, shrunk back at her approach. She was persecuted by the ladies as a deserter, and at best received by the men only as a fugitive. I, for my part, amused myself a while with her soporiferous, but novelty soon gave way to detestation,

detestation, for nothing out of the common order of nature can be long borne. I had no inclination to a wife who had the ruggedness of a man without his force, and the ignorance of a woman without her softness; nor could I think my quiet and honour to be entrusted to such audacious virtue as was hourly courting danger, and soliciting assault.

My next mistress was Nitella, a lady of gentle mien, and soft voice, always speaking to approve, and ready to receive direction from those with whom chance had brought her into company. In Nitella I promised myself an easy friend, with whom I might loiter away the day without disturbance or altercation. I therefore soon resolved to address her, but was discouraged from prosecuting my courtship by observing, that her apartments were superstitiously regular; and that, unless she had notice of my visit, she was never to be seen. There is a kind of anxious cleanliness which I have always noted as the characteristic of a flatterer; it is the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery, and shunning suspicion; it is the violence of an effort against habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

Nitella was always tricked out rather with nicety than elegance; and seldom could forbear to discover, by her uneasiness and constraint, that her attention was burdened, and her imagination engrossed: I therefore concluded, that being only occasionally and ambitiously dressed, she was not familiarized to her own ornaments. There are so many competitors for the fame of cleanliness, that it is not hard to gain information of those that fail, from those that desire to excel: I quickly found, that Nitella passed her time between finery and dirt; and was always in a wrapper, nightcap, and slippers, when she was not decorated for immediate shew.

I was then led by my evil destiny to Charybdis, who never neglected an opportunity of seizing a new prey when it came within her reach. I thought myself quickly made happy by permission to attend her to public places; and pleased my own vanity with imagining the envy which I should raise in a thousand hearts, by appearing as the acknowledged favourite of Charybdis. She soon after hinted her intention to take a ramble for a fortnight into a part of the kingdom which she had ne-

ver seen. I solicited the happiness of accompanying her, which, after a short reluctance, was indulged me. She had no other curiosity in her journey, than after all possible means of expence; and was every moment taking occasion to mention some delicacy, which I knew it my duty upon such notices to procure.

After our return, being now more familiar, she told me, whenever we met, of some new diversion; at night she had notice of a charming company that would breakfast in the gardens; and in the morning had been informed of some new song in the opera, some new dress at the play-house, or some performer at a concert whom she longed to hear. Her intelligence was such, that there never was a shew to which she did not summon me on the second day; and as she hated a crowd, and could not go alone, I was obliged to attend at some intermediate hour, and pay the price of a whole company. When we passed the streets, she was often charmed with some trinket in the toy-shops; and from moderate desires of seals and snuff-boxes, rose, by degrees, to gold and diamonds. I now began to find the simile of Charybdis too costly for a private purse, and added one more to six and forty lovers, whose fortune and patience her rapacity had exhausted.

Imperia then took possession of my affections; but kept them only for a short time. She had newly inherited a large fortune, and having spent the early part of her life in the perusal of romances, brought with her into the gay world all the pride of Cleopatra; expected nothing less than vows, altars, and sacrifices; and thought her charms dishonoured, and her power infringed, by the softest opposition to her sentiments, or the smallest transgression of her commands. Time might indeed cure this species of pride in a mind not naturally undiscerning, and vitiated only by false representations; but the operations of time are slow; and I therefore left her to grow wise at leisure, or to continue in error at her own expence.

Thus I have hitherto, in spite of myself, passed my life in frozen celibacy. My friends, indeed, often tell me, that I flatter my imagination with higher hopes than human nature can gratify; that I dress up an ideal charmer in all the radiance of perfection, and then enter the world to look for the same excellence in corporeal beauty. But surely,
Mr.

Mr. Rambler, it is not madness to hope for some terrestrial lady unstained with the spots which I have been describing; at least I am resolved to pursue my search; for I am so far from thinking meanly of marriage, that I believe it able to afford

the highest happiness decreed to our present state; and if after all these miseries I find a woman that fills up my expectation, you shall hear once more from, Yours, &c.

HYMENAËUS.

Nº CXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1751.

OPTAT EPHIPPIA ROS; PIGER OPTAT ARARE CABALLUS.

HOR.

THUS THE SLOW OX WOULD GAUDY TRAPPINGS CLAIM;
THE SPRIGHTLY HORSE WOULD PLOUGH—

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Was the second son of a country gentleman by the daughter of a wealthy citizen of London. My father having by his marriage freed the estate from a heavy mortgage, and paid his sisters their portions, thought himself discharged from all obligation to further thought, and entitled to spend the rest of his life in rural pleasures. He therefore spared nothing that might contribute to the completion of his felicity; he procured the best guns and horses that the kingdom could supply, paid large salaries to his groom and huntsman, and became the envy of the country for the discipline of his hounds. But above all his other attainments, he was eminent for a breed of pointers and setting-dogs, which by long and vigilant cultivation he had so much improved, that not a partridge or heathcock could rest in security, and game of whatever species that dared to light upon his manor, was beaten down by his shot, or covered with his nets.

My elder brother was very early initiated in the chase, and at an age when other boys are *creeping like snails unwillingly to school*, he could wind the horn, beat the bushes, bound over hedges, and swim rivers. When the huntsman one day broke his leg, he supplied his place with equal abilities, and came home with the scut in his hat, amidst the acclamations of the whole village. I being either delicate or timorous, less desirous of honour, or less capable of sylvan heroism, was always the favourite of my mother; because I kept my coat clean, and my complexion free from freckles, and did not come home like

my brother mired and tanned, nor carry corn in my hat to the horse, nor bring dirty curs into the parlour.

My mother had not been taught to amuse herself with books; and being much inclined to despise the ignorance and barbarity of the country ladies, disdained to learn their sentiments or conversation, and had made no addition to the notions which she had brought from the precincts of Cornhill. She was, therefore, always recounting the glories of the city; enumerating the succession of mayors; celebrating the magnificence of the banquets at Guildhall; and relating the civilities paid her at the companies' feasts by men of whom some are now made aldermen, some have fined for sheriffs, and none are worth less than forty thousand pounds. She frequently displayed her father's greatness; told of the large bills which he had paid at sight; of the sums for which his word would pass upon the Exchange; the heaps of gold which he used on Saturday night to toss about with a shovel; the extent of his warehouse, and the strength of his doors; and when she relaxed her imagination with lower subjects, described the furniture of their country-house, or repeated the wit of the clerks and porters.

By these narratives I was first with the splendor and dignity of London; and of trade. I therefore devoted myself to a shop, and warmed my imagination from year to year with enquiries about the privileges of a freeman, the power of the common council, the dignity of a wholesale dealer, and the grandeur of mayoralty, to which my mother assured me that many had arrived who began the world with less than myself.

I was very impatient to enter into a path,

path, which led to such honour and felicity; but was forced for a time to endure some repression of my eagerness, for it was my grandfather's maxim, that 'a young man seldom makes much money, who is out of his time before two-and-twenty.' They thought it necessary, therefore, to keep me at home till the proper age, without any other employment than that of learning merchants accounts, and the art of regulating books; but at length the tedious days elapsed, I was transplanted to town, and, with great satisfaction to myself, bound to a haberdasher.

My master, who had no conception of any virtue, merit, or dignity, but that of being rich, had all the good qualities which naturally arise from a close and unwearied attention to the main chance; his desire to gain wealth was so well tempered by the vanity of shewing it, that, without any other principle of action, he lived in the esteem of the whole commercial world; and was always treated with respect by the only men whose good opinion he valued or solicited, those who were universally allowed to be richer than himself.

By his instructions I learned in a few weeks to handle a yard with great dexterity, to wind tape neatly upon the ends of my fingers, and to make up parcels with exact frugality of paper and pack-thread; and soon caught from my fellow-apprentices the true grace of a counter-bow, the careless air with which a small pair of scales is to be held between the fingers, and the vigour and sprightliness with which the box, after the ribband has been cut, is returned into its place. Having no desire of any higher employment, and therefore applying all my powers to the knowledge of my trade, I was quickly master of all that could be known, became a critic in small wares, contrived new variations of figures, and new mixtures of colours, and was sometimes consulted by the weavers when they projected fashions for the ensuing spring.

With all these accomplishments, in the fourth year of my apprenticeship, I paid a visit to my friends in the country, where I expected to be received as a new ornament of the family, and consulted by the neighbouring gentlemen as a master of pecuniary knowledge, and by the ladies as an oracle of the mode. But unhappily, at the first publick table

to which I was invited, appeared a student of the Temple, and an officer of the guards, who looked upon me with a smile of contempt, which destroyed at once all my hopes of distinction, so that I durst hardly raise my eyes for fear of encountering their superiority of mien. Nor was my courage revived by any opportunities of displaying my knowledge; for the templar entertained the company for part of the day with historical narratives and political observations; and the colonel afterwards detailed the adventures of a birth-night, told the claims and expectations of the courtiers, and gave an account of assemblies, gardens, and diversions. I, indeed, essayed to fill up a pause in a parliamentary debate with a faint mention of trade, and Spaniards; and once attempted, with some warmth, to correct a gross mistake about a silver breast-knot; but neither of my antagonists seemed to think a reply necessary; they resumed their discourse without emotion, and again engrossed the attention of the company; nor did one of the ladies appear desirous to know my opinion of her dress, or to hear how long the carnation shot with white, that was then new amongst them, had been antiquated in town.

As I knew that neither of these gentlemen had more money than myself, I could not discover what had depressed me in their presence; nor why they were considered by others as more worthy of attention and respect; and therefore resolved, when we met again, to rouse my spirit, and force myself into notice. I went very early to the next weekly meeting, and was entertaining a small circle very successfully with a minute representation of my lord-mayor's show, when the colonel entered careless and gay, sat down with a kind of uncereemonious civility, and without appearing to intend any interruption, drew my audience away to the other part of the room, to which I had not the courage to follow them. Soon after came in the lawyer, not indeed with the same attraction of mien, but with greater powers of language; and by one or other the company was so happily amused, that I was neither heard nor seen, nor was able to give any other proof of my existence than that I put round the glass, and was in my turn permitted to name the toast.

My mother, indeed, endeavoured to
L l comfo

comfort me in my vexation, by telling me, that, perhaps these showy talkers were hardly able to pay every one his own; that he who has money in his pocket needs not care what any man says of him; that, if I minded my trade, the time will come when lawyers and soldiers would be glad to borrow out of my purse; and that it is fine, when a man can set his hands to his sides, and say he is worth forty thousand pounds every day of the year. These and many more such consolations and encouragements I received from my good mother, which however did not much allay my uneasiness; for having by some accident heard, that the country ladies despised her as a oit, I had therefore no longer much reverence for her opinions, but considered her as one whose ignorance and prejudice had hurried me, though without ill intentions, into a state of meanness and ignominy, from which I could not find any possibility of rising to the rank which my ancestors had always held.

I returned, however, to my master, and busied myself among thread, and silks, and laces, but without my former cheerfulness and alacrity. I had now no longer any felicity in contemplating the exact disposition of my powdered curls, the equal plaits of my ruffles, or the glossy blackness of my shoes; nor

heard with my former elevation those compliments which ladies sometimes condescended to pay me upon my readiness in twisting a paper, or counting out the change. The term of Young Man, with which I was sometimes honoured, as I carried a parcel to the door of a coach, tortured my imagination; I grew negligent of my person, and sullen in my temper, often mistook the demands of the customers, treated their caprices and objections with contempt, and received and dismissed them with surly silence.

My master was afraid lest the shop should suffer by this change of my behaviour; and, therefore, after some expostulations, posted me in the warehouse, and preserved me from the danger and reproach of desertion, to which my discontent would certainly have urged me, had I continued any longer behind the counter.

In the sixth year of my servitude my brother died of drunken joy, for having run down a fox that had baffled all the packs in the province. I was now heir, and with the hearty consent of my master commenced gentleman. The adventures in which my new character engaged me shall be communicated in another letter, by, Sir, Yours, &c.

MISOCAPLUS.

Nº CXVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1751.

THE GODS THEY CHALLENGE, AND AFFECT THE SKIES;

HEAV'D ON OLYMPUS TOTT'RING OSSA STOOD;

ON Ossa, FELLON NOBSE WITH ALL HIS WOOD.

TO THE RAMBLER.

NOTHING has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of selfish speculation, and has never hard-

ened his front in publick life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven by a burst of laughter from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradiction, the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silk-worm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains,

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the publick the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect: or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest stories, has been immemorably observed. The wisdom of the ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation: why else were the Muses stationed on Olympus or Parnassus by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of Tempe, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himself nursed upon a mountain, or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the earlier ages endeavoured to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of Pythagoras—*ἀνέμῳ ἀντίστροφον ἢ ἤχῳ ἀποκρίνεται*—when the wind blows, 'worship it's echo.' This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated in the age of Augustus, for Tibullus evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to the Pythagorean precept—

*Quidam jurant humiles, ventos audire cubantem
Aut gelidæ hybernas aquas cum fuderit auster,
Securus somnus, imbre juvante, sequi.*

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing show'rs!

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of Lucretius, an earlier writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learnings, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratick state of the world moving below him.

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munus tenere
Edidit doctrinæ sapientum templis serena;
Despicere unde quæcunque alios, passimque sidera
Errant, atque viam palantis quæcunque viam.*

—'Tis sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,

And all the magazines of learning fortify'd;
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewild'rd in the maze of life, and blind.

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established.

Causa latet; res est noiffima.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

ADDITION.

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judicious enquirer. Some have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect, that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer-door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony.

monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge; and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements; and some yet more visionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniencies may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated unvariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of an universal practice, there must still be presumed an universal cause; which, however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps referred to make me illustrious by it's discovery, and you by it's promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dulness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any

man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of refraction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens, that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favourable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer, than that he who towers to the fifth story is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The nations between the tropicks are known to be fiery, inconsistent, inventive, and fanciful; because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniencies of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our language by taking a few turns round the center in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of understanding till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue block-heads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let

not

not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Aretzeus was rational in no other place but his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the center, so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education; that if I hoped that the publick could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose, that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments, or constitutions. Perhaps, some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower, might compose tables of interest at a

certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes, that we may find the heat of Virgil's climate in some lines of his Georgicks: so, when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly fancy, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe, that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock-loft.

HYPERTATUS.

N^o CXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 4. 1751.

**OMNES ILLACKYMAILES
URGENTER, IGNOTIQUE LONGA
DOCTE.**

IN ENDLESS NIGHT THEY SLEEP, UNWEPT, UNKNOWN.

CICERO has, with his usual elegance and magnificence of language, attempted, in his relation of the dream of Scipio, to depreciate those honours for which he himself appears to have panted with restless solicitude, by shewing within what narrow limits all that fame and celebrity which man can hope from men is circumscribed.

'You see,' says Africanus, pointing at the earth from the celestial regions, 'that the globe assigned to the residence and habitation of human beings is of small dimensions: how then can you obtain from the praise of men any glory worthy of a wish? Of this little world the inhabited parts are neither numerous nor wide; even the spots where men are to be found are broken by intervening deserts; and the nations are so separated as that nothing can be transmitted from one to another. With the people of the south by whom the opposite part of the earth is possessed, you have no intercourse; and by how small a tract do you communicate with the countries of the north? The territory which you in-

'ha: it is no more than a scanty island inclosed by a small body of water, to which you give the name of the Great Sea and the Atlantick Ocean. And even in this known and frequented continent, what hope can you entertain, that your renown will pass the stream of Ganges, or the cliffs of Caucasus? Or by whom will your name be uttered in the extremities of the north or south, towards the rising or the setting sun? So narrow is the space to which your fame can be propagated; and even there how long will it remain?'

He then proceeds to assign natural causes why fame is not only narrow in its extent, but short in its duration; he observes the difference between the computation of time in earth and heaven, and declares, that according to the celestial chronology, no human honours can last a single year.

Such are the objections, by which Tully has made a shew of discouraging the pursuit of fame; objections which sufficiently discover his tenderness and regard for his darling phantasm. **HOMER,**

mer, when the plan of his poem made the death of Patroclus necessary, resolved, at least, that he should die with honour; and therefore brought down against him the patron god of Troy, and left to Hector only the mean task of giving the last blow to an enemy whom a divine hand had disabled from resistance. Thus Tully ennobles fame, which he professes to degrade, by opposing it to celestial happiness; he confines not its extent but by the boundaries of nature, nor contracts its duration but by representing it small in the estimation of superior beings. He still admits it the highest and noblest of terrestrial objects, and alleges little more against it, than that it is neither without end, nor without limits.

What might be the effect of these observations conveyed in Ciceronian eloquence to Roman understandings, cannot be determined; but few of those who shall in the present age read my humble version will find themselves much depressed in their hopes, or retarded in their designs; for I am not inclined to believe, that they who among us pass their lives in the cultivation of knowledge, or acquisition of power, have very anxiously enquired what opinions prevail on the further banks of the Ganges, or invigorated any effort by the desire of spreading their renown among the clans of Caucasus. The hopes and fears of modern minds are content to range in a narrower compass; a single nation, and a few years, have generally sufficient amplitude to fill our imaginations.

A little consideration will indeed teach us, that fame has other limits than mountains and oceans; and that he who places happiness in the frequent repetition of his name, may spend his life in propagating it, without any danger of weeping for new worlds, or necessity of passing the Atlantick sea.

The numbers to whom any real and perceptible good or evil can be derived by the greatest power, or most active diligence, are inconsiderable; and where neither benefit nor mischief operate, the only motive to the mention or remembrance of others is curiosity, a passion which, though in some degree universally associated to reason, is easily confined, overborne, or diverted from any particular object.

Among the lower classes of mankind

there will be found very little desire of any other knowledge than what may contribute immediately to the relief of some pressing uneasiness, or the attainment of some near advantage. The Turks are said to hear with wonder a proposal to walk out only that they may walk back; and enquire why any man should labour for nothing; so those whose condition has always restrained them to the contemplation of their own necessities, and who have been accustomed to look forward only to a small distance, will scarcely understand, why nights and days should be spent in studies, which end in new studies, and which, according to Malherbe's observation, do not tend to lessen the price of bread; nor will the trader or manufacturer easily be persuaded, that much pleasure can arise from the mere knowledge of actions performed in remote regions, or in distant times; or that any thing can deserve their enquiry, of which *ad hoc sive ad idem*, *ad idem*, we can only hear the report, but which cannot influence our lives by any consequences.

The truth is, that very few have leisure, from indispensable business, to employ their thoughts upon narrative or characters; and among those to whom fortune has given the liberty of living more by their own choice, many create to themselves engagements, by the indulgence of some petty ambition, the admission of some insatiable desire, or the toleration of some predominant passion. The man whose whole wish is to accumulate money, has no other care than to collect interest, to estimate securities, and to engage for mortgages; the lover disdains to turn his ear to any other name than that of Corinna; and the courtier thinks the hour lost, which is not spent in promoting his interest, and facilitating his advancement. The adventures of valour, and the discoveries of science, will find a cold reception, when they are obtruded upon an attention thus busy with its favourite amusement, and impatient of interruption or disturbance.

But not only such employments, as seduce attention by appearances of dignity, or promises of happiness, may restrain the mind from excursion and enquiry; curiosity may be equally destroyed by less formidable enemies; it may be dissipated in trifles, or congealed by indolence. The sportsman and the man

of

of dress have their heads filled with a fox or a horse-race, a feather or a ball; and live in ignorance of every thing beside, with as much content as he that heaps up gold, or solicits preferment, digs the field, or beats the anvil; and some yet lower in the ranks of intellect, dream out their days without pleasure or business, without joy or sorrow, nor ever rouse from their lethargy to hear or think.

Even of those who have dedicated themselves to knowledge, the far greater part have confined their curiosity to a few objects, and have very little inclination to promote any fame, but that which their own studies entitle them to partake. The naturalist has no desire to know the opinions or conjectures of the philologist; the botanist looks upon the astronomer as a being unworthy of his regard; the lawyer scarcely hears the name of a physician without contempt; and he that is growing great and happy by electrifying a bottle, wonders how the world can be engaged by trifling prattle about war or peace.

If, therefore, he that imagines the world filled with his actions and praises, shall subduct from the number of his

encomiasts, all those who are placed below the flight of fame, and who hear in the valleys of life no voice but that of necessity; all those who imagine themselves too important to regard him and consider the mention of his name as an usurpation of their time; all who are too much, or too little pleased with themselves, to attend to any thing external; all who are attracted by pleasure, or chained down by pain, to unvaried ideas; all who are withheld from attending his triumph by different pursuits; and all who slumber in universal negligence; he will find his renown straitened by nearer bounds than the rocks of Caucasus, and perceives that no man can be venerable or formidable, but to a small part of his fellow-creatures.

That we may not languish in our endeavours after excellence, it is necessary, that, as Africanus counsels his descendant, 'we raise our eyes to higher prospects, and contemplate our future and eternal state, without giving up our hearts to the praise of crowds, or fixing our hopes on such rewards as human power can bestow.'

N^o CXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1751.

ILLIACOS INTRA MUROS PECCATOR, ET EXTRA.

HOR.

FAULTS LAY ON EITHER SIDE THE TROJAN TOWER.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

AS, notwithstanding all that wit, or malice or pride, or prudence, will be able to suggest, men and women must at last pass their lives together, I have never therefore thought those writers friends to human happiness, who endeavour to excite in either sex a general contempt or suspicion of the other. To persuade them who are entering the world, and looking abroad for a suitable associate, that all are equally vicious, or equally ridiculous; that they who trust are certainly betrayed, and they who esteem are always disappointed; is not to awaken judgment, but to inflame ferocity. Without hope there can be no caution. Those who are convinced, that no reason for preference can be

found, will never harass their thoughts with doubt and deliberation; they will resolve, since they are doomed to misery, that no needless anxiety shall disturb their quiet; they will plunge at hazard into the crowd, and snatch the first hand that shall be held toward them.

That the world is overrun with vice, cannot be denied; but vice, however predominant, has not yet gained an unlimited dominion. Simple and unmingled good is not in our power, but we may generally escape a greater evil by suffering a less; and therefore those who undertake to initiate the young and ignorant in the knowledge of life, should be careful to inculcate the possibility of virtue and happiness, and to encourage endeavours by prospects of success.

You, perhaps, do not suspect, that these

these are the sentiments of one who has been subject for many years to all the hardships of antiquated virginity; has been long accustomed to the coldness of neglect, and the petulance of insult; has been mortified in full assemblies by enquiries after forgotten fashions, games long disused, and wits and beauties of ancient renown; has been invited, with malicious importunity, to the second wedding of many acquaintances; has been ridiculed by two generations of coquets in whispers intended to be heard; and been long considered, by the airy and gay, as too venerable for familiarity, and too wise for pleasure. It is indeed natural for injury to provoke anger, and by continual repetition to produce an habitual asperity; yet I have hitherto struggled with so much vigilance against my pride, and my resentment, that I have preserved my temper uncorrupted. I have not yet made it any part of my employment to collect sentences against marriage; nor am inclined to lessen the number of the few friends whom time has left me, by obstructing that happiness which I cannot partake, and venting my vexation in censures of the forwardness and indiscretion of girls, or the inconsistency, tastelessness, and perfidy of men.

It is, indeed, not very difficult to bear that condition to which we are not condemned by necessity, but induced by observation and choice; and therefore I, perhaps, have never yet felt all the malignity with which a reproach, edged with the appellation of old maid, swells some of those hearts in which it is infix'd. I was not condemned in my youth to solitude, either by indigence or deformity, nor passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph. I have danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy, and gratulations of applause; been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain; and seen my regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love. If, therefore, I am yet a stranger to nuptial happiness, I suffer only the consequences of my own resolves, and can look back upon the succession of lovers, whose addresses I have rejected, without grief and without malice.

When my name first began to be inscribed upon glasses, I was honoured

with the amorous professions of the gay Venustulus, a gentleman who, being the only son of a wealthy family, had been educated in all the wantonness of expence, and softness of effeminacy. He was beautiful in his person, and easy in his address, and therefore soon gained upon my eye at an age when the sight is very little over-ruled by the understanding. He had not any power in himself of gladdening or amusing; but supplied his want of conversation by treats and diversions; and his chief art of courtship was to fill the mind of his mistress with parties, rambles, musick, and shews. We were often engaged in short excursions to gardens and seats, and I was for a while pleased with the care which Venustulus discovered in securing me from any appearance of danger, or possibility of mischance. He never failed to recommend caution to his coachman, or to promise the waterman a reward if he landed us safe; and always contrived to return by day-light for fear of robbers. This extraordinary solicitude was represented for a time as the effect of his tenderness for me; but fear is too strong for continued hypocrisy. I soon discovered, that Venustulus had the cowardice as well as elegance of a female. His imagination was perpetually clouded with terrors, and he could scarcely refrain from screams and outcries at any accidental surprise. He durst not enter a room if a rat was heard behind the wainscot, nor cross a field where the cattle were frisking in the sunshine; the least breeze that waved upon the river was a storm, and every clamour in the street was a cry of fire. I have seen him lose his colour when my squirrel had broke his chain; and was forced to throw water in his face on the sudden entrance of a black cat. Compassion once obliged me to drive away with my fan a beetle that kept him in distress, and chide off a dog that yelped at his heels, to which he would gladly have given up me to facilitate his own escape. Women naturally expect defence and protection from a lover or a husband, and therefore you will not think me culpable in refusing a wretch who would have burdened life with unnecessary fears, and flown to me for that succour which it was his duty to have given.

My next lover was Fungosa, the son of a stock-jobber, whose visits my friends, by the importunity of persuasion, prevailed



have for the testimony of one who has been subject for many years to all the varieties of sanguineous eruptions, and the only one of a variety of eruptions, from long exposure to the contact of light, and the influence of cold.



has been subject for many years to all the varieties of sanguineous eruptions, and the only one of a variety of eruptions, from long exposure to the contact of light, and the influence of cold.

Richard D. ...
Published as the Act directs, by Hurd & C^o March 26. 1794.
Plate XI.

vailed upon me to allow. Fungosa was no very suitable companion; for having been bred in a counting-house, he spoke a language unintelligible in any other place. He had no desire of any reputation, but that of an acute prognosticator of the changes in the funds; nor had any means of raising merriment, but by telling how somebody was overreached in a bargain by his father. He was, however, a youth of great sobriety and prudence, and frequently informed us how carefully he would improve my fortune. I was not in haste to conclude the match, but was so much awed by my parents, that I durst not dismiss him, and might perhaps have been doomed for ever to the grossness of pedlary, and the jargon of usury, had not a fraud been discovered in the settlement, which set me free from the persecution of groveling pride and pecuniary impudence.

I was afterwards six months without any particular notice, but at last became the idol of the glittering Flosculus, who prescribed the mode of embroidery to all the fops of his time, and varied at pleasure the cock of every hat, and the sleeve of every coat, that appeared in fashionable assemblies. Flosculus made some impression upon my heart by a compliment which few ladies can hear without emotion; he commended my skill in dress, my judgment in suiting colours, and my art in disposing ornaments. But Flosculus was too much engaged by his own elegance, to be sufficiently attentive to the duties of a lover, or to please with varied praise an ear made delicate by riot of adulation. He expected to be repaid part of his tribute, and staid away three days because I neglected to take notice of a new coat. I quickly found, that Flosculus was rather a rival than an admirer; and that we should probably live in a perpetual struggle of emulous finery, and spend our lives in stratagems to be first in the fashion.

I had soon after the honour at a feast of attracting the eyes of Dentatus, one of those human beings whose only happi-

ness is to dine. Dentatus regaled me with foreign varieties, told me of measures that he had laid for procuring the best cook in France, and entertained me with bills of fare, prescribed the arrangement of dishes, and taught me two sauces invented by himself. At length, such is the uncertainty of human happiness, I declared my opinion too hastily upon a pie made under his own direction; after which he grew so cold and negligent, that he was easily dismissed.

Many other lovers, or pretended lovers, I have had the honour to lead a while in triumph. But two of them I drove from me, by discovering that they had no taste or knowledge in music; three I dismissed, because they were drunkards; two, because they paid their addresses at the same time to other ladies; and six, because they attempted to influence my choice, by bribing my maid. Two more I discarded at the second visit, for obscene allusions; and five for drollery on religion. In the latter part of my reign, I sentenced two to perpetual exile, for offering me settlements, by which the children of a former marriage would have been injured; four, for representing falsely the value of their estates; three for concealing their debts; and one for raising the rent of a decrepit tenant.

I have now sent you a narrative, which the ladies may oppose to the title of Hymeneus. I mean not to depreciate the sex which has produced poets and philosophers, heroes and martyrs; but will not suffer the rising generation of beauties to be dejected by partial satire; or to imagine, that those who censured them have not likewise their follies, and their vices. I do not yet believe happiness unattainable in marriage, though I have never yet been able to find a man with whom I could prudently venture an inseparable union. It is necessary to expose faults, that their deformity may be seen; but the reproach ought not to be extended beyond the crime, nor either sex to be condemned, because some women, or men, are indelicate or dishonest.

I am, &c. TRANQUILLA.

N^o CXX. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1751.

REDDITUM CYRI SOLIO PHRAATEN
DISSIDENS PLEBI, NUMERO BEATORUM
EXIMIT VIRTUS, POPULUMQUE FALSIS
DEDOCT UTI

VOCIUS.

HOR.

TRUE VIRTUE CAN THE CROWD UNTEACH
THEIR FALSE MISTAKEN FORMS OF SPEECH;
VIRTUE TO CROWDS A FOE PROTEST,
DISDAINS TO NUMBER WITH THE BLISS
PHRAATES, BY HIS SLAVES ADOR'D,
AND TO THE PARTHIAN CROWN RESTOR'D.

FRANCIS.

IN the reign of Jenghiz Can, conqueror of the east, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, halted to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of Oxus were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to Nouradin.

At length Nouradin felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indolence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physick; they filled his apartments with alexipharmicks, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. Nouradin was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only son; and dismissing

his attendants—My son, says he, behold here the weakness and fragility of man; look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of Asia drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me, and sighed: "His root," she cried, "is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of Oxus; it sends out branches afar; and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top." Now, Almamoulin, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me and attend. I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my servants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of Death is upon me; a frigid sick torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom. The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched a while with honest sorrow, and



Stoddard del.

Scarp engr.



and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank of Nouradin's profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wife men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a princess of Altracan once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of Golconda; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him: 'How,' says she, 'dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation;

'thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.'

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestick pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of towers, and rolled rivers through new channels.

These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to Samarcand, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out—I have at last found the use of riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy; and I enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and in the form of legal citation summoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitors accus-

ing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronized and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. 'Brother,' said the philosopher, 'thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them what experience has now taught thee that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they

tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain who stood trembling at Astracan, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces and neglected gardens will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes to which a wise man be delighted to apply them; they may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards.'

N^o CXXI. TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1751.

O IMITATORS, SERVUM PECUS!

HOR.

AWAY, YE IMITATORS, SERVILE HERD!

ELPHINSTON.

I Have been informed by a letter, from one of the universities, that among the youth from whom the next swarm of reasoners is to learn philosophy, and the next flight of beauties to hear elegies and sonnets, there are many who, instead of endeavouring by books and meditation to form their own opinions, content themselves with the secondary knowledge, which a convenient bench in a coffee-house can supply; and, without any examination or distinction, adopt the criticisms and remarks which happen to drop from those who have risen by merit or fortune to reputation and authority.

These humble retailers of knowledge my correspondent stigmatizes with the name of Echoes; and seems desirous that they should be made ashamed of lazy submission, and animated to attempts

after new discoveries, and original sentiments.

It is very natural for young men to be vehement, acrimonious, and severe. For, as they seldom comprehend at once all the consequences of a position, or perceive the difficulties by which cooler and more experienced reasoners are restrained from confidence, they form their conclusions with great precipitance. Seeing nothing that can darken or embarrass the question, they expect to find their own opinion universally prevalent, and are inclined to impute uncertainty and hesitation to want of honesty, rather than of knowledge. I may perhaps, therefore, be reproached by my lively correspondent, when it shall be found, that I have no inclination to persecute these collectors of fortuitous knowledge with the severity required; yet, as I am now

too

[illegible][illegible]

NO. CXXI. TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1881.

[illegible][illegible]



RAMBLER.



too old to be much pained by hasty censure, I shall not be afraid of taking into protection those whom I think condemned without a sufficient knowledge of their cause.

He that adopts the sentiments of another, whom he has reason to believe wiser than himself, is only to be blamed when he claims the honours which are not due but to the author, and endeavours to deceive the world into praise and veneration; for to learn is the proper business of youth; and whether we increase our knowledge by books or by conversation, we are equally indebted to foreign assistance.

The greater part of students are not born with abilities to construct systems, or advance knowledge; nor can have any hope beyond that of becoming intelligent hearers in the schools of art, of being able to comprehend what others discover, and to remember what others teach. Even those to whom Providence hath allotted greater strength of understanding, can expect only to improve a single science. In every other part of learning, they must be content to follow opinions, which they are not able to examine; and, even in that which they claim as peculiarly their own, can seldom add more than some small particle of knowledge to the hereditary stock devolved to them from ancient times, the collective labour of a thousand intellects.

In science, which, being fixed and limited, admits of no other variety than such as arises from new methods of distribution, or new arts of illustration, the necessity of following the traces of our predecessors is indisputably evident; but there appears no reason, why imagination should be subject to the same restraint. It might be conceived, that of those who profess to forsake the narrow paths of truth, every one may deviate towards a different point, since though rectitude is uniform and fixed, obliquity may be infinitely diversified. The roads of science are narrow, so that they who travel them must either follow or meet one another; but in the boundless regions of possibility, which fiction claims for her dominion, there are surely a thousand recesses unexplored, a thousand flowers unplucked, a thousand fountains unexhausted, combinations of imagery yet unobserved, and races of ideal inhabitants not hitherto described.

Yet, whatever hope may persuade, or reason evince, experience can boast of very few additions to ancient fable. The wars of Troy, and the travels of Ulysses, have furnished almost all succeeding poets with incidents, characters, and sentiments. The Romans are confessed to have attempted little more than to display in their own tongue the inventions of the Greeks. There is, in all their writings, such a perpetual recurrence of allusions to the tales of the fabulous age, that they must be confessed often to want that power of giving pleasure which novelty supplies; nor can we wonder that they excelled so much in the graces of diction, when we consider how rarely they were employed in search of new thoughts.

The warmest admirers of the great Mantuan poet can extol him for little more than the skill with which he has, by making his hero both a traveller and a warrior, united the beauties of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in one composition: yet his judgment was perhaps sometimes overborne by his avarice of the Homeric treasures; and, for fear of suffering a sparkling ornament to be lost, he has inserted it where it cannot shine with its original splendor.

When Ulysses visited the infernal regions, he found, among the heroes that perished at Troy, his competitor Ajax, who, when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses, died by his own hand in the madness of disappointment. He still appeared to resent, as on earth, his loss and disgrace. Ulysses endeavoured to pacify him with praises and submission; but Ajax walked away without reply. This passage has always been considered as eminently beautiful; because Ajax, the haughty chief, the unlettered soldier, of unshaken courage, of immovable constancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, or enforcing his assertions by any other argument than the sword, had no way of making his anger known but by gloomy sullenness and dumb ferocity. His hatred of a man whom he conceived to have defeated him only by volubility of tongue, was therefore naturally shewn by silence more contemptuous and piercing than any words that so rude an orator could have found, and by which he gave his enemy no opportunity of exerting the only power in which he was superior.

When

When Æneas is sent by Virgil to the shades, he meets Didò the queen of Carthage, whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accosts her with tenderness and excuses; but the lady turns away like Ajax in mute disdain. She turns away like Ajax; but she resembles him in none of those qualities which gave either dignity or propriety to silence. She might, without any departure from the tenour of her conduct, have burst out like other injured women into clamour, reproach, and denunciation; but Virgil had his imagination full of Ajax, and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach Didò any other mode of resentment.

If Virgil could be thus seduced by imitation, there will be little hope that common wits should escape; and accordingly we find, that besides the universal and acknowledged practice of copying the ancients, there has prevailed in every age a particular species of fiction. At one time all truth was conveyed in allegory; at another, nothing was seen but in a vision; at one period all the poets followed sleep, and every event produced a pastoral; at another they busied themselves wholly in giving directions to a painter.

It is indeed easy to conceive why any fashion should become popular, by which idleness is favoured, and imbecility assisted; but surely no man of genius can much applaud himself for repeating a tale with which the audience is already tired, and which could bring no honour to any but its inventor.

There are, I think, two schemes of writing, on which the laborious wits of the present time employ their faculties. One is the adaptation of sense to all the rhymes which our language can supply to some word; that makes the burden of the stanza; but this, as it has been only used in a kind of amorous burlesque, can scarcely be censured with much acrimony. The other is the imitation of Spenser, which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age, and therefore deserves to be more attentively considered.

To imitate the fictions and sentiments of Spenser can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the most pleasing vehicles of instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was in his own time allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that Johnson boldly pronounces him to have written no language. His stanza is at once difficult and unpleasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. It was at first formed in imitation of the Italian poets, without due regard to the genius of our language. The Italians have little variety of termination, and were forced to contrive such a stanza as might admit the greatest number of similar rhymes; but our words end with so much diversity, that it is seldom convenient for us to bring more than two of the same sound together. If it be justly objected by Milton, that rhyme obliges poets to express their thoughts in improper terms, these improprieties must always be multiplied, as the difficulty of rhyme is increased by long concatenations.

The imitators of Spenser are indeed not very rigid censors of themselves, for they seem to conclude, that when they have disfigured their lines with a few obsolete syllables, they have accomplished their design, without considering that they ought not only to admit old words, but to avoid new. The laws of imitation are broken by every word introduced since the time of Spenser, as the character of Hector is violated by quoting Aristotle in the play. It would indeed be difficult to exclude from a long poem all modern phrases, though it is easy to sprinkle it with gleanings of antiquity. Perhaps, however, the style of Spenser might by long labour be justly copied; but life is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value, but because it has been forgotten.

N^o CXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1751.

NESCIO QUA NATALE SOLUM DULCEDINE CUNCTOS.

DUCIT.

OVID.

BY SECRET CHARMS OUR NATIVE LAND ATTRACTS.

NOTHING is more subject to mistake and disappointment than anticipated judgment concerning the easiness or difficulty of any undertaking; whether we form our opinion from the performance of others, or from abstracted contemplation of the thing to be attempted.

Whatever is done skilfully appears to be done with ease; and art, when it is once matured to habit, vanishes from observation. We are therefore more powerfully excited to emulation, by those who have attained the highest degree of excellence, and whom we can therefore with least reason hope to equal.

In adjusting the probability of success by a previous consideration of the undertaking, we are equally in danger of deceiving ourselves. It is never easy, nor often possible, to comprise the series of any process with all its circumstances, incidents, and variations, in a speculative scheme. Experience soon shews us the tortuosities of imaginary rectitude, the complications of simplicity, and the aperties of smoothness. Sudden difficulties often start up from the ambushes of art, stop the career of activity, repress the gaiety of confidence, and when we imagine ourselves almost at the end of our labours, drive us back to new plans and different measures.

There are many things which we every day see others unable to perform, and perhaps have even ourselves miscarried in attempting; and yet can hardly allow to be difficult; nor can we forbear to wonder afresh at every new failure, or to promise certainty of success to our next essay; but when we try, the same hindrances recur, the same inability is perceived, and the vexation of disappointment must again be suffered.

Of the various kinds of speaking or writing, which serve necessity, or promote pleasure, none appears so artless or easy as simple narration; for what should make him that knows the whole order and progress of an affair unable to re-

late it? Yet we hourly find such an endeavour to entertain or instruct us by recitals, clouding the facts which they intend to illustrate, and losing themselves and their auditors in wilds and mazes, in digression and confusion. When we have congratulated ourselves upon a new opportunity of enquiry, and new means of information, it often happens, that without designing either deceit or concealment, without ignorance of the fact, or unwillingness to disclose it, the relator fills the ear with empty sounds, harasses the attention with fruitless impatience, and disturbs the imagination by a tumult of events, without order of time, or train of consequence.

It is natural to believe, upon the same principle, that no writer has a more easy task than the historian. The philosopher has the works of Omniscience to examine; and is therefore engaged in disquisitions, to which finite intellects are utterly unequal. The poet trusts to his invention, and is not only in danger of those inconsistencies, to which every one is exposed by departure from truth, but may be censured as well for deficiencies of matter, as for irregularity of disposition, or impropriety of ornament. But the happy historian has no other labour than of gathering what tradition pours down before him, or records treasure for his use. He has only the actions and designs of men like himself to conceive and to relate; he is not to form, but copy characters, and therefore is not blamed for the inconsistency of statesmen, the injustice of tyrants, or the cowardice of commanders. The difficulty of making variety consistent, or uniting probability with surprise, needs not to disturb him; the manners and actions of his personages are already fixed; his materials are provided and put into his hands, and he is at leisure to employ all his powers in arranging and displaying them.

Yet, even with these advantages, very few in any age have been able to raise themselves to reputation by writing histories.

tories; and among the innumerable authors, who fill every nation with accounts of their ancestors, or undertake to transmit to futurity the events of their own time, the greater part, when fashion and novelty have ceased to recommend them, are of no other use than chronological memorials, which necessity may sometimes require to be consulted, but which fright away curiosity, and disgust delicacy.

It is observed, that our nation, which has produced so many authors eminent for almost every other species of literary excellence, has been hitherto remarkably barren of historical genius; and so far has this defect raised prejudices against us, that some have doubted, whether an Englishman can stop at that mediocrity of style, or confine his mind to that even tenour of imagination which narrative requires.

They who can believe that nature has so capriciously distributed understanding, have surely no claim to the honour of serious consultation. The inhabitants of the same country have opposite characters in different ages; the prevalence or neglect of any particular study can proceed only from the accidental influence of some temporary cause; and if we have failed in history, we can have failed only because history has not hitherto been diligently cultivated.

But how is it evident, that we have not historians among us, whom we may venture to place in comparison with any that the neighbouring nations can produce? The attempt of Raleigh is deservedly celebrated for the labour of his researches, and the elegance of his style; but he has endeavoured to exert his judgment more than his genius, to select facts, rather than adorn them; and has produced an historical dissertation, but seldom risen to the majesty of history.

The works of Clarendon deserve more regard. His diction is indeed neither exact in itself, nor suited to the purpose of history. It is the effusion of a mind crowded with ideas, and desirous of imparting them; and therefore always accumulating words, and involving one clause and sentence in another. But there is in his negligence a rude inartificial majesty, which, without the nicety of laboured elegance, swells the mind by its plenitude and diffusiveness. His narration is not perhaps sufficiently rapid, being stopped too fre-

quently by particularities, which, though they might strike the author who was present at the transactions, will not equally detain the attention of posterity. But this ignorance or carelessness of the art of writing is amply compensated by his knowledge of nature and of policy, the wisdom of his maxims, the justness of his reasonings, and the variety, distinctness, and strength of his characters.

But none of our writers can, in my opinion, justly contest the superiority of Knolles, who, in his history of the Turks, has displayed all the excellencies that narration can admit. His style, though somewhat obscured by time, and sometimes vitiated by false wit, is pure, nervous, elevated, and clear. A wonderful multiplicity of events is so artfully arranged, and so distinctly explained, that each facilitates the knowledge of the next. Whenever a new personage is introduced, the reader is prepared by his character for his actions; when a nation is first attacked, or city besieged, he is made acquainted with its history, or situation; so that a great part of the world is brought into view. The descriptions of this author are without minuteness, and the digressions without ostentation. Collateral events are so artfully woven into the contexture of his principal story, that they cannot be disjoined, without leaving it lacerated and broken. There is nothing turgid in his dignity, nor superfluous in his copiousness. His orations only, which he feigns, like the ancient historians, to have been pronounced on remarkable occasions, are tedious and languid; and since they are merely the voluntary sports of imagination, prove how much the most judicious and skilful may be mistaken, in the estimate of their own powers.

Nothing could have sunk this author in obscurity, but the remoteness and barbarity of the people whose story he relates. It seldom happens, that all circumstances concur to happiness or fame. The nation which produced this great historian has the grief of seeing his genius employed upon a foreign and uninteresting subject; and that writer, who might have secured perpetuity to his name, by a history of his own country, has exposed himself to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprises and revolutions, of which none desire to be informed.



N^o CXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1751.QUONIAM EST INBUTA RECENS, SERVAVIT ODORUM
TESTABILIUS.

HOR.

WHAT REASON'D FIRST THE VESSEL, KEEPS THE TASTE.

CREECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

THOUGH I have so long found myself deluded by projects of honour and distinction, that I often resolve to admit them no more into my heart; yet how determinately soever excluded, they always recover their dominion by force or stratagem; and whenever, after the shortest relaxation of vigilance, reason and caution return to their charge, they find hope again in possession, with all her train of pleasures dancing about her.

Even while I am preparing to write a history of disappointed expectations, I cannot forbear to flatter myself, that you and your readers are impatient for my performance; and that the sons of learning have laid down several of your late papers with discontent, when they found that *Mysocapelus* had delayed to continue his narrative.

But the desire of gratifying the expectations that I have raised, is not the only motive of this relation, which, having once promised it, I think myself no longer at liberty to forbear. For however I may have wished to clear myself from every other adhesion of trade, I hope I shall be always wise enough to retain my punctuality, and amidst all my new arts of politeness, continue to despise negligence, and detest falsehood.

When the death of my brother had dismissed me from the duties of a shop, I considered myself as restored to the rights of my birth, and entitled to the rank and reception which my ancestors obtained. I was, however, embarrassed with many difficulties at my first re-entrance into the world; for my haste to be a gentleman inclined me to precipitate measures; and every accident that forced me back towards my old station was considered by me as an obstruction of my happiness.

It was with no common grief and indignation, that I found my former com-

panions still daring to claim my notice, and the journeymen and apprentices sometimes pulling me by the sleeve as I was walking in the street, and without any terror of my new sword, which was, notwithstanding, of an uncommon size, inviting me to partake of a bottle at the old house, and entertaining me with histories of the girls in the neighbourhood. I had always, in my official state, been kept in awe by lace and embroidery; and imagined that to flight away these unwelcome familiarities, nothing was necessary; but that I should, by splendor of dress, proclaim my reunion with a higher rank. I therefore sent for my tailor; ordered a suit with twice the usual quantity of lace; and that I might not let my persecutors increase their confidence, by the habit of accosting me, staid at home till it was made.

This week of confinement I passed in practising a forbidden frown, a smile of condescension, a slight salutation, and an abrupt departure; and in four mornings was able to turn upon my heel with so much levity and sprightliness, that I made no doubt of discouraging all publick attempts upon my dignity. I therefore issued forth in my new coat, with a resolution of dazzling intimacy to a sifter distance; and pleased myself with the timidity and reverence which I should impress upon all who had hitherto presumed to harass me with their freedoms. But, whatever was the cause, I did not find myself received with any new degree of respect; those whom I intended to drive from me, ventured to advance with their usual phrases of benevolence; and those whose acquaintance I solicited grew more supercilious and reserved. I began soon to repent the expence, by which I had procured no advantage, and to suspect that a shining dress, like a weighty weapon, has no force in itself, but owes all its efficacy to him that wears it.

N D

Many

Many were the mortifications and calamities which I was condemned to suffer in my initiation to politeness. I was so much tortured by the incessant civilities of my companions, that I never passed through that region of the city but in a chair with the curtains drawn; and at last left my lodgings, and fixed myself in the verge of the court. Here I endeavoured to be thought a gentleman just returned from his travels, and was pleased to have my landlord believe, that I was in some danger from importunate creditors; but this scheme was quickly defeated by a formal deputation sent to offer me, though I had now retired from business, the freedom of my company.

I was now detected in trade, and therefore resolved to stay no longer. I hired another apartment, and changed my servants. Here I lived very happily for three months, and, with secret satisfaction, often overheard the family celebrating the greatness and felicity of the squire; though the conversation seldom ended without some complaint of my covetousness, or some remark upon my language or my gait. I now began to venture into the publick walks, and to know the faces of nobles and beauties; but could not observe, without wonder, as I passed by them, how frequently they were talking of a taylor. I longed, however, to be admitted to conversation, and was somewhat weary of walking in crowds without a companion; yet continued to come and go with the rest, till a lady whom I endeavoured to protect in a crowded passage, as she was about to step into her chariot, thanked me for my civility, and told me, that, as she had often distinguished me for my modest and respectful behaviour, whenever I set up for myself, I might expect to see her among my first customers.

Here was an end of all my ambulatory projects. I indeed sometimes entered the walks again, but was always blasted by this destructive lady, whose mischievous generosity recommended me to her acquaintance. Being therefore forced to practise my adfictitious character upon another stage, I betook myself to a coffee-house frequented by wits, among whom I learned in a short time the cant of criticism, and talked so loudly and volubly of nature, and man-

ners, and sentiment, and diction, and families, and contrasts, and action, and pronunciation, that I was often desired to lead the hiss and clap, and was feared and hated by the players and the poets. Many a sentence have I hissed which I did not understand, and many a groan have I uttered when the ladies were weeping in the boxes. At last a malignant author, whose performance I had persecuted through the nine nights, wrote an epigram upon Tapethe critick, which drove me from the pit for ever.

My desire to be a fine gentleman still continued: I therefore, after a short suspense, chose a new set of friends at the gaming-table, and was for some time pleased with the civility and openness with which I found myself treated. I was indeed obliged to play; but being naturally timorous and vigilant, was never surprised into large sums. What might have been the consequence of long familiarity with these plunderers, I had not an opportunity of knowing; for one night the constables entered and seized us, and I was once more compelled to sink into my former condition, by sending for my old master to attest my character.

When I was deliberating to what new qualifications I should aspire, I was summoned into the country, by an account of my father's death. Here I had hopes of being able to distinguish myself, and to support the honour of my family. I therefore bought guns and horses; and, contrary to the expectation of the tenants, increased the salary of the huntsman. But when I entered the field, it was soon discovered that I was not destined to the glories of the chase. I was afraid of thorns in the thicket, and of dirt in the marsh; I shivered on the brink of a river while the sportsman crossed it, and trembled at the sight of a five-bar gate. When the sport and danger were over, I was still equally disconcerted; for I was effeminate, though not delicate, and could only join a feebly whispering voice in the clamours of their triumph.

A fall, by which my ribs were broken, soon recalled me to domestick pleasures, and I exerted all my art to obtain the favour of the neighbouring ladies; but wherever I came, there was always some unlucky conversation upon ribbands, fillets, pins, or thread, which drove all my

my stock of compliments out of my memory, and overwhelmed me with shame and dejection.

Thus I passed the ten first years after the death of my brother, in which I have learned at last to repress that ambition which I could never gratify; and, instead of wasting more of my life in vain endeavours after accomplishments,

which, if not early acquired, no endeavours can obtain, I shall confine my care to those higher excellencies which are in every man's power; and though I cannot enchant affection by elegance and ease, hope to secure esteem by honesty and truth. I am, &c.

MISOCAPELUS.

N^o CXXIV. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1751.

TACITUM SYLVAS INTER REPTARE SALUBRES,
CURANTEM QUICQUID DIGNUM SAPIENTE BONOQUE EST.
TO RANGE IN SILENCE THROUGH EACH HEALTHFUL WOOD;
AND MUSE WHAT'S WORTHY OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

ELPHINSTON.

THE season of the year is now come, in which the theatres are shut and the card-tables forsaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleasure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to still scenes and erratick gratifications. Those who have passed many months in a continual tumult of diversion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon some new appointment; nor slept at night without a dream of dances, musick, and good hands, or of soft sighs, and humble supplications; must now retire to distant provinces, where the fires of flattery are scarcely to be heard, where beauty sparkles without praise or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

As I think it one of the most important duties of social benevolence to give warning of the approach of calamity, when by timely prevention it may be turned aside, or by preparatory measures be more easily endured, I cannot feel the increasing warmth, or observe the lengthening days, without considering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has so long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accustomed to hope for delight; and who, till fashion proclaims the liberty of returning to the seats of mirth and elegance, must endure the rugged squire, the sober housewife, the loud huntsman, or the formal parson, the roar of obstreperous jollity, or the dulness of prudential instruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of solitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniences, and must learn, however unwillingly, to endure themselves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be said to roll on with a strong and rapid current; they float along from pleasure to pleasure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions; and pursue the course of the stream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themselves in progression, and careless whither they are going. But the months of summer are a kind of sleeping stagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own labour, and to direct their passage by their own skill; and where, if they have not some internal principle of activity, they must be stranded upon shallows, or be torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are, indeed, some to whom this universal dissolution of gay societies affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without disgrace, the post which they have found themselves unable to maintain; and of seeming to retreat only at the call of nature, from assemblies where, after a short triumph of uncontested superiority, they are overpowered by some new intruder of softer elegance or sprightlier vivacity. By these, hopeless of victory, and yet ashamed to confess a conquest, the summer is regarded as a release from the fatiguing service of celebrity, a dismission to more certain joys and a safer empire. They now solace themselves with the influence which they shall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter splendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the

N n a rusticks

rufficks will crowd about them; plan the laws of a new assembly; or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thousand pleasing expectations swarm in the fancy; and all the approaching weeks are filled with distinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of it's inconstancy and desertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to lose four months in inactive obscurity. Many complaints do vexation and desire extort from those exiled tyrants of the town, against the inexorable fun, who pursues his course without any regard to love or beauty; and visits either tropick at the stated time, whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To them who leave the places of public resort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtship, submission, and applause, a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praise of ignorance, and the subjection of weakness, are little regarded by beauties who have been accustomed to more important conquests, and more valuable panegyrics. Nor indeed should the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble contest with the ruddy milkmaid.

How then must four long months be worn away? Four months, in which there will be no routs, no shews, no idoties; in which visits must be regulated by the weather, and assemblies will depend upon the moon! The Platonists imagine, that the future punishment of those who have in this life debased their reason by subjection to their senses, and have preferred the gross gratifications of lewdness and luxury, to the pure and sublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will arise from the predominance and sollicitations of the same appetites, in a state which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this month, bright with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadow with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorifick radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infusions of imagery, and the naturalist new scenes of observation; this month will chain down multitudes to the Platonick pe-

nance of desire without enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest satisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a state of hopeless wishes and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpose, and the hand of avarice shuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

From the tediousness of this melancholy suspension of life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it, only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wisdom or virtue, though they have been dissipated by negligence, or misled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with habit, and abandon fashion. To these many arts of spending time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present hour with weariness, nor the future with repentance.

It would seem impossible to a solitary speculatist, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midst of a world filled with variety, perpetually pressing upon the senses and irritating curiosity, is surely a sufficient security against the languishment of inattention. Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellects; and every moment produces something new to him who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.

Some studies, for which the country and the summer afford peculiar opportunities, I shall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future essay; but if there be any apprehension not apt to admit unaccustomed ideas, or any attention so stubborn and inflexible, as not easily to comply with new directions, even these obstructions cannot exclude the pleasure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest, understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by stated duties to meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualification for celestial happiness.

N^o CXXV. TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1751.DESCRIPTAS SERVARE VICES, OPERUMQUE COLORES,
CUM EGO, SI NEQUE IGNOROQUE, POSTA SALUTORUM.

HOR.

BUT IF, THROUGH WEAKNESS, OR MY WANT OF ART,
I CAN'T TO EASY DIFFERENT STYLE IMPART
THE PROPER STROKES AND COLOURS IT MAY CLAIM,
WHY AM I HONOUR'D WITH A POET'S NAME?

FRANCIS.

IT is one of the maxims of the civil law, that *definitions are hazardous*. Things modified by human understandings, subject to varieties of complication, and changeable as experience advances knowledge, or accident influences caprice, are scarcely to be included in any standing form of expression, because they are always suffering some alteration of their state. Definition is, indeed, not the province of man; every thing is set above or below our faculties. The works and operations of nature are too great in their extent, or too much diffused in their relations, and the performances of art too inconstant and uncertain to be reduced to any determinate idea. It is impossible to impress upon our minds an adequate and just representation of an object so great that we can never take it into our view, or so mutable that it is always changing under our eye, and has already lost it's form while we are labouring to conceive it.

Definitions have been no less difficult or uncertain in criticisms than in law. Imagination, a licentious and vagrant faculty, unsusceptible of limitations, and impatient of restraint, has always endeavoured to baffle the logician, to perplex the confines of distinction, and burst the inclosures of regularity. There is therefore scarcely any species of writing, of which we can tell what is it's essence, and what are it's constituents; every new genius produces some innovation, which, when invented and approved, subverts the rules which the practice of foregoing authors had established.

Comedy has been particularly unpropitious to definers; for though perhaps they might properly have contented themselves with declaring it to be *such a dramattick representation of human life as may excite mirth*, they have embarrassed their definition with the means

by which the comick writers attain their end, without considering that the various methods of exhilarating their audience, not being limited by nature, cannot be comprised in precept. Thus, some make comedy a representation of mean, and others of bad men; some think that it's essence consists in the unimportance, others in the fictitiousness of the transaction. But any man's reflections will inform him, that every dramattick composition which raises mirth is comick; and that, to raise mirth, it is by no means universally necessary that the personages should be either mean or corrupt, nor always requisite that the action should be trivial, nor ever that it should be fictitious.

If the two kinds of dramattick poetry had been defined only by their effects upon the mind, some absurdities might have been prevented, with which the compositions of our greatest poets are disgraced, who, for want of some settled ideas and accurate distinctions, have unhappily confounded tragick with comick sentiments. They seem to have thought, that as the meanness of personages constituted comedy, their greatness was sufficient to form a tragedy; and that nothing was necessary but that they should crowd the scene with monarchs, and generals, and guards; and make them talk, at certain intervals, of the downfall of kingdoms, and the rout of armies. They have not considered that thoughts or incidents, in themselves ridiculous, grow still more grotesque by the solemnity of such characters; that reason and nature are uniform and inflexible; and that what is despicable and absurd will not, by any association with splendid titles, become rational or great; that the most important affairs, by an intermixture of an unseasonable levity, may be made contemptible; and that the robes of royalty can give no dignity to nonsense or to folly.

Comedy,

* Comedy, says Horace, * sometimes raises her voice; and tragedy may likewise on proper occasions abate her dignity; but as the comick personages can only depart from their familiarity of style, when the more violent passions are put in motion, the heroes and queens of tragedy should never descend to trifle, but in the hours of ease and intermissions of danger. Yet in the tragedy of Don Sebastian, when the king of Portugal is in the hands of his enemy, and having just drawn the lot, by which he is condemned to die, breaks out into a wild boast that his dust shall take possession of Africk, the dialogue proceeds thus between the captive and his conqueror:

Muley Moluch. What shall I do to conquer thee?

Seb. Impossible! Souls know no conquerors.

M. Mel. I'll shew thee for a monster thro' my Africk.

Seb. No, thou canst only shew me for a man:

Africk is stor'd with monsters; man's a prodigy.

Thy subjects have not seen.

M. Mel. Thou talk'st as if Still at the head of battle.

Seb. Thou mistak'st, For there I would not talk.

Benducar, the Minister. Sure he would sleep.

This conversation, with the sly remark of the minister, can only be found not to be comick, because it wants the probability necessary to representations of common life, and degenerates too much towards buffoonry and farce.

The same play affords a smart return of the general to the emperor, who, enforcing his orders for the death of Sebastian, vents his impatience in this abrupt threat:

—No more replies,
But see thou do'st it: Or—

To which Dorax answers,

Cheak in that threat: I can say Or as loud.

A thousand instances of such impropriety might be produced, were not one scene in Aureng-Zebe sufficient to exemplify it. Indamora, a captive queen, having Aureng-Zebe for her lover, employs Arimant, to whose charge she had been intrusted, and whom she had made

sensible of her charms, to carry a message to his rival.

ARIMANT, with a letter in his hand: INDAMORA.

Arim. And I the messenger to him from you?

Your empire you to tyranny pursue:
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,
To serve my rival, and betray my trust.

Ind. You first betray'd your trust in loving me:

And should not I my own advantage see?

Serving my love, you may my friendship gain:
You know the rest of your pretences vain.

You must, my Arimant, you must be kind:
'Tis in your nature, and your noble mind.

Arim. I'll to the king, and strait my trust resign.

Ind. His trust you may, but you shall never mine.

Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my confidant and friend:

As such, I keep no secret from your sight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:

Read it, and tell me freely then your mind,
If 'tis indited, as I meant it, kind.

Arim. I ask not Heav'n my freedom to restore,

But only for your sake—I'll read no more.

And yet I must—
Less for my own, than for your service sad—

Another line, like this, would make me mad:
Heav'n! she goes on—yet more—and yet more kind!

Each sentence is a dagger to my mind.

See me this night—

Thank fortune, who did such a friend provide;
For faithful Arimant shall be your guide:

Not only to be made an instrument,
But pre-engag'd without my own consent!

Ind. Unknown t'engage you, still augments my score.

And gives you scope of meriting the more.

Arim. The best of men

Some int'rest in their actions must confess;
None merit, but in hope they may possess:

The fatal paper rather let me tear;
Than, like Bellerophon, my own sentence bear.

Ind. You may; but 'twill not be your best advice.

'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.
You know you must obey me, soon or late:

Why should you vainly struggle with your fate?

Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n! thou hast been wondrous kind!

Why am I thus to slavery design'd,
And yet am cheated with a freeborn mind!

Or make thy orders with my reason suit,
Or let me live by sense, a glorious brute—

[*She goes.*]

You frown, and I obey with speed, before
That dreadful sentence comes, See me no
more.

In this scene, every circumstance concurs to turn tragedy to farce. The wild absurdity of the expedient; the contemptible subjection of the lover; the folly of obliging him to read the letter, only because it ought to have been concealed from him; the frequent interruptions of amorous impatience; the faint expostulations of a voluntary slave; the imperious haughtiness of a tyrant without power; the deep reflection of the yielding rebel upon fate and freewill; and his wife with to lose his reason as soon as he finds himself about to do what he cannot persuade his reason to approve, are surely sufficient to awaken the most torpid risibility.

There is scarce a tragedy of the last century which has not debased it's most important incidents, and polluted it's

most serious interlocutions with buffoonry and meanness; but though perhaps it cannot be pretended that the present age has added much to the force and efficacy of the drama, it has at least been able to escape many faults, which either ignorance had overlooked, or indulgence had licensed. The later tragedies indeed have faults of another kind, perhaps more destructive to delight, though less open to censure. That perpetual tumour of phrase with which every thought is now expressed by every personage, the paucity of adventures which regularity admits, and the unvaried equality of flowing dialogue, has taken away from our present writers almost all that dominion over the passions which was the boast of their predecessors. Yet they may at least claim this commendation, that they avoid gross faults, and that, if they cannot often move terror or pity, they are always careful not to provoke laughter.

N^o CXXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1751.

—Nihil est aliud magnum quam multa minuta.

VIT. AUCT.

SANDS FORM THE MOUNTAIN, MOMENTS MAKE THE YEAR.

YOUNG.

TO THE RAMBLER.

AMONG other topics of conversation which your papers supply, I was lately engaged in a discussion of the character given by Tranquilla of her lover Venustulus, whom, notwithstanding the severity of his mistress, the greater number seemed inclined to acquit of unmanly or culpable timidity.

One of the company remarked, that prudence ought to be distinguished from fear; and that if Venustulus was afraid of nocturnal adventures, no man who considered how much every avenue of the town was infested with robbers, could think him blameable; for why should life be hazarded without prospect of honour or advantage? Another was of opinion, that a brave man might be afraid of crossing the river in the calmest weather; and declared, that, for his part, while there were coaches and a bridge, he would never be seen tottering in a wooden case, out of which he might be thrown by any irregular agitation, or

which might be overset by accident, or negligence, or by the force of a sudden gust, or the rush of a larger vessel. It was his custom, he said, to keep the security of day-light, and dry ground; for it was a maxim with him, that no wise man ever perished by water, or was lost in the dark.

The next was humbly of opinion, that if Tranquilla had seen, like him, the cattle run roaring about the meadows in the hot months, she would not have thought meanly of her lover for not venturing his safety among them. His neighbour then told us, that for his part he was not ashamed to confess, that he could not see a rat, though it was dead, without palpitation; that he had been driven six times out of his lodgings either by rats or mice; and that he always had a bed in the closet for his servant, whom he called up whenever the enemy was in motion. Another wondered that any man should think himself disgraced by a precipitate retreat from a dog; for there was always a possibility that a dog might be mad; and that surely,

though

though there was no danger but of being bit by a fierce animal, there was more wisdom in flight than contest. By all these declarations another was encouraged to confess, that if he had been admitted to the honour of paying his addresses to Tranquilla, he should have been likely to incur the same censure; for among all the animals upon which nature has impressed deformity and horror, there was none whom he durst not encounter rather than a beetle.

Thus, Sir, though cowardice is universally defined too close and anxious an attention to personal safety, there will be found scarcely any fear, however excessive in it's degree, or unreasonable in it's object, which will be allowed to characterize a coward. Fear is a passion which every man feels so frequently predominant in his own breast, that he is unwilling to hear it censured with great asperity; and, perhaps, if we confess the truth, the same restraint which would hinder a man from declaiming against the frauds of any employment among those who profess it, should withhold him from treating fear with contempt among human beings.

Yet since fortitude is one of those virtues which the condition of our nature makes hourly necessary, I think you cannot better direct your admonitions than against superfluous and panick terrors. Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but it's duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.

To be always afraid of losing life is, indeed, scarcely to enjoy a life that can deserve the care of preservation. He that once indulges idle fears will never be at rest. Our present state admits only of a kind of negative security; we must conclude ourselves safe when we see no danger, or none adequate to our powers of opposition. Death indeed continually hovers about us, but hovers commonly unseen, unless we sharpen our sight by useless curiosity.

There is always a point at which caution, however solicitous, must limit it's preservatives, because one terror often counteracts another. I once knew one of the speculants of cowardice, whose reigning disturbance was the dread of house-breakers. His enquiries were for

nine years employed upon the best method of barring a window, or a door; and many an hour has he spent in establishing the preference of a bolt to a lock. He had at last, by the daily superaddition of new expedients, contrived a door which could never be forced; for one bar was secured by another with such intricacy of subordination, that he was himself not always able to disengage them in the proper method. He was happy in this fortification, till being asked how he would escape if he was threatened by fire, he discovered, that with all his care and expence, he had only been assisting his own destruction. He then immediately tore off his bolts, and now leaves at night his outer-door half-locked, that he may not by his own folly perish in the flames.

There is one species of terror which those who are unwilling to suffer the reproach of cowardice have wisely dignified with the name of *antipathy*. A man who talks with intrepidity of the monsters of the wilderness while they are out of sight, will readily confess his *antipathy* to a mole, a weasel, or a frog. He has indeed no dread of harm from an insect or worm, but his *antipathy* turns him pale whenever they approach him. He believes that a boat will transport him with as much safety as his neighbours, but he cannot conquer his *antipathy* to the water. Thus he goes on without any reproach from his own reflections; and every day multiplies *antipathies*, till he becomes contemptible to others, and burdensome to himself.

It is indeed certain, that impressions of dread may sometimes be unluckily made by objects not in themselves justly formidable; but when fear is discovered to be groundless, it is to be eradicated like other false opinions, and *antipathies* are generally superable by a single effort. He that has been taught to shudder at a mouse, if he can persuade himself to risque one encounter, will find his own superiority, and exchange his terrors for the pride of conquest.

I am, Sir, &c.

THRASO.

AS you profess to extend your regard to the minuteness of decency, as well as to the dignity of science, I cannot forbear to lay before you a mode of persecution by which I have been obliged to

to taverns and coffee-houses, and deterred from entering the doors of my friends.

Among the ladies who please themselves with splendid furniture, or elegant entertainments, it is a practice very common, to ask every guest how he likes the carved work of the cornice, or the figures of the tapestry; the china at the table, or the plate on the side-board; and on all occasions to enquire his opinion of their judgment and their choice. Melania has laid her new watch in the window nineteen times, that she may desire me to look upon it. Calista has an art of dropping her snuff-box by drawing out her handkerchief, that when I pick it up I may admire it; and Fulgentia has conducted me, by mistake, into the wrong room, at every visit I have paid since her picture was put into a new frame.

I hope, Mr. Rambler, you will inform them, that no man should be denied the privilege of silence, or tortured to false declarations; and that though ladies may justly claim to be exempt from rudeness, they have no right to force unwilling civilities. To please is a laudable and elegant ambition, and is properly rewarded with honest praise; but to seize applause by violence, and call out for commendation, without knowing or caring to know, whether it be given from conviction, is a species of tyranny by which modesty is oppressed, and sincerity corrupted. The tribute of admiration, thus exacted by impudence and importunity, differs from the respect paid to silent merit, as the plunder of a pirate from the merchant's profit.

I am, &c.

MISOCOLAX.

YOUR great predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured to diffuse among his female readers a desire of knowledge; nor can I charge you, though you do not seem equally attentive to the ladies, with endeavouring to discourage them from any laudable pursuit. But however either he or you may excite our curiosity, you have not yet informed us how it may be gratified. The world seems to have formed an universal conspiracy against our understandings; our questions are supposed not to expect answers, our arguments are confuted with a jest, and we are treated like beings who transgress the limits of our nature whenever we aspire to seriousness or improvement.

I enquired yesterday of a gentleman eminent for astronomical skill, what made the day long in summer, and short in winter; and was told that nature protracted the days in summer, lest ladies should want time to walk in the park; and the nights in winter, lest they should not have hours sufficient to spend at the card-table.

I hope you do not doubt but I heard such information with just contempt, and I desire you to discover to this great master of ridicule, that I was far from wanting any intelligence which he could have given me. I asked the question with no other intention than to set him free from the necessity of silence, and give him an opportunity of mangling on equal terms with a polite assembly, from which, however uneasy, he could not then escape, by a kind introduction of the only subject on which I believed him able to speak with propriety. I am, &c.

GENEKOX.

Nº CXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1751.

COPIUM MELIUS QUAM DEINIS: ULTIMA FRIMIS
CEDUNT DISSIMILES NIC VIR, ET ILLA FUR.

OVID.

SUCCESSING YEARS THY EARLY FAME DESTROY;
THOU, WHO BEGAN 'ST A MAN, WILT END A BOY.

POLITIAN, a name eminent among the restorers of polite literature, when he published a collection of epigrams, prefixed to many of them the year of his age at which they were com-

posed. He might design by this information, either to boast the early maturity of his genius, or to commend indulgence to the puerility of his performances. But whatever was his intent,

it is remarked by Scaliger, that he very little promoted his own reputation; because he fell below the promise which his first productions had given, and in the latter part of his life seldom equalled the sallies of his youth.

It is not uncommon for those who at their first entrance into the world were distinguished for attainments or abilities, to disappoint the hopes which they had raised, and to end in neglect and obscurity that life which they began in celebrity and honour. To the long catalogue of the inconveniences of old age, which moral and satirical writers have so copiously displayed, may be often added the loss of fame.

The advance of the human mind towards any object of laudable pursuit, may be compared to the progress of a body driven by a blow. It moves for a time with great velocity and vigour, but the force of the first impulse is perpetually decreasing, and though it should encounter no obstacle capable of quelling it by a sudden stop, the resistance of the medium through which it passes, and the latent inequalities of the smoothest surface, will in a short time by continued retardation wholly over-power it. Some hindrances will be found in every road of life, but he that fixes his eyes upon any thing at a distance, necessarily loses sight of all that fills up the intermediate space, and therefore sets forward with alacrity and confidence, nor suspects a thousand obstacles, by which he afterwards finds his passage embarrassed and obstructed. Some are indeed stoppt at once in their career by a sudden shock of calamity, or diverted to a different direction by the cross impulse of some violent passion; but for the greater part languish by slow degrees, deviate at first into slight obliquities, and themselves scarcely perceive at what time their ardour forsook them, or when they lost sight of their original design.

Weariness and negligence are perpetually prevailing by silent encroachments, assisted by different causes, and not observed till they cannot, without great difficulty, be opposed. Labour necessarily requires pauses of ease and relaxation, and the deliciousness of ease commonly makes us unwilling to return to labour. We, perhaps, prevail upon ourselves to renew our attempts, but eagerly listen to every argument for frequent interpositions of amusement; for

when indolence has once entered upon the mind, it can scarcely be dispossessed but by such efforts as very few are willing to exert.

It is the fate of industry to be equally endangered by misfortune and success, by confidence and despondency. He that engages in a great undertaking with a false opinion of it's facility, or too high conceptions of his own strength, is easily discouraged by the first hindrance of his advances, because he had promised himself an equal and perpetual progression without impediment or disturbance; when unexpected interruptions break in upon him, he is in the state of a man surprised by a tempest, where he purposed only to bask in the calm, or sport in the shallows.

It is not only common to find the difficulty of an enterprise greater, but the profit less, than hope had pictured it. Youth enters the world with very happy prejudices in her own favour. She imagines herself not only certain of accomplishing every adventure, but of obtaining those rewards which the accomplishment may deserve. She is not easily persuaded to believe that the force of merit can be resisted by obstinacy and avarice, or it's lustre darkened by envy and malignity. She has not yet learned that the most evident claims to praise or preferment may be rejected by malice against conviction, or by indolence without examination; that they may be sometimes defeated by artifices, and sometimes overborne by clamour; that in the mingled numbers of mankind, many need no other provocation to enmity than that they had themselves excelled; that others have ceased their curiosity, and consider every man who fills the mouth of report with a new name, as an intruder upon their retreat, and disturber of their repose; that some are engaged in complications of interest which they imagine endangered by every innovation; that many yield themselves up implicitly to every report which hatred disseminates or folly scatters; and that whoever aspires to the notice of the publick, has in almost every man an enemy and a rival; and must struggle with the opposition of the daring, and elude the stratagems of the timorous, must quicken the frigid and soften the obdurate, must reclaim perverseness and inform stupidity.

It is no wonder that when the prospect,

spect of reward has vanished, the zeal of enterprise should cease; for who would persevere to cultivate the soil which he has, after long labour, discovered to be barren? He who hath pleased himself with anticipated praises, and expected that he should meet in every place with patronage or friendship, will soon remit his vigour, when he finds that from those who desire to be considered as his admirers nothing can be hoped but cold civility, and that many refuse to own his excellence, lest they should be too justly expected to reward it.

A man, thus cut off from the prospect of that port to which his address and fortitude had been employed to steer him, often abandons himself to chance and to the wind, and glides carelessly and idle down the current of life, without resolution to make another effort, till he is swallowed up by the gulph of mortality.

Others are betrayed to the same desertion of themselves by a contrary fallacy. It was said of Hannibal, that he wanted nothing to the completion of his martial virtues, but that when he had gained a victory he should know how to use it. The folly of desisting too soon from successful labours, and the haste of enjoying advantages before they are secured, is often fatal to men of impatient desire, to men whose consciousness of uncommon powers fills them with presumption, and who having borne opposition down before them, and left emulation panting behind, are early persuaded to imagine that they have reached the heights of perfection, and that now, being no longer in danger from competitors, they may pass the rest of their days in the enjoyment of their acqui-

sitions, in contemplation of their own superiority, and in attention to their own praises, and look unconcerned from their eminence upon the toils and contentions of meaner beings.

It is not sufficiently considered in the hour of exultation, that all human excellence is comparative; that no man performs much but in proportion to what others accomplish, or to the time and opportunities which have been allowed him; and that he who stops at any point of excellence is every day sinking in estimation, because his improvement grows continually more incommensurate to his life. Yet, as no man willingly quits opinions favourable to himself, they who have once been justly celebrated, imagine that they still have the same pretensions to regard, and seldom perceive the diminution of their character while there is time to recover it. Nothing then remains but murmurs and remorses, for if the spendthrift's poverty be embittered by the reflection that he once was rich, how must the idler's obliquity be clouded by remembering that he once had lustre!

These errors all arise from an original mistake of the true motives of action. He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be deceived by neglect and envy, or intoxicated by honours and applause. But the consideration that life is only deposited in his hands to be employed in obedience to a master who will regard his endeavours, not his success, would have preserved him from trivial elations and discouragements, and enabled him to proceed with constancy and cheerfulness, neither enervated by commendation, nor intimidated by censure.

N^o CXXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1751.

Αἰὼν δ' ὁ σφαλὲς
 Οὐκ ἔστιν, ὅτ' Αἰακὶς παρὰ Πηλεΐ,
 Οὔτι παρ' Ἀντίῳ
 Κάδμω· Ἀγνοοῖται γὰρ μὴν θέρτατ'
 Ὅλβει ἐπὶ τῶν δ'
 Σχῆν.

PINE.

FOR NOT THE BRAVE, OR WISE, OR GREAT,
 E'ER YET HAD HAPPINESS COMPLETE;
 NOR PELEUS, GRANDSON OF THE SKY,
 NOR CADMUS, SCAFF'D THE SHAFTS OF PAIN,
 THOUGH FAVOUR'D BY THE POW'RS ON HIGH,
 WITHE E'RY BLISS THAT MAN CAN GAIN.

THE writers who have undertaken the talk of reconciling mankind to their present state, and relieving the discontent produced by the various distribution of terrestrial advantages, frequently remind us that we judge too hastily of good and evil, that we view only the superficies of life, and determine of the whole by a very small part; and that in the condition of men it frequently happens, that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

None but those who have learned the art of subjecting their senses as well as reason to hypothetical systems, can be persuaded by the most specious rhetorician that the lots of life are equal; yet it cannot be denied that every one has his peculiar pleasures and vexations, that external accidents operate variously upon different minds, and that no man can exactly judge from his own sensations, what another would feel in the same circumstances.

If the general disposition of things be estimated by the representation which every one makes of his own state, the world must be considered as the abode of sorrow and misery; for how few can forbear to relate their troubles and their distresses? If we judge by the account which may be obtained of every man's fortune from others, it may be concluded, that we are all placed in an elysian region, overspread with the luxuriance of plenty, and fanned by the breezes of felicity; since scarcely any complaint

is uttered without censure from those that hear it, and almost all are allowed to have obtained a provision at least adequate to their virtue or their understanding, to possess either more than they deserve or more than they enjoy.

We are either born with such dissimilitude of temper and inclination, or receive so many of our ideas and opinions from the state of life in which we are engaged, that the griefs and cares of one part of mankind seem to the other hypocrisy, folly, and affectation. Every class of society has it's cant of lamentation, which is understood or regarded by none but themselves; and every part of life has it's uneasinesses, which those who do not feel them will not commiserate. An event which spreads distraction over half the commercial world, assembles the trading companies in councils and committees, and shakes the nerves of a thousand stockjobbers, is read by the landlord and the farmer with frigid indifference. An affair of love, which fills the young breast with incessant alternations of hope and fear, and steals away the night and day from every other pleasure or employment, is regarded by them whose passions time has extinguished, as an amusement which can properly raise neither joy nor sorrow, and though it may be suffered to fill the vacuity of an idle moment, should always give way to prudence or interest.

He that never had any other desire than to fill a chest with money, or to add another manour to his estate, who never grieved but at a bad mortgage, or entered a company but to make a bargain, would be astonished to hear of beings known among the polite and gay by the denomination of wits. How would he

gape

gape with curiosity, or grin with contempt, at the mention of beings who have no wish, but to speak what was never spoken before; who, if they happen to inherit wealth, often exhaust their patrimonies in treating those who will hear them talk; and if they are poor, neglect opportunities of improving their fortunes for the pleasure of making others laugh? How slowly would he believe that there are men who would rather lose a legacy than the reputation of a distich; who think it less disgrace to want money than repartee; whom the vexation of having been foiled in a contest of railery is sometimes sufficient to deprive of sleep; and who would esteem it a lighter evil to miss a profitable bargain by some accidental delay, than not to have thought of a smart reply till the time of producing it was past? How little would he suspect that this child of idleness and frolick enters every assembly with a beating bosom, like a litigant on the day of decision, and revolves the probability of applause with the anxiety of a conspirator whose fate depends upon the next night; and at the hour of retirement he carries home, under a shew of airy negligence, a heart lacerated with envy, or depressed with disappointment; and immures himself in his closet, that he may disencumber his memory at leisure, review the progress of the day, state with accuracy his loss or gain of reputation, and examine the causes of his failure or success?

Yet more remote from common conceptions are the numerous and restless anxieties, by which female happiness is particularly disturbed. A solitary philosopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet, and feasted with unmingled pleasure; for what can interrupt the content of those upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours, and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach them endeavour to multiply

delights, without requiring from them any return but willingness to be pleased?

Surely, among these favourites of nature, thus unacquainted with toil and danger, felicity must have fixed her residence; they must know only the changes of more vivid or more gentle joys; their life must always move either to the slow or sprightly melody of the lyre of gladness; they can never assemble but to pleasure, or retire but to peace.

Such would be the thoughts of every man who should hover at a distance round the world, and know it only by conjecture and speculation. But experience will soon discover how easily those are disgusted who have been made nice by plenty, and tender by indulgence. He will soon see to how many dangers power is exposed which has no other guard than youth and beauty, and how easily that tranquillity is molested which can only be smoothed with the songs of flattery. It is impossible to supply wants as fast as an idle imagination may be able to form them, or to remove all inconveniencies by which elegance refined into impatience may be offended. None are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor any so readily provoked, as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

There are indeed some strokes which the envy of fate aims immediately at the fair. The mistress of Catullus wept for her sparrow many centuries ago, and lap-dogs will be sometimes sick in the present age. The most fashionable brocade is subject to stains; a pinner, the pride of Brussels, may be torn by a careless washer; a picture may drop from a watch; or the triumph of a new suit may be interrupted on the first day of its enjoyment, and all distinctions of dress unexpectedly obliterated by a general mourning.

Such is the state of every age, every sex, and every condition; all have their cares, either from nature or from folly; and whoever, therefore, finds himself inclined to envy another, should remember that he knows not the real condition which he desires to obtain, but is certain that, by indulging a vicious passion, he must lessen that happiness which he thinks already too sparingly bestowed.

N^o CXXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1751.

—NUNC, O NUNC, DÆDALE, DIXIT,
MATERIAM, QUASI INGENIOSUS, HABES.
POSSIDET IN TERRAS, ET POSSIDET ÆQUORA MINOS.
NEC TELLUS NOSTRÆ, NEC PATET UNDA FUGÆ.
RÆSTAT ITER CÆLO: CÆLO TENTABIMUS IRE.
DA VENIAM COEPTO, JUPITER ALTE, MEO.

Ovis.

NOW DÆDALUS, BEHOLD, BY FATE ASSIGN'D,
A TASK PROPORTION'D TO THY MIGHTY MIND!
UNCONQUER'D BARS ON EARTH AND SEA WITHSTAND;
THINE, MINOS, IS THE MAIN, AND THINE THE LAND:
THE SKIES ARE OPEN—LET US TRY THE SKIES:
FORGIVE, GREAT JOVE, THE DARING ENTERPRIZE.

MORALISTS, like other writers, instead of casting their eyes abroad in the living world, and endeavouring to form maxims of practice and new hints of theory, content their curiosity with that secondary knowledge which books afford, and think themselves entitled to reverence by a new arrangement of an ancient system, or new illustration of established principles. The sage precepts of the first instructors of the world are transmitted from age to age with little variation, and echoed from one author to another, not perhaps without some loss of their original force at every repercussion.

I know not whether any other reason than this idleness of imitation can be assigned for that uniform and constant partiality, by which some vices have hitherto escaped censure, and some virtues wanted recommendation; nor can I discover why else we have been warned only against part of our enemies, while the rest have been suffered to steal upon us without notice; why the heart has on one side been doubly fortified, and laid open on the other to the incursions of error, and the ravages of vice.

Among the favourite topicks of moral declamation, may be numbered the miscarriages of imprudent boldness, and the folly of attempts beyond our power. Every page of every philosopher is crowded with examples of temerity that sunk under burthens which she laid upon herself, and called out enemies to battle by whom she was destroyed.

Their remarks are too just to be disputed, and too salutary to be rejected; but there is likewise some danger lest timorous prudence should be inculcated till courage and enterprize are wholly

repressed, and the mind congealed in perpetual inactivity by the fatal influence of frigidifick wisdom.

Every man should, indeed, carefully compare his force with his undertaking; for though we ought not to live only for our own sakes, and though therefore danger or difficulty should not be avoided merely because we may expose ourselves to misery or disgrace; yet it may be justly required of us, not to throw away our lives upon inadequate and hopeless designs, since we might, by a just estimate of our abilities, become more useful to mankind.

There is an irrational contempt of danger which approaches nearly to the folly, if not the guilt, of suicide; there is a ridiculous perseverance in impracticable schemes, which is justly punished with ignominy and reproach. But in the wide regions of probability, which are the proper province of prudence and election, there is always room to deviate on either side of rectitude without rushing against apparent absurdity, and according to the inclinations of nature, or the impressions of precept, the daring and the cautious may move in different directions without touching upon rashness or cowardice.

That there is a middle path which it is every man's duty to find, and to keep, is unanimously confessed; but it is likewise acknowledged, that this middle path is so narrow, that it cannot easily be discovered, and so little beaten, that there are no certain marks by which it can be followed; the care, therefore, of all those who conduct others has been, that whenever they decline into obliquities, they should tend towards the side of safety.

It can, indeed, raise no wonder that temerity has been generally censured; for it is one of the vices with which few can be charged, and which therefore great numbers are ready to condemn. It is the vice of noble and generous minds, the exuberance of magnanimity, and the ebullition of genius; and is therefore not regarded with much tenderness, because it never flatters us by that appearance of softness and imbecility which is commonly necessary to conciliate compassion. But if the same attention had been applied to the search of arguments against the folly of presupposing impossibilities, and anticipating frustration, I know not whether many would not have been roused to usefulness, who, having been taught to confound prudence with timidity, never ventured to excel, lest they should unfortunately fail.

It is necessary to distinguish our own interest from that of others, and that distinction will perhaps assist us in fixing the just limits of caution and adventurousness. In an undertaking that involves the happiness or the safety of many, we have certainly no right to hazard more than is allowed by those who partake the danger; but where only ourselves can suffer by miscarriage, we are not confined within such narrow limits; and still less is the reproach of temerity, when numbers will receive advantage by success, and only one be incommoded by failure.

Men are generally willing to hear precepts by which ease is favoured; and as no resentment is raised by general representations of human folly, even in those who are most eminently jealous of comparative reputation, we confess, without reluctance, that vain man is ignorant of his own weakness, and therefore frequently presumes to attempt what he can never accomplish; but it ought likewise to be remembered, that a man is no less ignorant of his own powers, and might perhaps have accomplished a thousand designs, which the prejudices of cowardice restrained him from attempting.

It is observed in the golden verses of Pythagoras, that power is never far from necessity. The vigour of the human mind quickly appears, when there is no longer any place for doubt

and hesitation, when diffidence is absorbed in the sense of danger, or overwhelmed by some resistless passion. We then soon discover, that difficulty is, for the most part, the daughter of idleness; that the obstacles with which our way seemed to be obstructed were only phantoms, which we believed real, because we durst not advance to a close examination; and we learn that it is impossible to determine without experience how much constancy may endure, or perseverance perform.

But whatever pleasure may be found in the review of distresses, when art or courage has surmounted them, few will be persuaded to wish that they may be awakened by want or terror to the conviction of their own abilities. Every one should therefore endeavour to invigorate himself by reason and reflection, and determine to exert the latent force that nature may have reposed in him, before the hour of exigence comes upon him, and compulsion shall torture him to diligence. It is below the dignity of a reasonable being to owe that strength to necessity which ought always to act at the call of choice; or to need any other motive to industry than the desire of performing his duty.

Reflections that may drive away despair cannot be wanting to him who considers how much life is now advanced beyond the state of naked, undisciplined, uninstructed nature. Whatever has been effected for convenience or elegance, while it was yet unknown, was believed impossible; and therefore would never have been attempted, had not some more daring than the rest, adventured to bid defiance to prejudice and censure. Nor is there yet any reason to doubt that the same labour would be rewarded with the same success. There are qualities in the products of nature yet undiscovered, and combinations in the powers of art yet untried. It is the duty of every man to endeavour that something may be added by his industry to the hereditary aggregate of knowledge and happiness. To add much can indeed be the lot of few; but to add something, however little, every one may hope; and of every honest endeavour, it is certain, that, however unsuccessful, it will be at last rewarded.

N^o CXXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1751.

NON SIC PRATA NOVO VERE DECENTIA
 AETATIS CALIDE DISPOLIAT VAPOR,
 SEVIT SOLSTITIO CUM MEDIUS DIES;
 UT FULGOR TENEBRIS QUI RADIAT GENIS
 MOMENTO RAPITUR, NULLAQUE NON DIES
 FORMOSI SPOLIUM CORPORIS ABSTULIT.
 RES EST FORMA FUGAX. QUI SAPIENS BONO
 CONFIDAT FRAGILI?

SENeca.

NOT FASTER IN THE SUMMER'S RAY
 THE SPRING'S FRAIL BEAUTY FADES AWAY,
 THAN ANGUISH AND DECAY CONSUME
 THE SMILING VIRGIN'S ROSEY BLOOM.
 SOME BEAUTY'S SNATCH'D EACH DAY, EACH HOUR;
 FOR BEAUTY IS A FLEETING FLOW'ER:
 THEN HOW CAN WISDOM E'er CONFIDE
 IN BEAUTY'S MOMENTARY PRIDE?

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

YOU have very lately observed, that in the numerous subdivisions of the world, every class and order of mankind have joys and sorrows of their own; we all feel hourly pain and pleasure from events which pass unheeded before other eyes, but can scarcely communicate our perceptions to minds preoccupied by different objects, any more than the delight of well-disposed colours or harmonious sounds can be imparted to such as want the sense of hearing or of sight.

I am so strongly convinced of the justness of this remark, and have on so many occasions discovered with how little attention pride looks upon calamity of which she thinks herself not in danger, and indolence listens to complaint when it is not echoed by her own remembrance, that though I am about to lay the occurrences of my life before you, I question whether you will condescend to peruse my narrative, or without the help of some female speculatist be able to understand it.

I was born a beauty. From the dawn of reason I had my regard turned wholly upon myself, nor can recollect any thing earlier than praise and admiration. My mother, whose face had luckily advanced her to a condition above her birth, thought no evil so great as deformity. She had not the power of imagining any other defect than a cloudy complexion,

or disproportionate features; and therefore contemplated me as an assemblage of all that could raise envy or desire, and predicted with triumphant fondness the extent of my conquests, and the number of my slaves.

She never mentioned any of my young acquaintance before me, but to remark how much they fell below my perfection; how one would have had a fine face but that her eyes were without lustre; how another struck the sight at a distance, but wanted my hair and teeth at a nearer view; another disgraced an elegant shape with a brown skin; some had short fingers, and others dimples in a wrong place.

As she expected no happiness nor advantage but from beauty, she thought nothing but beauty worthy of her care; and her maternal kindness was chiefly exercised in contrivances to protect me from any accident that might deface me with a scar, or stain me with a freckle; she never thought me sufficiently shaded from the sun, or screened from the fire. She was severe or indulgent with no other intention than the preservation of my form; she excused me from work, lest I should learn to hang down my head, or harden my finger with a needle; she snatched away my book, because a young lady in the neighbourhood had made her eyes red with reading by a candle; but she would scarcely suffer me to eat, lest I should spoil my shape, nor to walk, lest I should swell my ankle with a sprain.

At

At night I was accurately surveyed from head to foot, lest I should have suffered any diminution of my charms in the adventures of the day, and was never permitted to sleep, till I had passed through the cosmetick discipline, part of which was a regular lustration performed with bean-flower water and May-dews; my hair was perfumed with variety of unguents, by some of which it was to be thickened, and by others to be curled. The softness of my hands was secured by medicated gloves, and my bosom rubbed with a pomade prepared by my mother, of virtue to disperse pimples, and clear discolorations.

I was always called up early, because the morning air gives a freshness to the cheeks; but I was placed behind a curtain in my mother's chamber, because the neck is easily tanned by the rising sun. I was then dressed with a thousand precautions, and again heard my own praises, and triumphed in the compliments and prognostications of all that approached me.

My mother was not so much prepossessed with an opinion of my natural excellencies as not to think some cultivation necessary to their completion. She took care that I should want none of the accomplishments included in female education, or considered necessary in fashionable life. I was looked upon in my ninth year as the chief ornament of the dancing-master's ball; and Mr. Arnet used to reproach his other scholars with my performances on the harpsichord. At twelve I was remarkable for playing my cards with great elegance of manner, and accuracy of judgment.

At last the time came when my mother thought me perfect in my exercises, and qualified to display in the open world those accomplishments which had yet only been discovered in select parties, or domestick assemblies. Preparations were therefore made for my appearance on a publick night, which she considered as the most important and critical moment of my life. She cannot be charged with neglecting any means of recommendation, or leaving any thing to chance which prudence could ascertain. Every ornament was tried in every position, every friend was consulted about the colour of my dress, and the mantua-makers were harassed with directions and alterations.

At last the night arrived from which

my future life was to be reckoned. I was dressed and sent out to conquer, with a heart beating like that of an old knight-errant at his first sally. Scholars have told me of a Spartan matron, who, when she armed her son for battle, bade him bring back his shield, or be brought upon it. My venerable parent dismissed me to a field, in her opinion of equal glory, with a command to shew that I was her daughter, and not to return without a lover.

I went, and was received like other pleasing novelties with a tumult of applause. Every man who valued himself upon the graces of his person, or the elegance of his address, crowded about me, and wit and splendor contended for my notice. I was delightfully fatigued with incessant civilities, which were made more pleasing by the apparent envy of those whom my presence exposed to neglect, and returned with an attendant equal in rank and wealth to my utmost wishes, and from this time stood in the first rank of beauty, was followed by gazers in the Mall, celebrated in the papers of the day, imitated by all who endeavoured to rise into fashion, and censured by those whom age or disappointment forced to retire.

My mother, who pleased herself with the hopes of seeing my exaltation, dressed me with all the exuberance of finery; and when I represented to her that a fortune might be expected proportionate to my appearance, told me that she should scorn the reptile who could enquire after the fortune of a girl like me. She advised me to prosecute my victories, and time would certainly bring me a captive who might deserve the honour of being enchained for ever.

My lovers were indeed so numerous, that I had no other care than that of determining to whom I should seem to give the preference. But having been heartily and industriously instructed to preserve my heart from any impressions which might hinder me from consulting my interest, I acted with less embarrassment, because my choice was regulated by principles more clear and certain than the caprice of approbation. When I had singled out one from the rest as more worthy of encouragement, I proceeded in my measures by the rules of art; and yet when the ardour of the first visit was spent, generally found a sudden declension of my influence; I felt in my-

self the want of some power to diversify amusement, and enliven conversation, and could not but suspect that my mind failed in performing the promises of my face. This opinion was soon confirmed by one of my lovers, who married Lavinia with less beauty and fortune than mine, because he thought a wife ought to have qualities which might make her amiable when her bloom was past.

The vanity of my mother would not suffer her to discover any defect in one that had been formed by her instructions, and had all the excellence which she herself could boast. She told me that nothing so much hindered the advancement of women as literature and wit, which generally frightened away those that could make the best settlements, and drew about them a needy tribe of poets and philosophers, that filled their heads with wild notions of content, and contemplation, and virtuous obscurity. She therefore enjoined me to improve my illustrious step with a new French dancing-master, and wait the event of the next birth-night.

I had now almost completed my nineteenth year: if my charms had lost any of their softness, it was more than compensated by additional dignity; and

if the attractions of innocence were impaired, their place was supplied by the arts of allurements. I was therefore preparing for a new attack, without any abatement of my confidence, when, in the midst of my hopes and schemes, I was seized by that dreadful malady which has so often put a sudden end to the tyranny of beauty. I recovered my health after a long confinement; but when I looked again on that face which had been often flushed with transport at its own reflexion, and saw all that I had learned to value, all that I had endeavoured to improve, all that had procured me honours or praises, irrecoverably destroyed, I sunk at once into melancholy and despondence. My pain was not much consoled or alleviated by my mother, who grieved that I had not lost my life together with my beauty; and declared, that she thought a young woman, divested of her charms, had nothing for which those who loved her could desire to save her from the grave.

Having thus continued my relation to the period from which my life took a new course, I shall conclude it in another letter, if by publishing this you shew any regard for the correspondence of, Sir, &c.

VICTORIA.

Nº CXXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1751.

—FATIS ACCEDE DESIQUE,
ET COLLE FELICES; MISEROS FUGE. SIDERA COELO
UT DISTANT, FLAMMA NARI, SIC UTILE RECTO.

LUCAN.

STILL FOLLOW WHERE AUSPICIOUS FATES INVITE;
CARESS THE HAPPY, AND THE WRETCHED SLIGHT.
SOONER SHALL JARRING ELEMENTS UNITE,
THAN TRUTH WITH GAIN, THAN INTEREST WITH RIGHT.

F. Lewis.

THERE is scarcely any sentiment in which, amidst the innumerable varieties of inclination that nature or accident have scattered in the world, we find greater numbers concurring than in the wish for riches; a wish indeed so prevalent, that it may be considered as universal and transcendental, as the desire in which all other desires are included, and of which the various purposes which actuate mankind are only subordinate species and different modifications.

Wealth is the general center of inclination, the point to which all minds

preserve an invariable tendency, from which they afterwards diverge in numberless directions. Whatever is the remote or ultimate design, the immediate care is to be rich; and in whatever enjoyment we intend finally to acquiesce, we seldom consider it as attainable but by the means of money. Of wealth therefore all unanimously confess the value; nor is there any disagreement but about the use.

No desire can be formed which riches do not assist to gratify. He that places his happiness in splendid equipage or numerous

numerous dependants, in refined praise or popular acclamations, in the accumulation of curiosities or the revels of luxury, in splendid edifices or wide plantations, must still either by birth or acquisition possess riches. They may be considered as the elemental principles of pleasure, which may be combined with endless diversity; as the essential and necessary substance, of which only the form is left to be adjusted by choice.

The necessity of riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almost every mind has been employed in endeavours to acquire them; that multitudes have vied in arts by which life is furnished with accommodations, and which therefore mankind may reasonably be expected to reward.

It had indeed been happy, if this predominant appetite had operated only in concurrence with virtue, by influencing none but those who were zealous to deserve what they were eager to possess, and had abilities to improve their own fortunes by contributing to the ease or happiness of others. To have riches and to have merit would then have been the same, and success might reasonably have been considered as a proof of excellence.

But we do not find that any of the wishes of men keep a stated proportion to their powers of attainment. Many envy and desire wealth, who can never procure it by honest industry or useful knowledge. They therefore turn their eyes about to examine what other methods can be found of gaining that which none, however impotent or worthless, will be content to want.

A little enquiry will discover that there are nearer ways to profit than through the intricacies of art, or up the steep of labour; what wisdom and virtue scarcely receive at the close of life, as the recompence of long toil and repeated efforts, is brought within the reach of subtilty and dishonesty by more expeditious and compendious measures: the wealth of credulity is an open prey to falsehood; and the possessions of ignorance and imbecility are easily stolen away by the conveyances of secret artifice, or seized by the gripe of unresisted violence.

It is likewise not hard to discover, that riches always procure protection for themselves, that they dazzle the eyes of enquiry, divert the celerity of pursuit, or appease the ferocity of vengeance. When any man is incontestably known to

have large possessions, very few think it requisite to enquire by what practices they were obtained; the resentment of mankind rages only against the struggles of feeble and timorous corruption; but when it has surmounted the first opposition, it is afterwards supported by favour, and animated by applause.

The prospect of gaining speedily what is ardently desired, and the certainty of obtaining by every accession of advantage an addition of security, have so far prevailed upon the passions of mankind, that the peace of life is destroyed by a general and incessant struggle for riches. It is observed of gold, by an old epigrammatist, that *to have it is to be in fear, and to want it is to be in sorrow*. There is no condition which is not disquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money; and the race of man may be divided in a political estimate between those who are practising fraud, and those who are repelling it.

If we consider the present state of the world, it will be found, that all confidence is lost among mankind, that no man ventures to act, where money can be endangered, upon the faith of another. It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of seals and attestation, without wondering at the depravity of those beings, who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and publick revidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond or a settlement.

Of the various arts by which riches may be obtained, the greater part are at the first view irreconcilable with the laws of virtue; some are openly flagitious, and practised not only in secret, but in defiance of faith and justice; and the rest are on every side so entangled with dubious tendencies, and so beset with perpetual temptations, that very few, even of those who are not yet abandoned, are able to preserve their innocence, or can produce any other claim to pardon than that they have deviated from the right less than others, and have sooner and more diligently endeavoured to return.

One of the chief characteristics of the golden age, of the age in which

neither care nor danger had intruded on mankind; in the community of possessions, strife and fraud were totally excluded, and every turbulent passion was stifled by plenty and equality. Such were indeed happy times; but such times can return no more. Community of possession must include spontaneity of production; for what is obtained by labour will be of right the property of him by whose labour it is gained. And while a rightfulness claim to pleasure or to disquiet must be protected either by slow industry or under this hazard, there will always be multitudes whom covetousness or impatience incite to more safe and more speedy methods, who strive to pluck the fruit without cultivating the tree, and to seize the advantages of victory without partaking the danger of the battle.

In later ages, the conviction of the danger to which virtue is exposed while the mind continues open to the influ-

ence of riches, has determined many to vows of perpetual poverty; they have suppressed desire by cutting off the possibility of gratification, and secured their peace by destroying the enemy whom they had no hope of reducing to quiet subjection. But by debarring themselves from evil, they have inclosed many opportunities of good; they have too often sunk into inactivity and uselessness; and though they have forbore to injure society, have not fully paid their contributions to its happiness.

While riches are too necessary to prevent convenience, and so much more easily obtained by crimes than virtues, the mind can only be secured from yielding to the continual impulse of covetousness by the preponderation of unchangeable and eternal motives. Gold will turn the intellectual balance, when weighed only against reputation; but will be light and ineffectual when the opposite scale is charged with justice, veracity, and piety.

NOCCXXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1751.

DOCILEM INITANDIS
TURPIBUS AC FRIVOLIS OMNES SUMUS.

Juv.

THE MIND OF MORTALS, IN PERVERSENESS STRONG,
IMBIBES WITH DIRE DOCILITY THE WRONG.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MRS. RAMBLER,

I was bred a scholar, and after the usual course of education, found it necessary to employ for the support of life that learning which I had almost exhausted my little fortune in acquiring. The lucrative professions drew my regard with equal attraction; each presented ideas which excited my curiosity, and each imposed duties which terrified my apprehension.

There is no temper more unpropitious to interest than desultory application and unlimited enquiry, by which the desires are held in a perpetual equipoise, and the mind fluctuates between different purposes without determination. I had books of every kind round me, among which I divided my time as caprice or accident directed. I often spent the first hours of the day in considering to what study I should devote the rest; and at last snatched up an author that lay upon the table, or perhaps fled

to a coffee-house, for deliverance from the anxiety of irresolution, and the gloominess of solitude.

Thus my little patrimony grew imperceptibly less, till I was roused from my literary slumber by a creditor, whose importunity obliged me to pacify him with so large a sum, that what remained was not sufficient to support me more than eight months. I hope you will not reproach me with avarice or cowardice, if I acknowledge that I now thought myself in danger of distress, and obliged to endeavour after some certain competence.

There have been heroes of negligence, who have laid the price of their last acre in a drawer, and without the least interruption of their tranquillity or abatement of their expenses, taken out one piece after another, till there was no more remaining. But I was not born to such dignity of imprudence, or such exaltation above the cares and necessities of life: I therefore immediately engaged my friends to procure me a little employment,

ployment, which might set me free from the dread of poverty, and afford me time to plan out some final scheme of lasting advantage.

My friends were struck with honest solicitude, and immediately promised their endeavours for my extrication. They did not suffer their kindness to languish by delay, but prosecuted their enquiries with such success, that in less than a month I was perplexed with variety of offers and contrariety of prospects.

I had however no time for long pauses of consideration; and therefore soon resolved to accept the office of instructing a young nobleman in the house of his father. I went to the seat at which the family then happened to reside, was received with great politeness, and invited to enter immediately on my charge. The terms offered were such as I should willingly have accepted, though my fortune had allowed me greater liberty of choice: the respect with which I was treated flattered my vanity; and perhaps the splendor of the apartments, and the luxury of the table, were not wholly without their influence. I immediately complied with the proposals, and received the young lord into my care.

Having no desire to gain more than I should truly deserve, I very diligently prosecuted my undertaking, and had the satisfaction of discovering in my pupil a flexible temper, a quick apprehension, and a retentive memory. I did not much doubt that my care would, in time, produce a wise and useful counsellor to the state, though my labours were somewhat obstructed by want of authority, and the necessity of complying with the freaks of negligence, and of waiting patiently for the lucky moment of voluntary attention. To a man, whose imagination was filled with the dignity of knowledge, and to whom a studious life had made all the common amusements insipid and contemptible, it was not very easy to suppress his indignation, when he saw himself forsaken in the midst of his lecture, for an opportunity to catch an insect, and found his instructions debarred from access to the intellectual faculties, by the memory of a childish frolick, or the desire of a new plaything.

Those vexations would have recurred less frequently, had not his mamma, by

constant going out one time that he should be excused from a task as a reward for some petty compliance, and withholding him from his book at another, to gratify herself or her visitors with his vivacity, shewn him that every thing was more pleasing and more important than knowledge, and that study was to be endured rather than chosen; and was only the business of those hours which pleasure left vacant, or discipline usurped.

I thought it my duty to complain, in tender terms, of these frequent vocations; but was answered, that rank and fortune might reasonably hope for some indulgence; that the retardation of my pupil's progress would not be imputed to any negligence or inability of mine; and that with the success which I attained every body else, I might safely satisfy myself. I had now done my duty, and without more remonstrances continued to inculcate my precepts whenever they could be heard, gained every day new influence, and found that by degrees my scholar began to feel the quick impulses of curiosity, and the honest ardour of studious ambition.

At length it was resolved to pass a winter in London. The lady had too much fondness for her son to live five months without him, and too high an opinion of his wit and learning to refuse her vanity the gratification of exhibiting him to the publick. I remonstrated against too early an acquaintance with cards and company; but with a soft contempt of my ignorance and pedantry, she said that he had been already confined too long to solitary study, and it was now time to shew him the world; nothing was more a brand of meanness than bashful timidity; gay freedom and elegant assistance were only to be gained by mixed conversation, a frequent intercourse with strangers, and a timely introduction to splendid assemblies; and she had more than once observed, that his forwardness and complaisance began to desert him, that he was silent when he had not something of consequence to say, blushed whenever he happened to find himself mistaken, and hung down his head in the presence of the ladies, without the readiness of reply, and activity of officiousness remarkable in young gentlemen that are bred in London. Again

Again I found resistance hopeless, and again thought it proper to comply. We entered the coach, and in four days were placed in the gayest and most magnificent region of the town. My pupils, who had for several years lived at a remote seat, was immediately dazzled with a thousand beams of novelty and show. His imagination was filled with the perpetual tumult of pleasure that passed before him, and it was impossible to allure him from the window, or to overpower by any charm of eloquence the rattle of coaches, and the sounds which echoed from the doors in the neighbourhood. In three days his attention, which he began to regain, was disturbed by a rich suit, in which he was equipped for the reception of company, and which, having been long accustomed to a plain dress, he could not at first survey without ecstacy.

The arrival of the family was now formally notified; every hour of every day brought more intimate or more distant acquaintances to the door; and my pupil was indiscriminately introduced to all, that he might accustom himself to change of faces, and be rid with speed of his rustick diffidence.

He soon endeared himself to his mother by the speedy acquisition or recovery of her darling qualities; his eyes sparkle at a numerous assembly, and his heart dances at the mention of a ball. He has at once caught the infection of high life, and has no other test of principles or actions than the quality of those to whom they are ascribed. He begins already to look down on me with superiority, and submits to one short lesson in a week, as an act of condescension rather than obedience; for he is of opinion, that no tutor is properly qualified who cannot speak French; and having formerly learned a few familiar phrases from his sister's governess, he is every day soliciting his mamma to procure him a foreign footman, that he may grow polite by his conversation. I am not yet insulted, but find myself likely to become soon a superfluous incumbrance, for my scholar has now no time for science, or for virtue: and the lady yesterday declared him so much the favourite of every company, that she was afraid he would not have an hour in the day to dance and fence.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

N^o CXXXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1751.

MAGNA QUIDEM SACRIS QUM DAT PERCEPTA LIBELLIS
VICTRIX FORTUNE SAVIENTIA. DICIMUS AUTEM
HOS QUOQUE FELICES, QUI PERSE INCOMMODA VITA,
NEC JACTARE JUGUM VITA DIDICERE MAGISTRA.

Juv.

LET STOICKS ETHICKS NAUGHTY RULES ADVANCE,
TO COMBAT FORTUNE, AND TO CONQUER CHANCE;
YET HAPPY THOSE, THOUGH NOT SO LEARN'D ARE THOUGHT,
WHOM LIFE INSTRUCTS, WHO BY EXPERIENCE TAUGHT,
FOR NEW TO COME FROM PAST MISFORTUNES LOOK,
NOR SHAKE THE YOKES, WHICH CALLS THE MORE 'TIS SHOOK.

CRIECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

YOU have shewn, by the publication of my letter, that you think the life of Victoria not wholly unworthy of the notice of a philosopher: I shall therefore continue my narrative, without any apology for unimportance which you have dignified, or for inaccuracies which you are to correct.

When my life appeared to be no longer in danger, and as much of my strength was recovered as enabled me to

bear the agitation of a coach, I was placed at a lodging in a neighbouring village, to which my mother dismissed me with a faint embrace, having repeated her command not to expose my face too soon to the sun or wind, and told me, that with care I might perhaps become tolerable again. The prospect of being tolerable had very little power to elevate the imagination of one who had so long been accustomed to praise and ecstacy; but it was some satisfaction to be separated from my mother, who was incessantly ringing the knell of departed

parted beauty, and never entered my room without the whine of condolence, or the growl of anger. She often wandered over my face, as travellers over the ruins of a celebrated city, to note every place which had once been remarkable for a happy feature. She condescended to visit my retirement, but always left me more melancholy; for after a thousand trifling enquiries about my diet, and a minute examination of my looks, she generally concluded with a sigh, that I should never more be fit to be seen.

At last I was permitted to return home, but found no great improvement of my condition; for I was imprisoned in my chamber as a criminal, whose appearance would disgrace my friends, and condemned to be tortured into new beauty. Every experiment which the officiousness of folly could communicate, or the credulity of ignorance admit, was tried upon me. Sometimes I was covered with emollients, by which it was expected that all the scars would be filled, and my cheeks plumped up to their former smoothness; and sometimes I was punished with artificial excoriations, in hopes of gaining new graces with a new skin. The cosmetick science was exhausted upon me; but who can repair the ruins of nature? My mother was forced to give me rest at last, and abandon me to the fate of a fallen toast, whose fortune she considered as a hopeless game, no longer worthy of solicitude or attention.

The condition of a young woman who has never thought or heard of any other excellence than beauty, and whom the sudden blast of disease wrinkles in her bloom, is indeed sufficiently calamitous. She is at once deprived of all that gave her eminence or power; of all that elated her pride, or animated her activity; all that filled her days with pleasure, and her nights with hope; all that gave gladness to the present hour, or brightened her prospects of futurity! It is perhaps not in the power of a man whose attention has been divided by diversity of pursuits, and who has not been accustomed to derive from others much of his happiness, to image to himself such helpless destitution, such dismal inanity. Every object of pleasing contemplation is at once snatched away, and the soul finds every receptacle of ideas empty, or filled only with the memory

of joys that can return no more. All is gloomy privation, or impotent desire; the faculties of anticipation slumber in despondency, or the powers of pleasure mutiny for employment.

I was so little able to find entertainment for myself, that I was forced in a short time to venture abroad, as the solitary savage is driven by hunger from his cavern. I entered with all the humility of disgrace into assemblies, where I had lately sparkled with gaiety, and towered with triumph. I was not wholly without hope, that dejection had misrepresented me to myself, and that the remains of my former face might yet have some attraction and influence: but the first circle of visits convinced me that my reign was at an end; that life and death were no longer in my hands; that I was no more to practise the glance of command, or the frown of prohibition; to receive the tribute of sighs and praises, or be soothed with the gentle murmurs of amorous timidity. My opinion was now unheard, and my proposals were unregarded; the narrowness of my knowledge, and the meanness of my sentiments, were easily discovered, when the eyes were no longer engaged against the judgment; and it was observed, by those who had formerly been charmed with my vivacious loquacity, that my understanding was impaired as well as my face, and that I was no longer qualified to fill a place in any company but a party at cards.

It is scarcely to be imagined how soon the mind sinks to a level with the condition. I, who had long considered all who approached me as vassals condemned to regulate their pleasures by my eyes, and harass their inventions for my entertainment, was in less than three weeks reduced to receive a ticket with professions of obligation; to catch with eagerness at a compliment; and to watch with all the anxiousness of dependance, lest any little civility that was paid me should pass unacknowledged.

Though the negligence of the men was not very pleasing when compared with vows and adoration, yet it was far more supportable than the insolence of my own sex. For the first ten months after my return into the world, I never entered a single house in which the memory of my downfall was not revived. At one place I was congratulated on my escape with life; at another I heard of

the

the benefits of early inoculation; by some I have been told in excess terms, that I am not yet without my charms; others have whispered at my entrance—

‘This is the celebrated beauty.’ One told me of a wash that would smooth the skin; and another offered me her chair that I might not front the light. Some smothered me with the observation that none can tell how soon my case may be her own; and some thought it proper to receive me with mournful tenderness, formal condolance, and consolatory blandishments.

Thus was I every day harassed with all the stratagems of well-bred malignity; yet insulence was more tolerable than solitude, and I therefore persisted to keep my time at the doors of my acquaintance, without gratifying them with any appearance of resentment or depression. I expected that their exultation would in time vapour away; that the joy of their superiority would end with it’s novelty; and that I should be suffered to glide along in my present form among the nameless multitude, whom nature never intended to excite envy or admiration, nor enabled to delight the eye or inflame the heart.

This was naturally to be expected, and this I began to experience. But when I was no longer agitated by the perpetual ardour of resistance and effort of perseverance, I found more sensibly the want of those entertainments which had formerly delighted me; the day rose upon me without an engagement, and the evening closed in it’s natural gloom, without summoning me to a concert or a ball. None had any care to find amusements for me, and I had no pow-

er of amusing myself. Idleness exposed me to melancholy, and left begot in languish in motionless indifference.

Misery and shame are nearly allied. It was not without many struggles that I prevailed on myself to confess my uneasiness to Euphemia, the only friend who had never pained me with comfort or with pity. I at last laid my calamities before her, rather to ease my heart than receive assistance: ‘We must distinguish,’ said she, ‘my Victoria, those evils which are imposed by Providence, from those to which we ourselves give the power of hurting us. Of your calamity, a small part is the infliction of Heaven, the rest is little more than the corrosion of idle discontent. You have lost that which may indeed sometimes contribute to happiness, but to which happiness is by no means inseparably annexed. You have lost what the greater number of the human race never have possessed; what those on whom it is bestowed for the most part possess in vain; and what you, while it was yours, knew not how to use: you have only lost early what the laws of nature forbid you to keep long, and have lost it while your mind is yet flexible, and while you have time to substitute more valuable and more durable excellencies. Consider yourself, my Victoria, as a being born to know, to reason, and to act; rise at once from your dream of melancholy to wisdom and to piety; you will find that there are other charms than those of beauty, and other joys than the praise of fools.’

I am, Sir, &c.

VICTORIA.

Nº CXXXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1751.

QUIS SCIT, AN ADJICIAM MODICAM CRASSINA SUMMA
TEMPORA DI SUPER!

HOR.

WHO KNOWS IF HEAV’N, WITH EVER-MOUNTING POW’R,
SHALL ADD TO-MORROW TO THE PRESENT HOUR?

FRANÇOIS.

I Sat yesterday morning employed in deliberating on which, among the various subjects that occurred to my imagination, I should bestow the paper of to-day. After a short effort of meditation by which nothing was determined,

I grew every moment more irresolute, my ideas wandered from the first intention, and I rather wished to think, than thought, upon any settled subject; till at last I was awakened from this dream of study by a summons from the press: the

the time was come for which I had been thus negligently purposing to provide, and, however dubious or sluggish, I was now necessitated to write.

Though to a writer whose design is so comprehensive and miscellaneous, that he may accommodate himself with a to-pick from every scene of life, or view of nature, it is no great aggravation of his task to be obliged to a sudden composition; yet I could not forbear to reproach myself for having so long neglected what was unavoidably to be done, and of which every moment's idleness increased the difficulty. There was, however, some pleasure in reflecting that I, who had only trusted till diligence was necessary, might still congratulate myself upon my superiority to multitudes, who have trusted till diligence is vain; who can by no degree of activity or resolution recover the opportunities which have slipped away; and who are condemned by their own carelessness to hopeless calamity and barren sorrow.

The folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

It is indeed natural to have particular regard to the time present, and to be most solicitous for that which is by its nearness enabled to make the strongest impressions. When therefore any sharp pain is to be suffered, or any formidable danger to be incurred, we can scarcely exempt ourselves wholly from the seducements of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring some support or advantage which we now want; and are easily persuaded, that the moment of necessity which we desire never to arrive, is at a great distance from us.

Thus life is languished away in the gloom of anxiety, and consumed in collecting resolution which the next morning dissipates; in forming purposes which we scarcely hope to keep, and reconciling ourselves to our own cowardice by excuses which, while we admit them, we know to be absurd. Our firmness

is by the continual contemplation of misery hourly impaired; every submission to our fear enlarges its dominion; we not only waste that time in which the evil we dread might have been suffered and surmounted, but even where procrastination produces no absolute increase of our difficulties, make them less superable to ourselves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wise to contract the interval of expectation; to meet the mischiefs which will overtake us if we fly, and suffer only their real malignity without the conflicts of doubt and anguish of anticipation.

To act is far easier than to suffer; yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the *vis inertiae*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. The case of Tantalus, in the region of poetick punishment, was somewhat to be pitied, because the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand; but what tenderness can be claimed by those who, though perhaps they suffer the pains of Tantalus, will never lift their hands for their own relief?

There is nothing more common among this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints; murmurs at uneasiness which only vacancy and suspicion expose them to feel, and complaints of distresses which it is in their own power to remove. Laziness is commonly associated with timidity. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours by infusing despair of success; or the frequent failure of ir-resolute struggles, and the constant desire of avoiding labour, impress by degrees false terrors on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full possession of the fancy, never fails to employ it upon visions of calamity, such as, if they are not dissipated by useful employment, will soon overcast it with horrors, and imbitter life not only with those miseries by which all earthly beings are really more or less tormented, but with those which do not yet exist, and which can only be discerned by the perspicacity of cowardice.

Among all who sacrifice future advantage to present inclination, scarcely any gain so little as those that suffer themselves to freeze in idleness. Others are corrupted by some enjoyment of more or less power to gratify the passions; but

but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is surely to sink under weak temptations. Idleness never can secure tranquillity; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard; and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep. Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate.

There are other causes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute discernment. He to whom many objects of pursuit arise at the same time, will frequently hesitate between different desires, till a rival has precluded him, or change his course as new attractions prevail, and harass himself without advancing. He who sees different ways to the same end, will, unless he watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the comparison of probabilities, and the adjustment of expedients, and pause in the choice of his road, till some accident intercepts his journey. He whose penetration extends to remote consequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any design, discovers new prospects of advantage, and possi-

bilities of improvement, will not easily be persuaded that his project is ripe for execution; but will superadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purposes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own scheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He that resolves to unite all the beauties of situation in a new purchase, must waste his life in roving to no purpose from province to province. He that hopes in the same house to obtain every convenience, may draw plans and study Palladio, but will never lay a stone. He will attempt a treatise on some important subject, and amass materials, consult authors, and study all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himself qualified to write. He that has abilities to conceive perfection, will not easily be content without it; and since perfection cannot be reached, will lose the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

N^o CXXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1751.

COELUM, NON ANIMUM MUTANT.

Hor.

PLACE MAY BE CHANG'D; BUT WHO CAN CHANGE HIS MIND?

IT is impossible to take a view on any side, or observe any of the various classes that form the great community of the world, without discovering the influence of example; and admitting with new conviction the observation of Aristotle, that 'Man is an imitative being.' The greater, far the greater number, follow the track which others have beaten, without any curiosity after new discoveries, or ambition of trusting themselves to their own conduct. And,

of those who break the ranks and disorder the uniformity of the march, most return in a short time from their deviation, and prefer the equal and steady satisfaction of security before the frolicks of caprice and the honours of adventure.

In questions difficult or dangerous it is indeed natural to repose upon authority; and, when fear happens to predominate, upon the authority of those whom we do not in general think wiser than ourselves.

Very

Very few have abilities requisite for the discovery of abstruse truth; and of those few some want leisure, and some resolution. But it is not so easy to find the reason of the universal submission to precedent where every man might safely judge for himself; where no irreparable loss can be hazarded, nor any mischief of long continuance incurred. Vanity might be expected to operate where the more powerful passions are not awakened; the mere pleasure of acknowledging no superior might produce slight singularities, or the hope of gaining some new degree of happiness awaken the mind to invention or experiment.

If in any case the shackles of prescription could be wholly shaken off, and the imagination left to act without controul, on what occasion should it be expected, but in the selection of lawful pleasure? Pleasure, of which the essence is choice; which compulsion dissociates from every thing to which nature has united it; and which owes not only it's vigour but it's being to the smiles of liberty. Yet we see that the senses, as well as the reason, are regulated by credulity; and that most will feel, or say that they feel, the gratifications which others have taught them to expect.

At this time of universal migration, when almost every one, considerable enough to attract regard, has retired, or is preparing with all the earnestness of distress to retire, into the country; when nothing is to be heard but the hopes of speedy departure, or the complaints of involuntary delay; I have often been tempted to enquire what happiness is to be gained, or what inconvenience to be avoided, by this stated recession? Of the birds of passage, some follow the summer, and some the winter, because they live upon sustenance which only summer or winter can supply; but of the annual flight of human rovers it is much harder to assign the reason, because they do not appear either to find or seek any thing which is not equally afforded by the town and country.

I believe that many of these fugitives may have heard of men whose continual wish was for the quiet of retirement, who watched every opportunity to steal away from observation, to forsake the crowd, and delight themselves with *the society of solitude*. There is indeed scarcely any writer who has not celebrated the happiness of rural privacy,

and delighted himself and his reader with the melody of birds, the whisper of groves, and the murmur of rivulets; not any man eminent for extent of capacity, or greatness of exploits, that has not left behind him some memorials of lonely wisdom, and silent dignity.

But almost all absurdity of conduct arises from the imitation of those whom we cannot resemble. Those who thus testified their weariness of tumult and hurry, and hasted with so much eagerness to the leisure of retreat, were either men overwhelmed with the pressure of difficult employments, harassed with importunities, and distracted with multiplicity; or men wholly engrossed by speculative sciences, who having no other end of life but to learn and teach, found their searches interrupted by the common commerce of civility, and their reasonings disjointed by frequent interruptions. Such men might reasonably fly to that ease and convenience which their condition allowed them to find only in the country. The statesman who devoted the greater part of his time to the publick, was desirous of keeping the remainder in his own power. The general, ruffled with dangers, wearied with labours, and stunned with acclamations, gladly snatched an interval of silence and relaxation. The naturalist was unhappy where the works of Providence were not always before him. The reasoner could adjust his systems only where his mind was free from the intrusion of outward objects.

Such examples of solitude very few of those who are now hastening from the town, have any pretensions to plead in their own justification, since they cannot pretend either weariness of labour, or desire of knowledge. They purpose nothing more than to quit one scene of idleness for another, and after having trilled in public, to sleep in secrecy. The utmost that they can hope to gain is the change of ridiculousness to obscurity, and the privilege of having fewer witnesses to a life of folly. He who is not sufficiently important to be disturbed in his pursuits, but spends all his hours according to his own inclination, and has more hours than his mental faculties enable him to fill either with enjoyment or desires, can have nothing to demand of shades and valleys. As bravery is said to be a panoply, insignificance is always a shelter.

There are, however, pleasures and advantages in a rural situation, which are not confined to philosophers and heroes. The freshness of the air, the verdure of the woods, the paint of the meadows, and the unexhausted variety which summer scatters upon the earth, may easily give delight to an unlearned spectator. It is not necessary that he who looks with pleasure on the colours of a flower should study the principles of vegetation, or that the Ptolemaick and Copernican system should be compared before the light of the sun can gladden, or it's warmth invigorate. Novelty is itself a source of gratification; and Milton justly observes, that to him who has been long pent up in cities, no rural object can be presented which will not delight or refresh some of his senses.

Yet even these easy pleasures are missed by the greater part of those who waste their summer in the country. Should any man pursue his acquaintances to their retreats, he would find few of them listening to Philomel; loitering in woods, or plucking daisies, catching the healthy gale of the morning, or watching the gentle coruscations of declining day. Some will be discovered at a window by the road side, rejoicing when a new cloud of dust gathers towards them, as at the approach of a momentary supply of conversation, and a short relief from the tediousness of unideal vacancy. Others are placed in the adjacent villages, where they look only upon houses as in the rest of the year, with no change of objects but what a remove to any new street in London might have given them. The same set of acquaintances still settle together, and the form of life is not otherwise diversified than by doing the same

things in a different place. They pay and receive visits in the usual form, they frequent the walks in the morning, they deal cards at night; they attend to the same tattle, and dances with the same partners; nor can they at their return to their former habitation congratulate themselves on any other advantage, than that they have passed their time like others of the same rank; and have the same right to talk of the happiness and beauty of the country, of happiness which they never felt, and beauty which they never regarded.

To be able to procure it's own entertainments, and to subsist upon it's own stock, is not the prerogative of every mind. There are indeed understandings so fertile and comprehensive, that they can always feed reflection with new supplies, and suffer nothing from the preclusion of adventitious amusements; as some cities have within their own walls enclosed ground enough to feed their inhabitants in a siege. But others live only from day to day, and must be constantly enabled, by foreign supplies, to keep out the encroachments of languor and stupidity. Such could not indeed be blamed for hovering within reach of their usual pleasure, more than any other animal for not quitting it's native element, were not their faculties contracted by their own fault. But let not those who go into the country, merely because they dare not be left alone at home, boast their love of nature, or their qualifications for solitude; nor pretend that they receive instantaneous infusions of wisdom from the Dryads, and are able, when they leave smoke and noise behind, to act, or think, or reason for themselves.

Nº CXXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1751.

Ἐχθρὸς γὰρ μοι καὶνὸς ὁμοῦ ἀνδρῶν.
Ὁς χ' ἴτερόν μοι κύνει ἐν φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

HOM.

WHO DARES THINK ONE THING, AND ANOTHER TELL,
MY HEART DETESTS HIM AS THE GATES OF HELL.

POPE.

THE regard which they whose abilities are employed in the works of imagination claim from the rest of mankind, arises in a great measure from

their influence on futurity. Rank may be conferred by princes, and wealth bequeathed by misers or by robbers; but the honours of a lasting name, and the veneration

veneration of distant ages, only the sons of learning have the power of bestowing. While therefore it continues one of the characteristics of rational nature to decline oblivion, authors never can be wholly overlooked in the search after happiness, nor become contemptible but by their own fault.

The man who considers himself as constituted the ultimate judge of disputable characters, and entrusted with the distribution of the last terrestrial rewards of merit, ought to summon all his fortitude to the support of his integrity, and resolve to discharge an office of such dignity with the most vigilant caution and scrupulous justice. To deliver examples to posterity, and to regulate the opinion of future times, is no slight or trivial undertaking; nor is it easy to commit more atrocious treason against the great republic of humanity, than by falsifying its records and misguiding its decrees.

To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice, is to destroy the distinction of good and evil. Many have no other test of actions than general opinion; and all are so far influenced by a sense of reputation, that they are often restrained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have lost their power; nor can any species of prostitution promote general depravity more than that which destroys the force of praise, by shewing that it may be acquired without deserving it, and which, by setting free the active and ambitious from the dread of infamy, lets loose the rapacity of power, and weakens the only authority by which greatness is controlled.

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprise. It is therefore not only necessary, that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree; and that the garlands, due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not suffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boast only petty services and easy virtues.

Had these maxims been universally received, how much would have been added to the task of dedication, the work on which all the power of modern wit

has been exhausted? How few of these initial panegyrics had appeared, if the author had been obliged first to find a man of virtue, then to distinguish the distinct species and degree of his desert, and at last to pay him only the honours which he might justly claim. It is much easier to learn the name of the last man whom chance has exalted to wealth and power, to obtain by the intervention of some of his domesticks the privilege of addressing him, or in confidence of the general acceptance of flattery, to venture on an address without any previous solicitation; and after having heaped upon him all the virtues to which philosophy has assigned a name, inform him how much more might be truly said, did not the fear of giving pain to his modesty repress the raptures of wonder and the zeal of veneration.

Nothing has so much degraded literature from its natural rank, as the practice of indecent and promiscuous dedication; for what credit can he expect who professes himself the hireling of vanity, however profligate, and without shame or scruple celebrates the worthless, dignifies the mean, and gives to the corrupt, licentious, and oppressive, the ornaments which ought only to add grace to truth, and loveliness to innocence? Every other kind of adulation, however shameful, however mischievous, is less detestable than the crime of countessing characters, and fixing the stamp of literary sanction upon the dross and refuse of the world.

Yet I would not overwhelm the authors with the whole load of infamy, of which part, perhaps the greater part, ought to fall upon their patrons. If he that hires a bravo, partakes the guilt of murder, why should he who bribes a flatterer hope to be exempted from the shame of falsehood? The unhappy dedicatory is seldom without some motives which obstruct, though not destroy, the liberty of choice; he is oppressed by miseries which he hopes to relieve, or inflamed by ambition which he expects to gratify. But the patron has no incitements equally violent; he can receive only a short gratification, with which nothing but stupidity could dispose him to be pleased. The real satisfaction which praise can afford is by repeating aloud the whispers of conscience, and by shewing us that we have not endeavoured to deserve well in vain.

Every

Every other encomium is, to an intelligent mind, satire and reproach; the celebration of those virtues which we feel ourselves to want, can only impress a quicker sense of our own defects, and shew that we have not yet satisfied the expectations of the world, by forcing us to observe how much fiction must contribute to the completion of our character.

Yet sometimes the patron may claim indulgence; for it does not always happen, that the encomiast has been much encouraged to his attempt. Many a hapless author, when his book, and perhaps his dedication, was ready for the press, has waited long before any one would pay the price of prostitution, or consent to hear the praises destined to insure his name against the casualties of time; and many a complaint has been vented against the decline of learning, and neglect of genius, when either parsimonious prudence has declined expense, or honest indignation rejected falsehood. But if at last, after long enquiry and innumerable disappointments, he finds a lord willing to hear of his own eloquence and taste, a statesman desirous of knowing how a friendly historian will represent his conduct, or a lady delighted to leave to the world some memorial of her wit and beauty, such weakness cannot be censured as an instance of enormous depravity. The wisest man may by a diligent solicitor be surprised in the hour of weakness, and persuaded to solace vexation, or invigorate hope, with the musick of flattery.

To censure all dedications as adulatory and servile, would discover rather envy than justice. Praise is the tribute of merit; and he that has incontestably distinguished himself by any public performance, has a right to all the honours which the publick can bestow. To men thus raised above the rest of the community, there is no need that the book or it's author should have any particular relation: that the patron is known to deserve respect, is sufficient to vindicate him that pays it. To the same regard from particular persons, private virtue and less conspicuous excellence may be sometimes entitled. An author may with great propriety inscribe his work to him by whose encouragement it was undertaken, or by

whose liberality he has been enabled to prosecute it, and he may justly rejoice in his own fortitude that dares to rescue merit from obscurity.

*Ascribus exemplis videor te cludere: misce
Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus.*—

Thus much I will indulge thee for thy ease,
And mingle something of our times to please.

DRYDEN, JUN.

I know not whether greater relaxation may not be indulged, and whether hope as well as gratitude may not unblameably produce a dedication; but let the writer who pours out his praises only to propitiate power, or attract the attention of greatness, be cautious lest his desire betray him to exuberant eulogies. We are naturally more apt to please ourselves with the future than the past; and while we luxuriate in expectation, may be easily persuaded to purchase what we yet rate only by imagination, at a higher price than experience will warrant.

But no private views or personal regard can discharge any man from his general obligations to virtue and to truth. It may happen in the various combinations of life, that a good man may receive favours from one, who, notwithstanding his accidental beneficence, cannot be justly proposed to the imitation of others, and whom, therefore, he must find some other way of rewarding than by publick celebrations. Self-love has indeed many powers of seducement, but it surely ought not to exalt any individual to equality with the collective body of mankind, or persuade him that a benefit conferred on him is equivalent to every other virtue. Yet many upon false principles of gratitude have ventured to extol wretches, whom all but their dependents numbered among the reproaches of the species, and whom they would likewise have beheld with the same scorn had they not been hired to dishonest approbation.

To encourage merit with praise is the great business of literature; but praise must lose it's influence by unjust or negligent distribution; and he that impairs it's value may be charged with misapplication of the power that genius puts into his hands, and with squandering on guilt the recompense of virtue.

N^o CXXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1751.

DOM VITANT STULTI VITIA, IN CONTRARIA CURRUNT.

HOR.

—WHILST FOOLS ONE VICE CONDEMN,
THEY RUN INTO THE OPPOSITE EXTREME.

CREECH.

THAT wonder is the effect of ignorance, has been often observed. The awful stillness of attention, with which the mind is overpread at the first view of an unexpected effect, ceases when we have leisure to disentangle complications and investigate causes. Wonder is a pause of reason, a sudden cessation of the mental progress, which lasts only while the understanding is fixed upon some single idea, and is at an end when it recovers force enough to divide the object into it's parts, or mark the intermediate gradations from the first agent to the last consequence.

It may be remarked with equal truth, that ignorance is often the effect of wonder. It is common for those who have never accustomed themselves to the labour of enquiry, nor invigorated their confidence by conquests over difficulty, to sleep in the gloomy quiescence of astonishment, without any effort to animate enquiry or dispel obscurity. What they cannot immediately conceive, they consider as too high to be reached, or too extensive to be comprehended; they therefore content themselves with the gaze of folly, forbear to attempt what they have no hopes of performing, and resign the pleasure of rational contemplation to more pertinaacious study or more active faculties.

Among the productions of mechanic art, many are of a form so different from that of their first materials, and many consist of parts so numerous and so nicely adapted to each other, that it is not possible to view them without amazement. But when we enter the shops of artificers, observe the various tools by which every operation is facilitated, and trace the progress of a manufacture through the different hands, that, in succession to each other, contribute to it's perfection, we soon discover that every single man has an easy task, and that the extremes, however remote, of natural rudeness and artificial elegance, are

joined by a regular concatenation of effects, of which every one is introduced by that which precedes it, and equally introduces that which is to follow.

The same is the state of intellectual and manual performances. Long calculations or complex diagrams at right the timorous and unexperienced from a second view; but if we have skill sufficient to analyse them into simple principles, it will be discovered that our fear was groundless. *Divide and conquer*, is a principle equally just in science as in policy. Complication is a species of confederacy, which, while it continues united, bids defiance to the most active and vigorous intellect; but of which every member is separately weak, and which may therefore be quickly subdued if it can once be broken.

The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The wildest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

It often happens, whatever be the cause, that impatience of labour, or dread of miscarriage, seizes those who are most distinguished for quickness of apprehension; and that they who might with greatest reason promise themselves victory, are least willing to hazard the encounter. This diffidence, where the attention is not laid asleep by laziness, or dissipated by pleasures, can arise only from confused and general views, such as negligence snatches in haste, or from the disappointment of the first hopes formed by arrogance without reflection. To expect that the intricacies of science will be pierced by a careless glance, or the eminences of fame ascended without labour, is to expect a particular privilege, a power denied to the rest of mankind; but to suppose that the maze is inscrutable to dis-

gence.

gence, or the heights inaccessible to perseverance, is to submit tamely to the tyranny of fancy, and enchain the mind in voluntary shackles.

It is the proper ambition of the heroes in literature to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge by discovering and conquering new regions of the intellectual world. To the success of such undertakings perhaps some degree of fortuitous happiness is necessary, which no man can promise or procure to himself; and therefore doubt and irresolution may be forgiven in him that ventures into the unexplored abysses of truth; and attempts to find his way through the frustrations of uncertainty, and the conflicts of contradiction. But when nothing more is required, than to pursue a path already beaten, to trample obstacles which others have demolished, why should any man so much distrust his own intellect as to imagine himself unequal to the attempt?

It were to be wished that they who devote their lives to study would at once believe nothing too great for their attainment, and consider nothing as too little for their regard; that they would extend their notice alike to science and to life, and unite some knowledge of the present world to their acquaintance with past ages and remote events.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools, as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprized to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

'Books,' says Bacon, 'can never teach the use of books.' The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall

find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible; but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by foster accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities; and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination, he renits his splendor but retains his magnitudo, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

N^o CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1751.

— TREUM LIBEAT MINT SORDIDA RURA

ATQUE HUMILES HABITARE CASAS, ET FIGERE CERVOI.

VIRG.

WITH ME RETIRE, AND LEAVE THE POMPOF COURTS
FOR HUMBLE COTTAGES AND RURAL SPORTS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

THOUGH the contempt with which you have treated the annual migrations of the gay and busy part of mankind, is justified by daily observation, since most of those who leave the town, neither vary their entertainments nor enlarge their notions; yet I suppose you do not intend to represent the practice itself as ridiculous, or to declare that he whose condition puts the distribution of his time into his own power may not properly divide it between the town and country.

That the country, and only the country, displays the inexhaustible varieties of nature, and supplies the philosophical mind with matter for admiration and enquiry, never was denied; but my curiosity is very little attracted by the colour of a flower, the anatomy of an insect, or the structure of a nest; I am generally employed upon human manners, and therefore fill up the months of rural leisure with remarks on those who live within the circle of my notice. If writers would more frequently visit those regions of negligence and liberty, they might diversify their representations, and multiply their images, for in the country are original characters chiefly to be found. In cities, and yet more in courts, the minute discriminations which distinguish one from another are for the most part effaced, the peculiarities of temper and opinion are gradually worn away by promiscuous converse, as angular bodies and uneven surfaces lose their points and asperities by frequent attrition against one another, and approach by degrees to uniform rotundity. The prevalence of fashion, the influence of example, the desire of applause, and the dread of censure, obstruct the natural tendencies of the mind, and check the fancy in it's first efforts to break forth into experiments of caprice.

Few inclinations are so strong as to

grow up into habits, when they must struggle with the constant opposition of settled forms and established customs. But in the country every man is a separate and independent being: solitude flatters irregularity with hopes of secrecy; and wealth, removed from the mortification of comparison, and the awe of equality, swells into contemptuous confidence, and sets blame and laughter at defiance; the impulses of nature act unrestrained, and the disposition dares to shew itself in it's true form, without any disguise of hypocrisy, or decorations of elegance. Every one indulges the full enjoyment of his own choice, and talks and lives with no other view than to please himself, without enquiring how far he deviates from the general practice, or considering others as entitled to any account of his sentiments or actions. If he builds or demolishes, opens or encloses, deluges or drains, it is not his care what may be the opinion of those who are skilled in perspective or architecture, it is sufficient that he has no landlord to control him, and that none has any right to examine in what projects the lord of the manor spends his own money on his own grounds.

For this reason it is not very common to want subjects for rural conversation. Almost every man is daily doing something which produces merriment, wonder, or resentment, among his neighbours. This utter exemption from restraint leaves every anomalous quality to operate in it's full extent, and suffers the natural character to diffuse itself to every part of life. The pride which, under the check of public observation, would have been only vented among servants and domesticks, becomes in a country baronet the torment of a province, and instead of terminating in the destruction of China-ware and glasses, ruins tenants, dispossesses cottagers, and harasses villages with actions of trespass and bills of indictment.

It frequently happens that even with-

R

out

out violent passions, or enormous corruption, the freedom and laxity of a rustick life produces remarkable particularities of conduct or manner. In the province where I now reside, we have one lady eminent for wearing a gown always of the same cut and colour; another for shaking hands with those that visit her; and a third for unshaken resolution never to let tea or coffee enter her house.

But of all the female characters which this place affords, I have found none so worthy of attention as that of Mrs. Busy, a widow, who lost her husband in her thirtieth year, and has since passed her time in the manor-house, in the government of her children, and the management of the estate.

Mrs. Busy was married at eighteen, from a boarding-school, where she had passed her time like other young ladies in needle-work, with a few intervals of dancing and reading. When she became a bride, she spent one winter with her husband in town, where having no idea of any conversation beyond the formalities of a visit, she found nothing to engage her passions; and when she had been one night at court, and two at an opera, and seen the Monument, the Tombs, and the Tower, she concluded that London had nothing more to shew, and wondered that when women had once seen the world they could not be content to stay at home. She therefore went willingly to the ancient seat, and for some years studied housewifery under Mr. Busy's mother, with so much assiduity, that the old lady, when she died, bequeathed her a caudle-cup, a soup-dish, two beakers, and a chest of table-linen spun by herself.

Mr. Busy finding the economical qualities of his lady, resigned his affairs wholly into her hands, and devoted his life to his pointers and his hounds. He never visited his estates, but to destroy the partridges or foxes; and often committed such devastations in the rage of pleasure, that some of his tenants refused to hold their lands at the usual rent. Their landlady persuaded them to be satisfied, and entreated her husband to dismiss his dogs, with many exact calculations of the ale drank by his companions, and corn consumed by the horses, and remonstrances against the insolence of the huntsman, and the frauds of the groom. The huntsman was too neces-

sary to his happiness to be discarded; and he had still continued to ravage his own estate, had he not caught a cold and a fever by shooting mallards in the fens. His fever was followed by a consumption, which in a few months brought him to the grave.

Mrs. Busy was too much an economist to feel either joy or sorrow at his death. She received the compliments and consolations of her neighbours in a dark room, out of which she stole privately every night and morning to see the cows milked; and after a few days declared that she thought a widow might employ herself better than in nursing grief; and that, for her part, she was resolved that the fortunes of her children should not be impaired by her neglect.

She therefore immediately applied herself to the reformation of abuses. She gave away the dogs, discharged the servants of the kennel and stable, and sent the horses to the next fair, but rated at so high a price that they returned unfold. She was resolved to have nothing idle about her, and ordered them to be employed in common drudgery. They lost their sleekness and grace, and were soon purchased at half the value.

She soon disencumbered herself from her weeds, and put on a riding-hood, a coarse apron, and short petticoats, and has turned a large manor into a farm, of which she takes the management wholly upon herself. She rises before the sun to order the horses to their geers, and sees them well rubbed down at their return from work, she attends the dairy morning and evening, and watches when a calf falls, that it may be carefully nursed; she walks out among the sheep at noon, counts the lambs, and observes the fences, and, where she finds a gap, stops it with a bush till it can be better mended. In harvest she rides afield in the waggon, and is very liberal of her ale from a wooden bottle. At her leisure hours she looks goose eggs, airs the wool-room, and turns the cheese.

When respect or curiosity brings visitors to her house, she entertains them with prognosticks of a scarcity of wheat, or a rot among the sheep, and always thinks herself privileged to dismiss them, when she is to see the hogs fed, or to count her poultry on the roost.

The only things neglected about her are her children, whom she has taught nothing but the lowest household duties.

In my last visit I met Miss Busy carrying grains to a sick cow, and was entertained with the accomplishments of her eldest son, a youth of such early maturity, that though he is only sixteen, she can trust him to sell corn in the market. Her younger daughter, who is eminent for her beauty, though somewhat tanned in making hay, was busy in pouring out ale to the ploughmen, that every one might have an equal share.

I could not but look with pity on this young family, doomed by the absurd prudence of their mother to ignorance and meanness; but when I recommended a more elegant education, was answered, that she never saw bookish or finical people grow rich, and that she was good for nothing herself till she had forgotten the nicety of the boarding-school. I am, yours, &c.

BUCOLUS.

N^o CXXXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1751.

—SIT QUOD VIS SIMPLEX DUNTAXAT ET UNUM.

HOR.

LET EVERY PIECE BE SIMPLE AND BE ONE.

IT is required by Aristotle to the perfection of a tragedy, and is equally necessary to every other species of regular composition, that it should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. 'The beginning,' says he, 'is that which has nothing necessarily previous, but to which that which follows is naturally consequent; the end, on the contrary, is that which by necessity, or at least according to the common course of things, succeeds something else, but which implies nothing consequent to itself; the middle is connected on one side to something that naturally goes before, and on the other to something that naturally follows it.'

Such is the rule laid down by this great critic for the disposition of the different parts of a well constituted fable. It must begin, where it may be made intelligible without introduction; and end, where the mind is left in repose, without expectation of any farther event. The intermediate passages must join the last effect to the first cause, by a regular and unbroken concatenation; nothing must be therefore inserted which does not apparently arise from something foregoing, and properly make way for something that succeeds it.

This precept is to be understood in its rigour only with respect to great and essential events, and cannot be extended in the same force to minuter circumstances and arbitrary decorations, which yet are more happy as they contribute more to the main design; for it is always a proof of extensive thought and accurate circumspection, to promote va-

rious purposes by the same act; and the idea of an ornament admits use, though it seems to exclude necessity.

Whoever purposes, as it is expressed by Milton, 'to build the lofty rhyme,' must acquaint himself with this law of poetical architecture, and take care that his edifice be solid as well as beautiful; that nothing stand single or independent, so as that it may be taken away without injuring the rest; but that from the foundation to the pinnacles one part rest firm upon another.

This regular and consequential distribution is among common authors frequently neglected; but the failures of those whose example can have no influence, may be safely overlooked, nor is it of much use to recall obscure and unregarded names to memory for the sake of sporting with their infamy. But if there is any writer whose genius can embellish impropriety, and whose authority can make error venerable, his works are the proper objects of critical inquisition. To expunge faults where there are no excellencies, is a task equally useless with that of the chemist, who employs the arts of separation and refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained to reward his operations.

The tragedy of Samson Agonistes has been celebrated as the second work of the great author of Paradise Lost, and opposed with all the confidence of triumph to the dramatic performances of other nations. It contains indeed just sentiments, maxims of wisdom, and oracles of piety, and many passages written with the ancient spirit of choral poetry,

poetry, in which there is a just and pleasing mixture of Seneca's moral declamation, with the wild enthusiasm of the Greek writers. It is therefore worthy of examination, whether a performance thus illuminated with genius, and enriched with learning, is composed according to the indispensable laws of Aristotelian criticism: and, omitting at present all other considerations, whether it exhibits a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is undoubtedly beautiful and proper, opening with a graceful abruptness, and proceeding naturally to a mournful recital of facts necessary to be known.

Samson. A little onward lend thy guiding hand

To these dark steps; a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun and shade;
There I am wont to sit when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Dally in the common prison else enjoin'd me.
—O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n
foretold

Twice by an angel? —
—Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed,

As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out?
—Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength, committed
to me,

In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seat of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it.

His soliloquy is interrupted by a chorus of company of men of his own tribe, who condole his miseries, extenuate his fault, and conclude with a solemn vindication of Divine justice. So that at the conclusion of the first act there is no design laid, no discovery made, nor any disposition formed towards the subsequent event.

In the second act, Manoah, the father of Samson, comes to seek his son, and being shewn him by the chorus, breaks out into lamentations of his misery, and comparisons of his present with his former state, representing to him the ignominy which his religion suffers, by the festival this day celebrated in honour of Dagon, to whom the idolaters ascribed his overthrow,

—Thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burthen of that fault;

Bitterly hast thou paid and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a poplar feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their
hands,
Them out of thine, who slew't them many a
slain.

Samson, touched with this reproach, makes a reply equally penitential and pious, which his father considers as the effusion of prophetick confidence.

Samson. — God, be sure,
Will not connive or linger thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me.

Manoah. With cause this hope relieves
thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name.

This part of the dialogue, as it might tend to animate or exasperate Samson, cannot, I think, be censured as wholly superfluous; but the succeeding dispute, in which Samson contends to die, and which his father breaks off, that he may go to solicit his release, is only valuable for it's own beauties, and no tendency to introduce any thing that follows it.

The next event of the drama is the arrival of Dalilah; with all her grates, artifices, and allurements. This produces a dialogue, in a very high degree elegant and instructive, from which she retires, after she has exhausted her persuasions, and is no more seen nor heard of; nor has her visit any effect but that of raising the character of Samson.

In the fourth act enters Harapha, the giant of Gath, whose name had never been mentioned before, and who has now no other motive of coming than to see the man whose strength and actions are so loudly celebrated,

Haraph. — Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might, and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me; in this displeas'd,
That I was never present in the place
Of those encounters, where we might have
tried

Each others force in camp or list'd fields:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath

Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Samson challenges him to the combat; and, after an interchange of reproaches, elevated by repeated defiance on one side, and imbibed by contemptuous insults on the other, Harapha retires; we then hear it determined, by Samson and the chorus, that no consequence good or bad will proceed from their interview.

Chorus. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Samf. He must allege some cause, and
offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise,
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.

At last, in the fifth act, appears a messenger from the lords assembled at the festival of Dagon, with a summons by which Samson is required to come and entertain them with some proof of his strength. Samson, after a short expostulation, dismisses him with a firm and resolute refusal; but during the absence of the messenger, having a while defended the propriety of his conduct, he at last declares himself moved by a secret impulse to comply, and utters some dark presages of a great event to be brought to pass by his agency, under the direction of Providence.

Samf. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour

Our law, or stain my vow of Nazirite.
If there be ought of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life.
By some great act, or of my days the last.

While Samson is conducted off by the messenger, his father returns with hopes of success in his solicitation, upon which he confers with the chorus till their dialogue is interrupted, first by a shout of triumph, and afterwards by screams of horror and agony. As they stand deliberating where they shall be secure, a man who had been present at the show enters, and relates how Samson, having prevailed on his guide to suffer him to lean against the main pillars of the theatrical edifice, tore down the roof upon the spectators and himself.

Those two massy pillars,
With horrible confusion, to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came,
and drew
The whole roof after them, with bark of
thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath—
—Samson with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself.

This is undoubtedly a just and regular catastrophe, and the poem, therefore, has a beginning and an end which Aristotle himself could not have disapproved; but it must be allowed to want a middle, since nothing passes between the first act and the last, that either hastens or delays the death of Samson. The whole drama, if it's superfluities were cut off, would scarcely fill a single act; yet this is the tragedy which ignorance has admired, and bigotry applauded.

Nº CXL. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1751.

—QUIS TAM LUCILI PAUTOR INEXTE EST,
UT NON HOC FATEATUR.

Hon.

WHAT DOATING BIGOT, TO HIS FAULTS SO BLIND,
AS NOT TO GRANT ME THIS, CAN MILTON FIND?

'IT is common,' says Bacon, 'to desire the end without enduring the means.' Every member of society feels and acknowledges the necessity of detecting crimes, yet scarce any de-

gree of virtue or reputation is able to secure an informer from publick hatred. The learned world has always admitted the usefulness of critical disquisitions, yet he that attempts to shew, however

however modestly, the failures of a celebrated writer, shall surely irritate his admirers, and incur the imputation of envy, captiousness, and malignity.

With this danger full in my view, I shall proceed to examine the sentiments of Milton's tragedy, which, though much less liable to censure than the disposition of his plan, are, like those of other writers, sometimes exposed to just exception for want of care, or want of discernment.

Sentiments are proper and improper as they consist more or less with the character and circumstances of the person to whom they are attributed, with the rules of the composition in which they are found, or with the settled and unalterable nature of things.

It is common among the tragick poets to introduce their persons alluding to events or opinions, of which they could not possibly have any knowledge. The barbarians of remote or newly discovered regions often display their skill in European learning. The god of love is mentioned in Tamerlane with all the familiarity of a Roman epigrammatist; and a late writer has put Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood into the mouth of a Turkish statesman, who lived near two centuries before it was known even to philosophers or anatomists.

Milton's learning, which acquainted him with the manners of the ancient eastern nations, and his invention, which required no assistance from the common cant of poetry, have preserved him from frequent outrages of local or chronological propriety. Yet he has mentioned Chalybean Steel, of which it is not very likely that his chorus should have heard, and has made Alp the general name of a mountain, in a region where the Alps could scarcely be known.

No medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of cooling air from snowy Alp.

He has taught Samson the tales of Circe, and the Syrens, at which he apparently hints in his colloquy with Dalilah.

I know thy trains,
Tho' dearly to my cost, thy gins and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,
No more on me have pow'r.

But the grossest error of this kind is

the solemn introduction of the Phoenix in the last scene, which is faulty, not only as it is incongruous to the personage to whom it is ascribed, but as it is so evidently contrary to reason and nature, that it ought never to be mentioned but as a fable in any serious poem.

—Virtue giv'n for lost,
Deprest, and overthrown; as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost
That no second knows, nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust;
From out our ashy womb now teem'd
Revives, re flourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd;
And tho' her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird ages of lives.

Another species of impropriety, is the unsuitableness of thoughts to the general character of the poem. The seriousness and solemnity of tragedy necessarily rejects all pointed or epigrammatical expressions, all remote conceits and opposition of ideas. Samson's complaint is therefore too elaborate to be natural.

As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave!
Bury'd, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs.

All allusions to low and trivial objects, with which contempt is usually associated, are doubtless unsuitable to a species of composition which ought to be always awful, though not always magnificent. The remark therefore of the chorus on good and bad news, seems to want elevation.

Mansab. A little stay will bring some notice hither.
Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

But, of all meanness, that has least to plead which is produced by mere verbal conceits, which depending only upon sounds, lose their existence by the change of a syllable. Of this kind is the following dialogue.

Chor. But had we best retire? I see a storm.
Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind
 and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest
 brings.

Samf. Beliefs abuse, my riding days are
 past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice,
 nor fear

The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha.-----

And yet more despicable are the lines
 in which Manoah's paternal kindness
 is commended by the chorus.

Fathers are wont to *lay up* for their sons,
 Thou for thy son are bent to *lay out* all.---

Samson's complaint of the inconveni-
 ences of imprisonment is not wholly
 without verbal quaintness.

—I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air, imprison'd also, close and damp.

From the sentiments we may properly
 descend to the consideration of the lan-
 guage, which, in imitation of the an-
 cients, is through the whole dialogue
 remarkably simple and unadorned, sel-
 dom heightened by epithets, or varied
 by figures; yet sometimes metaphors
 find admission, even where their con-
 sistency is not accurately preserved.
 Thus Samson confounds loquacity with
 a shipwreck.

How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have *shipwreck'd*
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously *rigg'd*; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool, have *drunk'd* the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman!-----

And the chorus talks of adding fuel to
 flame in a report.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?

The verification is in the dialogue
 much more smooth and harmonious than
 in the parts allotted to the chorus,
 which are often so harsh and dissonant,
 as scarce to preserve, whether the lines
 end with or without rhymes, any ap-
 pearance of metrical regularity.

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That heroick, that renown'd,

Irresistible Samson; whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast,
 could withstand;
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid.

Since I have thus pointed out the
 faults of Milton, critical integrity re-
 quires that I should endeavour to dis-
 play his excellencies, though they will
 not easily be discovered in short quo-
 tations, because they consist in the just-
 ness of diffuse reasonings, or in the
 contexture and method of continued dia-
 logues; this play having none of these
 descriptions, similes, or splendid sen-
 tences, with which other tragedies are
 so lavishly adorned.

Yet some passages may be selected
 which seem to deserve particular notice,
 either as containing sentiments of pas-
 sion, representations of life, precepts
 of conduct, or fallies of imagination.
 It is not easy to give a stronger represen-
 tation of the weariness of despondency,
 than in the words of Samson to his
 father.

—I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat; nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of herself;
 My race of glory run, and race of shame;
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

The reply of Samson to the flattering
 Dalilah affords a just and striking de-
 scription of the stratagems and allure-
 ments of feminine hypocrisy.

-----These are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd re-
 morse,

Confess and promise wonders in her change;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits.

When Samson has refused to make
 himself a spectacle at the feast of Dagon,
 he first justifies his behaviour to the cho-
 rus, who charge him with having serv-
 ed the Philistines, by a very just distinc-
 tion; and then destroys the common ex-
 cuse of cowardice and servility, which
 always confound temptation with com-
 pulsion.

Chor.

Chor. Yet with thy strength thou fers't
the Philistines.

Samf. Not in their idol worship, but by la-
bour.

Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward
acts defile not.

Samf. Where outward force constrains, the
sentence holds.

But who constrains me to the temple of Da-
gon,

Not dragging? The Philistine lords com-
mand.

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind.

The complaint of blindness which
Samson pours out at the beginning of
the tragedy is equally addressed to the
passions and the fancy. The enume-
ration of his miseries is succeeded by a
very pleasing train of poetical images,
and concluded by such expostulations
and wishes, as reason too often submits
to learn from despair.

Of first created beams, and thou great word
Let there be light, and light was over all.
Why am I thus bent on'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself; if it be true,
That light is in the soul,
She all in ev'ry part; why was the light
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quenched,
And not, as feeling, thro' all parts diffus'd
That she may look at will thro' ev'ry pore.

Such are the faults and such the beau-
ties of Samson Agonistes, which I have
shewn with no other purpose than to
promote the knowledge of true criticism.
The everlasting verdure of Milton's
laurels has nothing to fear from the
blasts of malignity; nor can my attempt
produce any other effect, than to streng-
then their shoots by lopping their luxu-
riance.

Nº CXLI. TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1754

HILARIQUE, TAMEN CUM FONDERE, VIRTUS.

STAT.

GREATNESS WITH EASE, AND GAY SEVERITY.

TO THE RAMBLER.

POLITICIANS have long ob-
served, that the greatest events may be
often traced back to slender causes. Pet-
ty competition or casual friendship, the
prudence of a slave, or the garrulity of a
woman, have hindered or promoted the
most important schemes, and hastened or
retarded the revolutions of empire.

Whoever shall review his life will gene-
rally find, that the whole tenor of his con-
duct has been determined by some acci-
dent of no apparent moment, or by a
combination of inconsiderable circum-
stances, acting when his imagination
was unoccupied, and his judgment un-
settled; and that his principles and ac-
tions have taken their colour from some
secret infusion, mingled without design
in the current of his ideas. The de-
sires that predominate in our hearts,
are instilled by imperceptible commu-
nications at the time when we look upon
the various scenes of the world, and the

different employments of men; with
the neutrality of inexperience; and we
came forth from the nursery or the
school, invariably destined to the pur-
suit of great acquisitions, or petty ac-
complishments.

Such was the impulse by which I have
been kept in motion from my earliest
years. I was born to an inheritance
which gave my childhood a claim to
distinction and caresses, and was ac-
customed to hear applauses, before they
had much influence on my thoughts.
The first praise of which I remember
myself sensible, was that of good-hu-
mour, which, whether I deserved it or not
when it was bestowed, I have since
made it my whole business to propagate
and maintain.

When I was sent to school, the gai-
ety of my look, and the liveliness of my
loquacity, soon gained me admission to
hearts not yet fortified against affection
by artifice or interest. I was embraced
with every stratagem, and associated in

every sport; my company gave alacrity to a frolic, and gladness to a holiday. I was indeed so much employed in adjusting or executing schemes of diversion, that I had no leisure for my tasks, but was furnished with exercises, and instructed in my lessons, by some kind patron of the higher classes. My master, not suspecting my deficiency, or unwilling to detect what his kindness would not punish, nor his impartiality excuse, allowed me to escape with a slight examination, laughed at the pertinence of my ignorance, and the sprightliness of my absurdities, and could not forbear to shew that he regarded me with such tenderness, as gains and learning can seldom excite.

From school I was dismissed to the university, where I soon drew upon me the notice of the younger students, and was the constant partner of their morning walks, and evening computations. I was not indeed much celebrated for literature, but was looked on with indulgence as a man of parts, who wanted nothing but the dulness of a scholar, and might become eminent whenever he should condescend to labour and attention. My tutor a while reproached me with negligence; and repressed my sallies with supercilious gravity; yet having natural good-humour lurking in his heart, he could not long hold out against the power of hilarity, but after a few months began to relax the muscles of disciplinarian moroseness, received me with smiles after an elopement; and, that he might not betray his trust to his fondness, was content to spare my diligence by increasing his own.

Thus I continued to dissipate the gloom of collegiate austerities, to waste my own life in idleness, and lure others from their studies, till the happy hour arrived, when I was sent to London. I soon discovered the town to be the proper element of youth and gaiety, and was quickly distinguished as a wit by the ladies, a species of beings only heard of at the university, whom I had no sooner the happiness of approaching than I devoted all my faculties to the ambition of pleasing them.

A wit, Mr. Rambler, in the dialect of ladies, is not always a man who, by the action of a vigorous fancy upon comprehensive knowledge, brings dis-

tant ideas unexpectedly together, who by some peculiar acuteness discovers resemblance in objects dissimilar to common eyes, or by mixing heterogeneous notions, dazzles the attention with sudden scintillations of conceit. A lady's wit is a man who can make ladies laugh, to which, however easy it may seem, many gifts of nature, and attainments of art, must commonly concur. He that hopes to be conceived as a wit in female assemblies, should have a form neither so amiable as to strike with admiration, nor so coarse as to raise disgust, with an understanding too feeble to be dreaded, and too forcible to be despised. The other parts of the character are more subject to variation; it was formerly essential to a wit, that half his back should be covered with a snowy fleece, and at a time yet more remote no man was a wit without his boots. In the days of the Spectator a snuff-box seems to have been indispensable; but in my time an embroidered coat was sufficient, without any precise regulation of the rest of his dress.

But wigs and boots and snuff-boxes are vain without a perpetual resolution to be merry; and who can always find supplies of mirth! Juvenal indeed, in his comparison of the two opposite philosophers, wonders only whence an unexhausted fountain of tears could be discharged: but had Juvenal, with all his spirit, undertaken my province, he would have found constant gaiety equally difficult to be supported. Consider, Mr. Rambler, and compassionate the condition of a man, who has taught every company to expect from him a continual feast of laughter, an unintermitted stream of jocularity. The task of every other slave has an end. The rower in time reaches the port; the lexicographer at last finds the conclusion of his alphabet; only the hapless wit has his labour always to begin, the call for novelty is never satisfied, and one jest only raises expectation of another.

I know that, among men of learning and asperity, the retainers to the female world are not much regarded; yet I cannot but hope that if you knew at how dear a rate our honours are purchased, you would look with some gratulation on our success, and with some pity on our miscarriages. Think on the misery of him who is condemned to culti-

vate barrenness and ransack vacuity; who is obliged to continue his talk when his meaning is spent, to raise merriment without images, to harass his imagination in quest of thoughts which he cannot start, and his memory in pursuit of narratives which he cannot overtake; observe the effort with which he strains to conceal despondency by a smile, and the distress in which he sits while the eyes of the company are fixed upon him as their last refuge from silence and dejection.

It were endless to recount the shifts to which I have been reduced, or to enumerate the different species of artificial wit. Irregularly frequented coffee-houses, and have often lived a week upon an expression, of which he who dropped it did not know the value. When fortune did not favour my erratick industry, I gleaned jests at home from obsolete farces. To collect wit was indeed safe, for I consoled with none that looked much into books; but to disperse it was the difficulty. A seeming negligence was often useful, and I have very successfully made a reply not to what the lady had said, but to what it was convenient for me to hear; for very few were so perverse as to rectify a mistake which had

given occasion to a burst of merriment. Sometimes I drew the conversation up by degrees to a proper point, and produced a conceit which I had treasured up, like sportsmen who boast of killing the foxes which they lodge in the covert. Eminent is however in some happy moments gained at less expence; I have delighted a whole circle at one time with a series of quibbles, and made myself good company at another, by scalding my fingers, or mistaking a lady's lap for my own chair.

These are artful deceits and useful expedients; but expedients are at length exhausted, and deceits detected. Time itself, among other injuries, diminishes the power of pleasing, and I now find in my forty-fifth year many pranks and pleasantries very coldly received, which had formerly filled a whole room with jollity and acclamation. I am under the melancholy necessity of supporting that character by study, which I gained by levity, having learned too late that gaiety must be recommended by higher qualities, and that mirth can never please long but as the efflorescence of a mind loved for its luxuriance, but esteemed for its usefulness. I am, &c.

PAPILIUS.

NO CXLII. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1751.

Εὐδαίμων ὁ ἀνὴρ ἰσχυρὸς παλαίῳ—οὐδὲ, μὲν ὁ ἄλλος
Πωλεῖται· ἀλλ' ὁ ἀπαυλὸς ἰσὺν ὁ θεῖος ἔχει
καὶ γὰρ δαίμων ἐκτετατὸς παλαίῳ, οὐδὲ δίκαιος
ἄνθρωπος ὀλιγάκιον.

HOMER.

A GIANT SWERD HERE HIS FLOCK MAINTAINS
FAR FROM THE REST, AND SOLITARY REGIONS,
IN SHELTER THICK OF HORRID SHADE RECLIN'D;
AND GLOOMY MISCHIEFS LABOUR IN HIS MIND.
A FORM ENORMOUS! FAR UNLIKE THE RACE
OF HUMAN BIRTH, IN STATUE OR IN FACE.

POTER.

TO THE RAMBLER.

HAVING been accustomed to retire annually from the town, I lately accepted the invitation of Eugenio, who has an estate and seat in a distant county. As we were unwilling to travel without improvement, we turned often from the direct road to please ourselves with the view of nature or of art;

we examined every wild mountain and medicinal spring, criticised every edifice, contemplated every ruin, and compared every scene of action with the narratives of historians. By this succession of amusements we enjoyed the exercise of a journey without suffering the fatigue, and had nothing to regret but that, by a progress so leisurely and gentle, we missed the adventures of a post-chaise, and the pleasure of alarming villages with the tumult

tumult of our passage, and of disguising our insignificancy by the dignity of hurry.

The first week after our arrival at Eugenio's house was passed in receiving visits from his neighbours, who crowded about him with all the eagerness of benevolence; some impatient to learn the news of the court and town, that they might be qualified by authentick information to dictate to the rural politicians on the next bowling day; others desirous of his interest to accommodate disputes, or of his advice in the settlement of their fortunes and the marriage of their children.

The civilities which he had received were soon to be returned; and I passed some time with great satisfaction in roving through the country, and viewing the seats, gardens, and plantations, which are scattered over it. My pleasure would indeed have been greater had I been sometimes allowed to wander in a park or wilderness alone, but to appear as the friend of Eugenio was an honour not to be enjoyed without some inconveniencies; so much was every one solicitous for my regard, that I could seldom escape to solitude, or steal a moment from the solicitation of complaisance, and the vigilance of officiousness.

In these rambles of good neighbourhood, we frequently passed by a house of unusual magnificence. While I had my curiosity yet distracted among many novelties, it did not much attract my observation; but in a short time I could not forbear surveying it with particular notice; for the length of the wall which inclosed the gardens, the disposition of the shades that waved over it, and the canals, of which I could obtain some glimpses through the trees from our own windows, gave me reason to expect more grandeur and beauty than I had yet seen in that province. I therefore enquired, as we rode by it, why we never, amongst our excursions, spent an hour where there was such an appearance of splendor and affluence. Eugenio told me that the seat which I so much admired, was commonly called in the country the *haunted house*; and that no visits were paid there by any of the gentlemen whom I had yet seen. As the haunts of incorporeal beings are generally ruinous, neglected, and desolate, I easily conceived that there was something to be explained, and told him that I supposed it only

fairy ground, on which we might venture by day-light without danger.

'The danger,' says he, 'is indeed only that of appearing to solicit the acquaintance of a man, with whom it is not possible to converse without infamy, and who has driven from him, by his insolence or malignity, every humane being who can live without him.'

Our conversation was then accidentally interrupted; but my inquisitive humour being now in motion, could not rest without a full account of this newly discovered prodigy. I was soon informed that the fine house and spacious gardens were haunted by Squire Bluster, of whom it was very easy to learn the character, since nobody had regard for him sufficient to hinder them from telling whatever they could discover.

Squire Bluster is descended of an ancient family. The estate which his ancestors had immemorably possessed was much augmented by Captain Bluster, who served under Drake in the reign of Elizabeth; and the Blusters, who were before only petty gentlemen, have from that time frequently represented the shire in parliament, been chosen to present addresses, and given laws at hunting-matches and races. They were eminently hospitable and popular, till the father of this gentleman died of an election. His lady went to the grave soon after him, and left the heir, then only ten years old, to the care of his grandmother, who would not suffer him to be controlled, because she could not bear to hear him cry; and never sent him to school, because she was not able to live without his company. She taught him however very early to inspect the steward's accounts, to dog the butler from the cellar, and to catch the servants at a junket; so that he was at the age of eighteen a complete master of all the lower arts of domestic policy, had often on the road detected combinations between the coachman and the ostler, and procured the discharge of nineteen maids for illicit correspondence with cottagers and chair-women.

By the opportunities of parsimony which minority affords, and which the probity of his guardians had diligently improved, a very large sum of money was accumulated, and he found himself, when he took his affairs into his own hands, the richest man in the county. It has been long the custom of this

family to celebrate the heir's completion of his twenty-first year, by an entertainment, at which the house is thrown open to all that are inclined to enter it, and the whole province flocks together as to a general festivity. On this occasion young Bluster exhibited the first tokens of his future eminence, by shaking his purse at an old gentleman, who had been the intimate friend of his father, and offering to wager a greater sum than he could afford to venture; a practice with which he has, at one time or other, insulted every freeholder within ten miles round him.

His next acts of offence were committed in a contentious and spiteful vindication of the privileges of his manors, and a rigorous and relentless prosecution of every man that presumed to violate his game. As he happens to have no estate adjoining equal to his own, his oppressions are often borne without resistance, for fear of a long suit, of which he delights to count the expences without the least solicitude about the event; for he knows, that where nothing but an honorary right is contested, the poorer antagonist must always suffer, whatever shall be the last decision of the law.

By the success of some of these disputes, he has so elated his insolence, and by reflection upon the general hatred which they have brought upon him, so irritated his virulence, that his whole life is spent in meditating or executing mischief. It is his common practice to procure his hedges to be broken in the night, and then to demand satisfaction for damages which his grounds have suffered from his neighbour's cattle. An old widow was yesterday soliciting Eugenio to enable her to replevin her only cow then in the pound by Squire Bluster's order, who had sent one of his agents to take advantage of her calamity, and persuade her to sell the cow at an under rate. He has driven a day-labourer from his cottage, for gathering blackberries in a hedge for his children; and has now an old woman in the county-jail for a trespass which she committed, by coming into his ground to pick up acorns for her hog.

Money, in whatever hands, will confer power. Distress will fly to immediate refuge, without much consideration of remote consequences. Bluster has therefore a despotick authority in many families, whom he has assisted, on pressing occasions, with larger sums than they can easily repay. The only visits that he makes are to these houses of misfortune, where he enters with the insolence of absolute command, enjoys the terrors of the family, exacts their obedience, riots at their charge, and in the height of his joy insults the father with menaces, and the daughters with obscenity.

He is of late somewhat less offensive, for one of his debtors, after gentle expostulations, by which he was only irritated to grosser outrage, seized him by the sleeve, led him trembling into the court-yard, and closed the door upon him in a stormy night. He took his usual revenge next morning by a writ; but the debt was discharged by the assistance of Eugenio.

It is his rule to suffer his tenants to owe him rent, because by this indulgence he secures to himself the power of seizure whenever he has an inclination to amuse himself with calamity, and feast his ears with entreaties and lamentations. Yet as he is sometimes capriciously liberal to those whom he happens to adopt as favourites, and lets his lands at a cheap rate, his farms are never long unoccupied; and when one is ruined by oppression, the possibility of better fortune quickly lures another to supply his place.

Such is the life of Squire Bluster; a man in whose power fortune has liberally placed the means of happiness, but who has defeated all her gifts of their end by the depravity of his mind. He is wealthy without followers; he is magnificent without witnesses; he has birth without alliance, and influence without dignity. His neighbours scorn him as a brute; his dependents dread him as an oppressor; and he has only the gloomy comfort of reflecting, that if he is hated, he is likewise feared. I am, Sir, &c.

VAGULUS.

N^o CXLIII.

N^o. CXLIII. TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1751.MOVEAT CORNICULA RISUM
FURTIVIS NUDATA COLORIBUS.

HOR.

LEST WHEN THE BIRDS THEIR VARIOUS COLOURS CLAIM
STALP'D OF HIS STOLEN PRIDE, THE CROW FORLORN
SHOULD STAND THE LAUGHTER OF THE PUBLIC SCORN.

FRANCIS.

AMONG the innumerable practices by which interest or envy have taught those who live upon literary fame to disturb each other at their airy banquets, one of the most common is the charge of plagiarism. When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be revered; and the excellence which we cannot obscure, may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre.

This accusation is dangerous, because, even when it is false, it may be sometimes urged with probability. Bruyere declares, that we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new, that nature and life are preoccupied, and that description and sentiment have been long exhausted. It is indeed certain, that whoever attempts any common topic, will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with those of other writers; nor can the nicest judgment always distinguish accidental similitude from artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition, which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblance generally observable among cotemporaries. So that in books which best deserve the name of originals, there is little new beyond the disposition of materials already provided; the same ideas and combinations of ideas have been long in the possession of other hands; and by restoring to every man his own, as the Romans must have returned to their cots from the possession of the world, so the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folios to a few pages. Yet the author who imitates his predecessors only by furnishing himself with thoughts and

elegancies out of the same general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a plagiarist, than the architect can be censured as a mean copier of Angelo or Wren, because he digs his marble from the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same orders.

Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which being limited by nature can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing must be nearly the same; and descriptions, which are definitions of a more lax and fanciful kind, must always have in some degree that resemblance to each other which they all have to their object. Different poets describing the spring or the sea would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows and the rocks; reflecting on human life, they would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and for palliatives of these incurable miseries, they would concur in recommending kindness, temperance, caution, and fortitude.

When therefore there are found in Virgil and Horace two similar passages—

Hæ tibi erunt artes, Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbis.

VIRG.

To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:
These are imperial arts; and worthy thee.

DANB.

*Imperet bellanti prius, latentem
Lentis in hostem.*

HOR.

Let Caesar spread his conquests far,
Less pleas'd to triumph than to spare.

it is surely not necessary to suppose with a late critick that one is copied from the other,

other, since neither Virgil nor Horace can be supposed ignorant of the common duties of humanity, and the virtue of moderation in success.

Cicero and Ovid have on very different occasions remarked how little of the honour of a victory belongs to the general, when his soldiers and his fortune have made their deductions; yet why should Ovid be suspected to have owed to Tully an observation which perhaps occurs to every man that sees or hears of military glories?

Tully observes of Achilles, that had not Homer written, his valour had been without praise.

Nisi Iliad illa extitisset, idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruisset.

Unless the Iliad had been published, his name had been lost in the tomb that covered his body.

Horace tells us with more energy, that there were brave men before the wars of Troy, but they were lost in oblivion for want of a poet.

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longæ
Noctæ, carent quia vate sacro.*

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave:
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown:
No bard had they to make all time their
own.

FRANCIS.

Tully enquires, in the same oration, why, but for fame, we disturb a short life with so many fatigues?

Quid est quod in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exercemus?

Why in so small a circuit of life should we employ ourselves in so many fatigues?

Horace enquires in the same manner—

*Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multæ?*

Why do we aim, with eager strife,
At things beyond the mark of life?

FRANCIS.

when our life is of so short duration,
why we form such numerous designs?

But Horace, as well as Tully, might discover that records are needful to preserve the memory of actions, and that no records were so durable as poems; either of them might find out that life is short, and that we consume it in unnecessary labour.

There are other flowers of fiction so widely scattered and so easily cropped, that it is scarcely just to tax the use of them as an art by which any particular writer is despoiled of his garland; for they may be said to have been planted by the ancients in the open road of poetry for the accommodation of their successors, and to be the right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their colours or their fragrance. The passage of Orpheus to hell, with the recovery and second loss of Eurydice, have been described after Boetius by Pope, in such a manner as might justly leave him suspected of imitation, were not the images such as they might both have derived from more ancient writers.

*Quæ fontes agitant mæta
Ultrices scelerum deæ
Jam mæstæ lacrymis ædent,
Non Ixionium copus
Velo præcipitat rota.*

The powers of vengeance, while they hear,
Touch'd with compassion, drop a tear;
Ixion's rapid wheel is bound,
Fix'd in attention to the sound.

F. LEWIS.

Thy stone, O Syphilus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The furies sink upon their iron beds.

*Tandem, vincimur, arbiter
Umbrarum, miserans, ait—
Donemus, comitem viro,
Emiam edormire, conjugem.*

Subdu'd at length, Hell's plying monarch
cry'd,

The song rewarding, let us yield the bride.

F. LEWIS.

He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayers;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.

*Hæc, nollis prope terminis
Orpheus Eurydicen suam
Vidit, perdidit, occidit.*

Nor yet the the golden verge of day begun,
When Orpheus, her unhappy lord,
Eurydice to life restor'd,
At once beheld, and lost, and was undone.

F. LEWIS.

But

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

No writer can be fully convicted of imitation, except there is a concurrence of more resemblance than can be imagined to have happened by chance; as where the same ideas are conjoined without any natural series or necessary coherence, or where not only the thought but the words are copied. Thus it can scarcely be doubted, that in the first of the following passages Pope remembered Ovid, and that in the second he copied Crashaw.

*Sæpe pater dixit, Audiam quid inutile tentas?
Maenides nullas ipse reliquit opes—
Sponte sua carmen numeris veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat.*
OVID.

Quit, quit this barren trade, my father cry'd,
E'en Homer left no riches when he dy'd—
In verse spontaneous flow'd my native strain,
Forc'd by no sweat or labour of the brain.

F. LEWIS.

I left no calling for this idle trade;
No duty broke, no father disobey'd;
While yet a child, ere yet a fool to fame,
I slip'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

POPE.

—This plain floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man.

CRASHAW.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles
can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man.

POPE.

Conceits, or thoughts not immediately impressed by sensible objects, or necessarily arising from the coalition or comparison of common sentiments, may be with great justice suspected whenever they are found a second time. Thus Waller probably owed to Grotius an elegant compliment.

Here lies the learned Savil's heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.

*Unica lux seculi, genitoris gloriæ,
Quem puerum, nemo credidit esse senem.*
GROTIUS.

The age's miracle, his father's joy,
Nor old you wou'd pronounce him, nor a boy.

F. LEWIS.

And Prior was indebted for a pretty illustration to Alleyne's poetical history of Henry the seventh.

For nought but light itself, itself can show,
And only kings can write, what kings can do.

ALLEYNE.

Your musick's power, your musick must
disclose,

For what light is, 'tis only light that shews.

PATON.

And with yet more certainty may the same writer be censured, for endeavouring the clandestine appropriation of a thought which he borrowed, surely without thinking himself disgraced, from an epigram of Plato.

*Τὴ Παῖς τὴ χάριτι τῶν ἰσχυρῶν τὰς ἀνδράσιν
Οὐκ ἴσθαι, οὐδ' εἴ τις εἴποι, ἢ θυγαῖς.*

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus let me never see.

As not every instance of similitude can be considered as a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatized as a plagiarism. The adoption of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of a borrowed ornament, may sometimes display so much judgment as will almost compensate for invention; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of servility, pursue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footsteps.

N^o CXLIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1751.

DAPHNIDIS ARCUM

PERGISTI ET CALAMOS: QUÆ TU, PERVERSE MENALCA,
ET CUM VIDISTI PUERUM DONATA, DOLEBAS;
ET SI NON ALIQUA NOCUISSES, MORTUUS ESSES

VIRG.

THE BOW OF DAPHNIS AND THE SHAFTS YOU BROKE;
WHEN THE FAIR BOY RECEIV'D THE GIFT OF RIGHTS;
AND BUT FOR MISCHIEF, YOU HAD DY'D FOR SPITE.

DRYDEN.

IT is impossible to mingle in conversation without observing the difficulty with which a new name makes its way into the world. The first appearance of excellence unites multitudes against it, unexpected opposition rises up on every side; the celebrated and the obscure join in the confederacy; subtilty furnishes arms to impudence; and invention leads on credulity.

The strength and unanimity of this alliance is not easily conceived. It might be expected that no man should suffer his heart to be inflamed with malice, but by injuries; that none should busy himself in contesting the pretensions of another, but when some right of his own was involved in the question; that at least hostilities commenced without cause, should quickly cease; that the armies of malignity should soon disperse, when no common interest could be found to hold them together; and that the attack upon a rising character should be left to those who had something to hope or fear from the event.

The hazards of those that aspire to eminence would be much diminished if they had none but acknowledged rivals to encounter. Their enemies would then be few, and what is of yet greater importance, would be known. But what caution is sufficient to ward off the blows of invisible assailants, or what force can stand against unintermitted attacks, and a continued succession of enemies? Yet such is the state of the world, that no sooner can any man emerge from the crowd, and fix the eyes of the public upon him, than he stands as a mark to the arrows of lurking calumny, and receives in the tumult of hostility, from distant and from nameless hands, wounds not always easy to be cured.

It is probable that the onset against the candidates for renown is originally

incited by those who imagine themselves in danger of suffering by their success; but when war is once declared, volunteers flock to the standard, multitudes follow the camp only for want of employment, and flying squadrons are dispersed to every part, so pleased with an opportunity of mischief, that they toil without prospect of praise, and pillage without hope of profit.

When any man has endeavoured to deserve distinction, he will be surprised to hear himself censured where he could not expect to have been named; he will find the utmost acrimony of malice among those whom he never could have offended.

As there are to be found in the service of envy men of every diversity of temper and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling, to be practised; very little regard is had to the rules of honourable hostility, but every weapon is accounted lawful, and those that cannot make a thrust at life are content to keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to teize with feeble blows and impotent disturbance.

But as the industry of observation has divided the most miscellaneous and confused assemblages into proper classes, and ranged the insects of the summer, that torment us with their drones or stings, by their several tribes; the persecutors of merit, notwithstanding their numbers, may be likewise commodiously distinguished into Roarers, Whisperers, and Moderators.

The Roarer is an enemy rather terrible than dangerous. He has no other qualification for a champion of controversy than a hardened front and strong voice. Having seldom so much desire to confute as to silence, he depends rather upon vociferation

vociferation than argument, and has very little care to adjust one part of his accusation to another, to preserve decency in his language, or probability in his narratives. He has always a store of reproachful epithets and contemptuous appellations, ready to be produced as occasion may require, which by constant use he pours out with resistless volubility. If the wealth of a trader is mentioned, he without hesitation devotes him to bankruptcy; if the beauty and elegance of a lady be commended, he wonders how the town can fall in love with rustick deformity; if a new performance of genius happens to be celebrated, he pronounces the writer a hopeless idiot, without knowledge of books or life, and without the understanding by which it must be acquired. His exaggerations are generally without effect upon those whom he compels to hear them; and though it will sometimes happen that the timorous are awed by his violence, and the credulous mistake his confidence for knowledge, yet the opinions which he endeavours to suppress soon recover their former strength, as the trees that bend to the tempest erect themselves again when it's force is past.

The Whisperer is more dangerous. He easily gains attention by a soft address, and excites curiosity by an air of importance. As secrets are not to be made cheap by promiscuous publication, he calls a select audience about him, and gratifies their vanity with an appearance of trust by communicating his intelligence in a low voice. Of the trader he can tell, that though he seems to manage an extensive commerce, and talks in high terms of the funds, yet his wealth is not equal to his reputation; he has lately suffered much by an expensive project, and had a greater share than is acknowledged in the rich ship that perished by the storm. Of the beauty he has little to say, but that they who see her in a morning do not discover all these graces which are admired in the park. Of the writer he affirms with great certainty, that, though the excellence of the work be incontestable, he can claim but a small part of the reputation; that he owed most of the images and sentiments to a secret friend; and that the accuracy and equality of the style was produced by the successive correction of the chief critics of the age.

As every one is pleased with imagining that he knows something not yet commonly divulged, secret history easily gains credit; but it is for the most part believed only while it circulates in whispers; and when once it is openly told, is openly confuted.

The most pernicious enemy is the man of Moderation. Without interest in the question, or any motive but honest curiosity, this impartial and zealous enquirer after truth is ready to hear either side, and always disposed to kind interpretations and favourable opinions. He hath heard the trader's affairs reported with great variation, and after a diligent comparison of the evidence, concludes it probable that the splendid superstructure of business being originally built upon a narrow basis, has lately been found to totter: but between dilatory payment and bankruptcy there is a great distance; many merchants have supported themselves by expedients for a time, without any final injury to their creditors; and what is lost by one adventure may be recovered by another. He believes that a young lady pleased with admiration, and desirous to make perfect what is already excellent, may heighten her charms by artificial improvements, but surely most of her beauties must be genuine, and who can say that he is wholly what he endeavours to appear? The author he knows to be a man of diligence, who perhaps does not sparkle with the fire of Homer, but has the judgment to discover his own deficiencies, and to supply them by the help of others; and in his opinion modesty is a quality so amiable and rare, that it ought to find a patron wherever it appears, and may justly be preferred by the publick suffrage to petulant wit and ostentatious literature.

He who thus discovers failings with unwillingness, and extenuates the faults which cannot be denied, puts an end at once to doubt or vindication; his hearers repose upon his candour and veracity, and admit the charge without allowing the excuse.

Such are the arts by which the envious, the idle, the peevish, and the thoughtless, obstruct that worth which they cannot equal; and by artifices thus easy, sordid, and detestable, is industry defeated, beauty blasted, and genius depressed.

N^o CXLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1751.

NON SI PRIORES MÆONIUS TENET
SEDES HOMERUS, PINDARICÆ LATENT,
CÆQUE ET ALCÆI MINACES
STESICHORICÆ GRAVES CAMOENÆ.

HOR.

WHAT THOUGH THE MUSE HER HOMER THRONES
HIGH ABOVE ALL THE IMMORTAL QUIRE;
NOR PINDAR'S RAPTURE SHE DISOWNS,
HOR HIDES THE PLAINTIVE CŒAN LYRE:
ALCÆUS STRIKES THE TYRANT'S SOUL WITH DREAD,
NOR YET IS GRAVE STESICHORUS UNREAD.

FRANCIS.

IT is allowed that vocations and employments of least dignity are of the most apparent use; that the meanest artisan or manufacturer contributes more to the accommodation of life, than the profound scholar and argumentative theorist; and that the publick would suffer less present inconvenience from the banishment of philosophers than from the extinction of any common trade.

Some have been so forcibly struck with this observation, that they have, in the first warmth of their discovery, thought it reasonable to alter the common distribution of dignity, and ventured to condemn mankind of universal ingratitude. For justice exacts, that those by whom we are most benefited should be most honoured. And what labour can be more useful than that which procures to families and communities those necessities which supply the wants of nature, or those conveniences by which ease, security, and elegance, are conferred?

This is one of the innumerable theories which the first attempt to reduce them into practice certainly destroys. If we estimate dignity by immediate usefulness, agriculture is undoubtedly the first and noblest science; yet we see the plough driven, the clod broken, the manure spread, the seeds scattered, and the harvest reaped, by men whom those that feed upon their industry will never be persuaded to admit into the same rank with heroes, or with sages; and who, after all the confessions which truth may extort in favour of their occupation, must be content to fill up the lowest class of the commonwealth, to form the base of the pyramid of subordination, and lie buried in obscurity themselves, while

they support all that is splendid, conspicuous, or exalted,

It will be found upon a closer inspection, that this part of the conduct of mankind is by no means contrary to reason or equity. Remuneratory honours are proportioned at once to the usefulness and difficulty of performances; and are properly adjusted by comparison of the mental and corporeal abilities, which they appear to employ. That work, however necessary, which is carried on only by muscular strength and manual dexterity, is not of equal esteem, in the consideration of rational beings, with the tasks that exercise the intellectual powers, and require the active vigour of imagination, or the gradual and laborious investigations of reason.

The merit of all manual occupations seems to terminate in the inventor; and surely the first ages cannot be charged with ingratitude; since those who civilized barbarians, and taught them how to secure themselves from cold and hunger, were numbered amongst their deities. But these arts once discovered by philosophy, and facilitated by experience, are afterwards practised with very little assistance from the faculties of the soul; nor is any thing necessary to the regular discharge of these inferior duties, beyond that rude observation which the most sluggish intellect may practise, and that industry which the stimulations of necessity naturally enforce.

Yet though the refusal of statutes and panegyrick to those who employ only their hands and feet in the service of mankind may be easily justified, I am far from intending to incite the petulance of pride, to justify the superciliousness of grandeur, or to intercept any part of

that

that tenderness and benevolence which by the privilege of their common nature one man may claim from another.

That it would be neither wise nor equitable to discourage the husbandman, the labourer, the miner, or the smith, is generally granted; but there is another race of beings equally obscure and equally indigent, who, because their usefulness is less obvious to vulgar apprehensions, live unrewarded and die unpitied, and who have been long exposed to insult without a defender, and to censure without an apologist.

The authors of London were formerly computed by Swift at several thousands; and there is not any reason for suspecting that their number has decreased. Of these only a very few can be said to produce, or endeavour to produce, new ideas, to extend any principle of science, or gratify the imagination with any uncommon train of images or contexture of events; the rest, however laborious, however arrogant, can only be considered as the drudges of the pen, the manufacturers of literature, who have set up for authors, either with or without a regular initiation, and, like other artificers, have no other care than to deliver their tale of wares at the stated time.

It has been formerly imagined, that he who intends the entertainment or instruction of others, must feel in himself some peculiar impulse of genius; that he must watch the happy minute in which his natural fire is excited, in which his mind is elevated with nobler sentiments, enlightened with clearer views, and invigorated with stronger comprehension; that he must carefully select his thoughts and polish his expressions; and animate his efforts with the hope of raising a monument of learning, which neither time nor envy shall be able to destroy.

But the authors whom I am now endeavouring to recommend have been too long *backneyed in the ways of men* to indulge the chimerical ambition of immortality; they have seldom any claim to the trade of writing, but that they have tried some other without success; they perceive no particular summons to composition, except the sound of the clock; they have no other rule than the law or the fashion for admitting their thoughts or rejecting them; and about

the opinion of posterity they have little solicitude, for their productions are seldom intended to remain in the world longer than a week.

That such authors are not to be rewarded with praise is evident, since nothing can be admired when it ceases to exist; but surely, though they cannot aspire to honour, they may be exempted from ignominy, and adopted in that order of men which deserves our kindness, though not our reverence. These papers of the day, the *Ephemere* of learning, have uses more adequate to the purposes of common life than more pompous and durable volumes. If it is necessary for every man to be more acquainted with his contemporaries than with past generations, and to rather know the events which may immediately affect his fortune or quiet, than the revolutions of ancient kingdoms, in which he has neither possessions nor expectations; if it be pleasing to hear of the preferment and dismissal of statesmen, the birth of heirs, and the marriage of beauties, the humble author of journals and gazettes must be considered as a liberal dispenser of beneficial knowledge.

Even the abridger, compiler, and translator, though their labours cannot be ranked with those of the diurnal historiographer, yet must not be rashly doomed to annihilation. Every size of readers requires a genius of correspondent capacity; some delight in abstracts and epitomes, because they want room in their memory for long details, and content themselves with effects, without enquiry after causes; some minds are overpowered by splendor of sentiment, as some eyes are offended by a glaring light; such will gladly contemplate an author in an humble imitation, as we look without pain upon the sun in the water.

As every writer has his use, every writer ought to have his patrons; and since no man, however high he may now stand, can be certain that he shall not be soon thrown down from his elevation by criticism or caprice, the common interest of learning requires that her sons should cease from intestine hostilities, and instead of sacrificing each other to malice and contempt, endeavour to avert persecution from the meanest of their fraternity.

N^o CXLVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1751.

SUNT ILLIC DVO, TRESVE, QUI REVOLVANT
NOSTRARUM TINEAS INEPTIARUM:
SED CUM SPONSIO, FABULÆQUE LASSÆ
DE SCORPO FUERINT INCITATO.

MART.

'TIS POSSIBLE THAT ONE OR TWO
THESE FOOLERIES OF MINE MAY VIEW;
BUT THEN THE RATINGS MUST BE O'ER,
NOR CRAB OR CHILDERS TALK'D OF MORE.

F. LEWIS.

NONE of the projects or designs which exercise the mind of man are equally subject to obstructions and disappointments with the pursuit of fame. Riches cannot easily be denied to them who have something of greater value to offer in exchange; he whose fortune is endangered by litigation, will not refuse to augment the wealth of the lawyer; he whose days are darkened by languor, or whose nerves are excruciated by pain, is compelled to pay tribute to the science of healing. But praise may be always omitted without inconvenience. When once a man has made celebrity necessary to his happiness, he has put it in the power of the weakest and most timorous malignity, if not to take away his satisfaction, at least to withhold it. His enemies may indulge their pride by airy negligence, and gratify their malice by quiet neutrality. They that could never have injured a character by invectives, may combine to annihilate it by silence; as the women of Rome threatened to put an end to conquest and dominion, by supplying no children to the commonwealth.

When a writer has with long toil produced a work intended to burst upon mankind with unexpected lustre, and withdraw the attention of the learned world from every other controversy or enquiry, he is seldom contented to wait long without the enjoyment of his new praises. With an imagination full of his own importance, he walks out like a monarch in disguise, to learn the various opinions of his readers. Prepared to feast upon admiration; composed to encounter censures without emotion; and determined not to suffer his quiet to be injured by a sensibility too exquisite of praise or blame, but to laugh with equal contempt at vain ob-

jections and injudicious commendations, he enters the places of mingled conversation, sits down to his tea in an obscure corner, and while he appears to examine a file of antiquated journals, catches the conversation of the whole room. He listens, but hears no mention of his book, and therefore supposes that he has disappointed his curiosity by delay; and that as men of learning would naturally begin their conversation with such a wonderful novelty, they had digressed to other subjects before his arrival. The company disperses, and their places are supplied by others equally ignorant, or equally careless. The same expectation hurries him to another place, from which the same disappointment drives him soon away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges over the town with restless curiosity, and hears in one quarter of a cricket-match, in another of a pick-pocket; is told by some of an unexpected bankruptcy, by others of a turtle feast; is sometimes provoked by importunate enquiries after the white bear, and sometimes with praises of the dancing dog; he is afterwards entreated to give his judgment upon a wager about the height of the Monument; invited to see a foot-race in the adjacent villages; desired to read a ludicrous advertisement; or consulted about the most effectual method of making enquiry after a favourite cat. The whole world is busied in affairs, which he thinks below the notice of reasonable creatures, and which are nevertheless sufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

He resolves at last to violate his own modesty, and to recal the talkers from their folly by an enquiry after himself. He finds every one provided with an answer; one has seen the work advertised,

ed, but never met with any that had read it; another has been so often imposed upon by specious titles, that he never buys a book till it's character is established; a third wonders what any man can hope to produce after so many writers of greater eminence; the next has enquired after the author, but can hear no account of him, and therefore suspects the name to be fictitious; and another knows him to be a man condemned by indigence to write too frequently what he does not understand.

Many are the consolations with which the unhappy author endeavours to allay his vexation, and fortify his patience. He has written with too little indulgence to the understanding of common readers; he has fallen upon an age in which solid knowledge, and delicate refinement, have given way to low merriment and idle buffoonery, and therefore no writer can hope for distinction, who has any higher purpose than to raise laughter. He finds that his enemies, such as superiority will always raise, have been industrious, while his performance was in the press, to vilify and blast it; and that the bookseller, whom he had resolved to enrich, has rivals that obstruct the circulation of his copies. He at last reposes upon the consideration, that the noblest works of learning and genius have always made their way slowly against ignorance and prejudice; and that reputation, which is never to be lost, must be gradually obtained, as animals of longest life are observed not soon to attain their full stature and strength.

By such arts of voluntary delusion does every man endeavour to conceal his own unimportance from himself. It is long before we are convinced of the small proportion which every individual bears to the collective body of mankind; or learn how few can be interested in the fortune of any single man; how little vacancy is left in the world for any new object of attention; to how small extent the brightest blaze of merit can be spread amidst the mists of business and of folly; and how soon it is clouded by the intervention of other novelties. Not only the writer of books, but the commander of armies, and the deliverer of nations, will easily outlive all noisy and popular reputation: he may be celebrated for a time by the publick voice, but his actions and his name will soon

be considered as remote and unaffecting, and be rarely mentioned but by those whose alliance gives them some vanity to gratify by frequent commemoration.

It seems not to be sufficiently considered how little renown can be admitted in the world. Mankind are kept perpetually busy by their fears or desires, and have not more leisure from their own affairs, than to acquaint themselves with the accidents of the current day. Engaged in contriving some refuge from calamity, or in shortening the way to some new possession, they seldom suffer their thoughts to wander to the past or future; none but a few solitary students have leisure to enquire into the claims of ancient heroes or sages; and names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents shrink at last into cloisters or colleges.

Nor is it certain, that even of these dark and narrow habitations, these last retreats of fame, the possession will be long kept. Of men devoted to literature very few extend their views beyond some particular science, and the greater part seldom enquire, even in their own profession, for any authors but those whom the present mode of study happens to force upon their notice; they desire not to fill their minds with unfashionable knowledge, but contentedly resign to oblivion those books which they now find censured or neglected.

The hope of fame is necessarily connected with such considerations as must abate the ardor of confidence, and repress the vigour of pursuit. Whoever claims renown from any kind of excellence, expects to fill the place which is now possessed by another; for there are already names of every class sufficient to employ all that will desire to remember them; and surely he that is pushing his predecessors into the gulph of obscurity, cannot but sometimes suspect, that he must himself sink in like manner, and as he stands upon the same precipice, be swept away with the same violence.

It sometimes happens, that fame begins when life is at an end; but far the greater number of candidates for applause have owed their reception in the world to some favourable casualties, and have therefore immediately sunk into neglect, when death stripped them of their casual influence, and neither fortune nor patronage operated in their favour. Among those who have better claims to regard,

regard, the honour paid to their memory is commonly proportionate to the reputation which they enjoyed in their lives, though still growing fainter, as it is at a greater distance from the first emission; and since it is so difficult to obtain the

notice of contemporaries, how little is it to be hoped from future times? What can merit effect by it's own force, when the help of art or friendship can scarcely support it?

N^o CXLVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1751.

TU NIHIL INVITA DICES PACIESVE MINERVA.

HOR.

—YOU ARE OF TOO QUICK A SIGHT,
NOT TO DISCERN WHICH WAY YOUR TALENT LIES.

ROSCOMMON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS little things grow great by continual accumulation, I hope you will not think the dignity of your character impaired by an account of a ludicrous persecution, which, though it produces no scenes of horror or of ruin, yet, by incessant importunity of vexation, wears away my happiness, and consumes those years which nature seems particularly to have assigned to cheerfulness, in silent anxiety and helpless resentment.

I am the eldest son of a gentleman, who having inherited a large estate from his ancestors, and feeling no desire either to increase or lessen it, has from the time of his marriage generally resided at his own seat; where, by dividing his time among the duties of a father, a master, and a magistrate, the study of literature, and the offices of civility, he finds means to rid himself of the day, without any of those amusements, which all those with whom my residence in this place has made me acquainted, think necessary to lighten the burthen of existence.

When my age made me capable of instruction, my father prevailed upon a gentleman, long known at Oxford for the extent of his learning and purity of his manners, to undertake my education. The regard with which I saw him treated, disposed me to consider his instructions as important, and I therefore soon formed a habit of attention, by which I made very quick advances in different kinds of learning, and heard, perhaps too often, very flattering comparisons of my own proficiency with that of others, either less docile by na-

ture, or less happily forwarded by instruction: I was caressed by all that exchanged visits with my father; and as young men are with little difficulty taught to judge favourably of themselves, began to think that close application was no longer necessary, and that the time was now come when I was at liberty to read only for amusement, and was to receive the reward of my fatigues in praise and admiration.

While I was thus banqueting upon my own perfections, and longing in secret to escape from tutorage, my father's brother came from London to pass a summer at his native place. A lucrative employment which he possessed, and a fondness for the conversation and diversions of the gay part of mankind, had so long kept him from rural excursions, that I had never seen him since my infancy. My curiosity was therefore strongly excited by the hope of observing a character more nearly, which I had hitherto revered only at a distance.

From all private and intimate conversation I was long withheld by the perpetual confluence of visitants, with whom the first news of my uncle's arrival crowded the house; but was amply recompensed by seeing an exact and punctilious practice of the arts of a courtier, in all the stratagems of endearment, the gradations of respect, and variations of courtesy. I remarked with what justice of distribution he divided his talk to a wide circle; with what address he offered to every man an occasion of indulging some favourite topick, or displaying some particular attainment; the judgment with which he regulated his enquiries after the absent, and the care with which he shewed

all the companions of his early years how strongly they were infix'd in his memory, by the mention of past incidents, and the recital of puerile kindnests, dangers, and frolics. I soon discovered that he possessed some science of graciousness and attraction which books had not taught, and of which neither I nor my father had any knowledge; that he had the power of obliging those whom he did not benefit; that he diffused, upon his cursory behaviour and most trifling actions, a gloss of softness and delicacy by which every one was dazzled; and that by some occult method of captivation, he animated the timorous, softened the supercilious, and opened the reserved. I could not but repine at the inelegance of my own manners which left me no hopes but not to offend; and at the inefficacy of rustick benevolence which gained no friends but by real service.

My uncle saw the veneration with which I caught every accent of his voice, and watched every motion of his hand; and the awkward diligence with which I endeavoured to imitate his embrace of fondness, and his bow of respect. He was, like others, easily flattered by an imitator by whom he could not fear ever to be rivalled, and repaid my assiduities with compliments and professions. Our fondness was so increased by a mutual endeavour to please each other, that when he returned to London, he declared himself unable to leave a nephew so amiable and so accomplished behind him; and obtained my father's permission to enjoy my company for a few months, by a promise to initiate me in the arts of politeness, and introduce me into publick life.

The courtier had little inclination to fatigue; and, therefore, by travelling very slowly, afforded me time for more loose and familiar conversation; but I soon found, that by a few enquiries which he was not well prepared to satisfy, I had made him weary of his young companion. His element was a mixed assembly, where ceremony and healths, compliments and common topics, kept the tongue employed with very little assistance from memory or reflection; but in the chariot, where he was necessitated to support a regular tenour of conversation, without any relief from a new comer, or any power of starting into gay digressions, or destroy-

ing argument by a jest, he soon discovered that poverty of ideas which had been hitherto concealed under the tinsel of politeness. The first day he entertained me with the novelties and wonders with which I should be astonished at my entrance into London, and cautioned me with apparent admiration of his own wisdom, against the arts by which rusticity is frequently deluded. The same detail and the same advice he would have repeated on the second day; but as I every moment diverted the discourse to the history of the towns by which we passed, or some other subject of learning or of reason, he soon lost his vivacity, grew peevish and silent, wrapped his cloak about him, composed himself to slumber, and reserved his gaiety for fitter auditors.

At length I entered London, and my uncle was reinstated in his superiority. He awoke at once to loquacity as soon as our wheels rattled on the pavement, and told me the name of every street as we crossed it, and owner of every house as we passed by. He presented me to my aunt, a lady of great eminence for the number of her acquaintances, and splendor of her assemblies, and either in kindness or revenge consulted with her, in my presence, how I might be most advantageously dressed for my first appearance, and most expeditiously disencumbered from my villatick bashfulness. My indignation at familiarity thus contemptuous flushed in my face; they mistook anger for shame, and alternately exerted their eloquence upon the benefits of publick education, and the happiness of an assurance early acquired.

Assurance is indeed the only qualification to which they seem to have annexed merit, and assurance therefore is perpetually recommended to me as the supply of every defect and the ornament of every excellence. I never sit silent in company when secret history is circulating, but I am reproached for want of assurance. If I fail to return the stated answer to a compliment; if I am disconcerted by unexpected railery; if I blush when I am discovered gazing on a beauty, or hesitate when I find myself embarrassed in an argument; if I am unwilling to talk of what I do not understand, or timorous in undertaking offices which I cannot gracefully perform; if I suffer a more lively taste to

recount

recount the casualties of a game, or a nimble top to pick up a fan, I am censured between pity and contempt, as a wretch doomed to grovel in obscurity for want of assurance.

I have found many young persons harassed in the same manner, by those to whom age has given nothing but the assurance which they recommend; and

therefore cannot-but think it useful to inform them, that cowardice and delicacy are not to be confounded; and that he whose stupidity has armed him against the shafts of ridicule, will always act and speak with greater audacity, than they whose sensibility represses their ardor, and who dare never let their confidence outgrow their abilities.

N^o CLXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1751.

ME PATER LAEVIS ONERET CATENIS
QUOD VINO CLEMENS MISERO PEPERCI,
ME VEL EXTREMIS NUMIDARUM IN ORIS
CLASSE RELIGIT.

Hor.

ME LET MY FATHER LOAD WITH CHAINS,
OR BANISH TO NUMIDIA'S FARTHEST PLAINS;
MY CRIME, THAT I A LOYAL WIFE,
IN KIND COMPASSION SPAR'D MY HUSBAND'S LIFE.

FRANCIS.

POLITICIANS remark, that no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be seized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be punished or suppressed. But when plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetuated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate.

Equally dangerous and equally detestable are the cruelties often exercised in private families, under the venerable sanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour from the first moments of reason; which is guarded from insult and violation by all that can impress awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without controul, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable transgressions, before duty and piety will dare to seek redress, or think themselves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than supplications by which insolence is elated, and tears by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no son could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no punishment appropriated to parricide. They seem likewise to have

believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the supreme judicature in his own house, and put the lives of his offspring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they had determined too hastily in favour of human nature; they found that instinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the nearest relation might be violated; and that power, to whomsoever intrusted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to supply and to change their institutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer capital punishments from the parent to the magistrate.

There are indeed many houses which it is impossible to enter familiarly, without discovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonstrances but from his own conscience, will seldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying justice by his own will.

If in any situation the heart were inaccessible to malignity, it might be supposed to be sufficiently secured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occasion of its existence, produces an obligation to make that existence happy. To see helpless infancy stretching out her hands and pouring out her cries in testimony of dependence,

without

without any powers to alarm jealousy, or any guilt to alienate affection, must surely awaken tenderness in every human mind; and tenderness once excited will be hourly increased by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercussion of communicated pleasure, by the consciousness of the dignity of benefaction. I believe no generous or benevolent man can see the vilest animal courting his regard, and shrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in distress, and flying to him in danger, without more kindness than he can persuade himself to feel for the wild and unsocial inhabitants of the air and water. We naturally endear to ourselves those to whom we impart any kind of pleasure, because we imagine their affection and esteem secured to us by the benefits which they receive.

There is indeed another method by which the pride of superiority may be likewise gratified. He that has extinguished all the sensations of humanity, and has no longer any satisfaction in the reflection that he is loved as the distributor of happiness, may please himself with exciting terror as the inflictor of pain; he may delight his solitude with contemplating the extent of his power and the force of his commands, in imagining the desires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the discontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it; he may amuse himself with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of prohibition, and varieties of punishment; and swell with exultation when he considers how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known, the history of all absolute kingdoms will inform us; and since, as Aristotle observes, "*ο monarchus μοναχία*" — "the government of a family is naturally monarchical," it is like other monarchies too often arbitrarily administered. The regal and parental tyrants differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their slaves. The same passions cause the same miseries; except that seldom any prince, however despotick, has so far shaken off all awe of the publick eye, as to venture upon those freaks of injustice, which are sometimes indulged under the secrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious in-

junctions, partial decisions, unequal allotments, distributions of reward not by merit but by fancy, and punishments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the misery of others no man will confess; and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The king may be instigated by one man to the destruction of another, he may sometimes think himself endangered by the virtues of a subject; he may dread the successful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiscations; and his guilt may whisper that he can only be secure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppression of those who were born to his protection, of those who can disturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no spoils? Why cowards are cruel may be easily discovered; but for what reason, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppression who has nothing to fear?

The unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always in his sight. The injustice of a prince is often exercised upon those of whom he never had any personal or particular knowledge; and the sentence which he pronounces, whether of banishment, imprisonment, or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns. But the domestick oppressor dooms himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with terror and with sorrow; and beholds every moment the effects of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to those who surround him, and can walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own presence; he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Even though no consideration should be paid to the great law of social beings, by which every individual is commanded to consult the happiness of others, yet the harsh parent is less to be vindicated than any other criminal, because

he less provides for the happiness of himself. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he shall sink back to imbecility, and must depend for ease and cheerfulness upon the officiousness of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the assistance of his children, and whose bed must be surrounded in his last hours, in the hours of languor and dejection, of impotence and of pain, by strangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies to whom his death is desirable?

Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocation, and those who have been harassed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have suffered, so far as to perform the last duties with alacrity and zeal. But surely no resentment can be equally painful with kindness thus undeserved, nor can severer punishment be imprecated upon a man not wholly lost in meanness and stupidity, than, through the tediousness of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindness of his own children, to receive not the tribute but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his misery, not to gratitude but to mercy.

NO. CXLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1751.

QUOR NON SIT PYLADES! HOC TEMPORE, NON SIT ORISTES
MISERIS? PYLADES, MARCE, BIBEAT IDEM.
NIC MELIOR PANIS, TURDUVE PARATUR ORISTI!
SED PARS, ATQUE EADEM COENA DUOBUS ERAT.
TE CADMEA TYROS, ME PINGUIS GALLIA VESTIT!
VIS TE PURPUREUM, MARCE, SAGATUS ANIM?
UT PRÆSTEM PYLADEM, ALIQUIS MIHI PRÆSTET ORISTEM!
HOC NON SIT VERRIS: MARCE, UT AMERIS, AMA!

YOU WONDER NOW THAT NO MAN SEES
SUCH FRIENDS AS THOSE OF ANCIENT GREECE.
HERE LAY THE POINT—ORISTES' MEAT
WAS JUST THE SAME HIS FRIEND DID EAT;
NOR CAN IT YET BE FOUND, HIS WINE
WAS BETTER, PYLADES, THAN THINE.
IN HOME-SPUN RUSSET I AM DREST,
YOUR CLOTH IS ALWAYS OF THE BEST;
BUT, HONEST MARCUS, IF YOU PLEASE
TO CHUSE ME FOR YOUR PYLADES,
REMEMBER, WORDS ALONE ARE VAIN;
LOVE—IF YOU WOU'D BE LOV'D AGAIN.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

NO depravity of the mind has been more frequently or justly censured than ingratitude. There is indeed sufficient reason for looking on those that can return evil for good, and repay kindness and assistance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedness; nor will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings; he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy; and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself.

There is always danger lest the honest abhorrence of a crime should raise

the passions with too much violence against the man to whom it is imputed. In proportion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to be ascertained by stronger evidence. The charge against ingratitude is very general; almost every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon insensibility, and how much happiness he has bestowed without return; but perhaps, if these patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boast of having befriended, it would often appear that they consulted only their pleasure or vanity, and repaid themselves their petty donatives by gratifications of insolence and indulgence of contempt.

It has happened that much of my time has been passed in a dependent state, and consequently

consequently I have received many favours in the opinion of those at whose expence I have been maintained; yet I do not feel in my heart any burning gratitude or tumultuous affection; and, as I would not willingly suppose myself less susceptible of virtuous passions than the rest of mankind, I shall lay the history of my life before you, that you may, by your judgment of my conduct, either reform or confirm my present sentiments.

My father was the second son of a very ancient and wealthy family. He married a lady of equal birth, whose fortune, joined to his own, might have supported his posterity in honour; but being gay and ambitious, he prevailed on his friends to procure him a post, which gave him an opportunity of displaying his elegance and politeness. My mother was equally pleased with splendor, and equally careless of expence; they both justified their profusion to themselves, by endeavouring to believe it necessary to the extension of their acquaintance, and improvement of their interest; and whenever any place became vacant, they expected to be repaid. In the midst of these hopes my father was snatched away by an apoplexy; and my mother, who had no pleasure but in dress, equipage, assemblies, and compliments, finding that she could live no longer in her accustomed rank, sunk into dejection, and in two years wore out her life with envy and discontent.

I was sent with a sister, one year younger than myself, to the elder brother of my father. We were not yet capable of observing how much fortune influences affection, but flattered ourselves on the road with the tenderness and regard with which we should be treated by our uncle. Our reception was rather frigid than malignant; we were introduced to our young cousins, and for the first month more frequently consoled than upbraided; but in a short time we found our prattle repressed, our dress neglected, our endearments unregarded, and our requests referred to the house-keeper.

The forms of decency were now violated, and every day produced new insults. We were soon brought to the necessity of receding from our imagined equality with our cousins, to whom we sunk into humble companions without choice or influence, expected only to

echo their opinions, facilitate their desires, and accompany their rambles. It was unfortunate that our early introduction into polite company, and habitual knowledge of the arts of civility, had given us such an appearance of superiority to the awkward bashfulness of our relations, as naturally drew respect and preference from every stranger; and my aunt was forced to assert the dignity of her own children while they were skulking in corners for fear of notice, and hanging down their heads in silent confusion, by relating the indiscretion of our father, displaying her own kindness, lamenting the misery of birth without estate, and declaring her anxiety for our future provision, and the expedients which she had formed to secure us from those follies or crimes, to which the conjunction of pride and want often gives occasion. In a short time care was taken to prevent such vexatious mistakes; we were told, that fine clothes would only fill our heads with false expectations, and our dress was therefore accommodated to our fortune.

Childhood is not easily dejected or mortified. We felt no lasting pain from insolence or neglect; but finding that we were favoured and commended by all whose interest did not prompt them to discountenance us, preserved our vivacity and spirit to years of greater sensibility. It then became irksome and disgusting to live without any principle of action but the will of another, and we often met privately in the garden to lament our condition, and to ease our hearts with mutual narratives of caprice, peevishness, and affront.

There are innumerable modes of insult and tokens of contempt, for which it is not easy to find a name, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to describe them, and yet may, by continual repetition, make day pass after day in sorrow and in terror. Phrases of cursory compliment and established salutation may, by a different modulation of the voice, or cast of the countenance, convey contrary meanings, and be changed from indications of respect to expressions of scorn. The dependent who cultivates delicacy in himself, very little consults his own tranquillity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment discovering some petulance of accent, or arrogance of mien, some rebuke of interrogation, or quickness of reply, that recalls

my poverty to my mind, and which I feel more acutely as I know not how to resent it.

You are not however to imagine, that I think myself discharged from the duties of gratitude, only because my relations do not adjust their looks, or tune their voices, to my expectation. The insolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeness or obliquities of insult. I am often told in express terms of the miseries from which charity has snatched me; while multitudes are suffered by relations equally near to devolve upon the parish; and have more than once heard it numbered among other favours, that I am admitted to the same table with my cousins.

That I sit at the first table I must acknowledge, but I sit there only that I may feel the stings of inferiority. My enquiries are neglected, my opinion is overborne, my assertions are controverted; and as insolence always propagates itself, the servants overlook me, in imitation of their master; if I call modestly, I am not heard; if loudly, my usurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and sometimes desired to rise upon very slight pretences.

The incivilities to which I am exposed would give me less pain, were they not aggravated by the tears of my sister, whom the young ladies are hourly tormenting with every art of feminine

persecution. As it is said of the supreme magistrate of Venice, that he is a prince in one place and a slave in another, my sister is a servant to her cousins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table. Her wit and beauty draw so much regard away from them, that they never suffer her to appear with them in any place where they solicit notice, or expect admiration; and when they are visited by neighbouring ladies, and pass their hours in domestick amusements, she is sometimes called to fill a vacancy, insulted with contemptuous freedoms, and dismissed to her needle when her place is supplied. The heir has of late, by the instigation of his sisters, begun to harass her with clownish jocularities; he seems inclined to make his first rude essays of waggery upon her; and by the connivance, if not encouragement of his father, treats her with such licentious brutality, as I cannot bear, though I cannot punish it.

I beg to be informed, Mr. Rambler, how much we can be supposed to owe to beneficence, exerted on terms like these? to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly said to pander to pride? I would willingly be told, whether insolence does not reward its own liberalities, and whether he that exacts servility can with justice at the same time expect affection?

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPERDULUS.

N^o. CL. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1751.

O MUNERA NONDUM
INTELLECTA DEUM!

LUCAN.

THOU CHIEFEST GOOD!
BESTOW'D BY HEAV'N, BUT SELDOM UNDERSTOOD.

Rowe.

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight; neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude of external circumstances some advan-

tage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniencies.

This attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of resemblance to the practice of physicians, who, when they cannot mitigate pain, destroy sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyrists of calamity have more frequently gained applause to their wit, than acquiescence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical oratory or subtle ratiocination has been

been able long to overpower the anguish of oppression, the tediousness of languor, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that where much has been attempted, something has been performed; though the discoveries or acquisitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at least sufficient to animate his industry. The antidotes with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it salubrity and sweetness, have at least allayed its bitterness, and tempered its malignity; the balm which the drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By suffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we secure ourselves from vain and immoderate disquiet; we preserve for better purposes that strength which would be unprofitably wasted in wild efforts of desperation, and maintain that circumspection which may enable us to seize every support, and improve every alleviation. This calmness will be more easily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to those accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every state.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by representing it as necessary to the pleasures of the mind. 'He that never was acquainted with adversity,' says he, 'has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.' He invites his pupil to calamity, as the Syrens allured the passenger to their coasts, by promising that he shall return *placida* side, with increase of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new enquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider prospect, it must be gratified with variety by more rapid flights, and bolder excursions; nor perhaps can there be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any under-

taking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

When Jason, in Valerius Flaccus, would incline the young Prince Acastus to accompany him in the first day of navigation, he disperses his apprehensions of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and the toils which they have surmounted.

*O quantum terra, quantum cognoscere caeli,
Permissum est! pelagus quantos aperimus in
usus!*

*Nunc fors an graui teris opus: sed leta recurret
Cum ratio, et caram cum jam mibi reddet Iacon;
Quis pudor heu nostris tibi tunc audire labores?
Quam reseram vultus tua per suspiria gentis!*

Led by our stars, what tracts immense we
From seas remote, what fands of science raise!
A pain to thought! but when th' heroic band
Returns applauded to their native land,
A life domestick you will then deplore,
And sigh, while I describe the various shore.

EDW. CAYE.

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by his curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendor will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

It is certain, that however the rhetoric of Seneca may have dressed adversity with extrinseck ornaments, he has justly represented it as affording some opportunities of observation, which cannot be found in continual success; he has truly asserted, that to escape misfortune is to want instruction, and that to live in ease is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happiness with-

out

out thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune; for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harass him, if he does not know how much he escapes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the shades. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception, is that of rest after fatigue; yet that state which labour heightens into delight is of itself only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the superaddition of diversified amusements.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. 'He that travels the lists without an adversary, may receive,' says the philosopher, 'the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour.' If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own

conscience, he whose courage has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over those that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is shown in it's natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reasonings determined by his opinions; whatever can alarm suspicion, or excite resentment, is carefully suppressed, and nothing appears but uniformity of sentiments and ardour of affection. It may be observed that the unvaried complaisance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature; prosperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore must be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is scarcely to be heard, but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.

Nº CLI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1751.

Ἀμείβω ἀνδρῶν

πανορισὶν ἀνελκυσίαι

ἀνελκυσίαι κέρματα

ταῦτα δ' ἀμείβαντο ἑαυτοῖς

Ὅτι οὐκ, καὶ ἐντελευ-

τὰ φέρονται ἀπὸ τυχῆς.

PIND.

BUT WRAPT IN ERROR IS THE HUMAN MIND, AND HUMAN BEING IS EVER INSECURE: WE KNOW NOT WHAT FORTUNE YET REMAINS BEHIND, NOR HOW LONG THE PRESENT SHALL ENDURE.

WEST.

THE writers of medicine and physiology have traced, with great appearance of accuracy, the effects of time upon the human body, by marking the various periods of the constitution, and the several stages by which animal life

makes it's progress from infancy to decrepitude. Though their observations have not enabled them to discover how manhood may be accelerated, or old age retarded, yet surely, if they be considered only as the amusements of curiosity, they

they are of equal importance with conjectures on things more remote, with catalogues of the fixed stars, and calculations of the bulk of planets.

It had been a task worthy of the moral philosophers to have considered with equal care the climactericks of the mind; to have pointed out the time at which every passion begins and ceases to predominate, and noted the regular variations of desire, and the succession of one appetite to another.

The periods of mental change are not to be stated with equal certainty: our bodies grow up under the care of nature, and depend so little on our own management, that something more than negligence is necessary to discompose their structure, or impede their vigour. But our minds are committed in a great measure first to the direction of others, and afterwards of ourselves. It would be difficult to protract the weakness of infancy beyond the usual time, but the mind may be very easily hindered from it's share of improvement, and the bulk and strength of manhood must, without the assistance of education and instruction, be informed only with the understanding of a child.

Yet amidst all the disorder and inequality which variety of discipline, example, conversation, and employment, produce in the intellectual advances of different men, there is still discovered by a vigilant spectator, such a general and remote similitude, as may be expected in the same common nature affected by external circumstances indefinitely varied. We all enter the world in equal ignorance, gaze round about us on the same objects, and have our first pains and pleasures, our first hopes and tears, our first aversions and desires, from the same causes; and though, as we proceed farther, life opens wider prospects to our view, and accidental impulses determine us to different paths; yet as every mind, however vigorous or abstracted, is necessitated, in it's present state of union, to receive it's informations, and execute it's purposes, by the intervention of the body, the uniformity of our corporeal nature communicates itself to our intellectual operations; and those whose abilities or knowledge incline them most to deviate from the general round of life, are recalled from eccentricity by the laws of their existence.

If we consider the exercises of the mind, it will be found that in each part of life some particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined seems of equal value, the power of the soul is principally exerted in a vivacious and desultory curiosity. She applies by turns to every object, enjoys it for a short time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up loose and unconnected ideas, but starts away from systems and complications which would obstruct the rapidity of her transitions, and detain her long in the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images are collected by these erratic and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them; and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life as experience advances, and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters: but in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are sooner disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first discard absurdity and impossibility, than exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to the charms of falsehood, however specious, and from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the reign of judgment or reason; we begin to find little pleasure, but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious steps up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance, or mislead attention, is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise in which error may be concealed is carefully observed, till by degrees a certain number

of incontestable or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments, or compacted into systems.

At length weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative; the opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertion of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

In like manner the passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint; every man may remember that if he was left to himself, and indulged in the disposal of his own time, he was once content without the superaddition of any actual pleasure. The new world is itself a banquet; and till we have exhausted the freshness of life, we have always about us sufficient gratifications: the sunshine quickens us to play, and the shade invites us to sleep.

But we soon become unsatisfied with negative felicity, and are solicited by our senses and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taste of him who has satisfied his hunger must be excited by artificial stimulations. The simplicity of natural amusement is now past, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasures; but in time, art, like nature, is exhausted, and the senses can no longer supply the cravings of the intellect.

The attention is then transferred from pleasure to interest, in which pleasure is perhaps included, though diffused to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power,

nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame; wealth, to which, however variously denominated, every man at some time or other aspires; power, which all wish to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise. Now prudence and foresight exert their influence: no hour is devoted wholly to any present enjoyment, no act or purpose terminates in itself, but every motion is referred to some distant end; the accomplishment of one design begins another, and the ultimate wish is always pushed off to its former distance.

At length fame is observed to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous; the man whose vigour and alacrity begin to forsake him, by degrees contracts his designs, renits his former multiplicity of pursuits, and extends no longer his regard to any other honour than the reputation of wealth, or any other influence than his power. Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, hurls his age with the milder business of saving it.

I have in this view of life considered men as actuated only by natural desires, and yielding to their own inclinations, without regard to superior principles by which the force of external agents may be counteracted, and the temporary prevalence of passions restrained. Nature will indeed always operate, human desires will be always ranging; but these motions, though very powerful, are not irresistible; nature may be regulated, and desires governed; and to contend with the predominance of successive passions, to be endangered first by one affection, and then by another, is the condition upon which we are to pass our time, the time of our preparation for that state which shall put an end to experiment, to disappointment, and to change.

N^o CLII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1751.

TRISTIA MÆSTUM

VULTUM TERRA DECENT, TRATUM PLENA MINARUM.

HOR.

DISASTROUS WORDS CAN BEST DISASTER SHOW;
IN ANGRY PHRASE THE ANGRY PASSIONS GLOW.

ELPHINSTON.

‘IT was the wisdom,’ says Seneca, ‘of ancient times, to consider what is most useful as most illustrious.’ If this rule be applied to works of genius, scarcely any species of composition deserves more to be cultivated than the Epistolary style, since none is of more various or frequent use, through the whole subordination of human life.

It has yet happened that, among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegance and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of publick trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style, or models of private correspondence.

If it be enquired by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not without either bigotry or arrogance inform them, that it must be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due sense of the dignity of the publick? We do not think it reasonable to fill the world with volumes from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the busy, or the amusements of the gay, should give way to narratives of our private affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations of fidelity.

A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have signalized their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents,

repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure which our condition allows must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observation with which Walsh has introduced his pages of innuendo, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the critics. ‘Letters,’ says he, ‘are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the chief excellencies of conversation are good-humour and good-breeding.’ This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is how gaiety or civility

X x

may

may be properly expressed; as among the critics in history it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and that nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required are ease and simplicity, and even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to use, than their scantiness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence.

That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror, will produce some perturbation of images, and some figurative distortions of phrase. Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style.

If the personages of the comic scene be allowed by Horace to raise their language in the transports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise without censure comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his rea-

sonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correspondents are more properly regulated by critical precepts, because the matter and style are equally arbitrary, and rules are more necessary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, some conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; some model them by the sonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the soft lapse of calm mellifluence; others adjust them by the epigram, and expect pointed sentences and forcible periods. The one party considers exemption from faults as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the most disgusting fault; one avoids censure, the other aspires to praise; one is always in danger of insipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the subject has no intrinsic dignity, it must necessarily owe its attractions to artificial embellishments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, sends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or address, find means of exciting gratitude, and securing acceptance; but he that has no present to make but a garland, a ribbon, or some petty curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpose for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent either love or esteem; to excite love we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected sallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no strength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

N^o CLIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1751.

TVRBA REMI SEQUITUR FORTUNAM, UT SEMPER, ET ODIT DAMNATOR.

JUV.

THE PICKLE CROWD WITH FORTUNE COMES AND GOES;
WEALTH STILL FINDS FOLLOWERS, AND MISFORTUNE FOXES.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THERE are occasions on which all apology is rudeness. He that has an unwelcome message to deliver, may give some proof of tenderness and delicacy, by a ceremonial introduction and gradual discovery, because the mind upon which the weight of sorrow is to fall, gains time for the collection of it's powers; but nothing is more absurd than to delay the communication of pleasure, to torment curiosity by impatience, and to delude hope by anticipation.

I shall therefore forbear the arts by which correspondents generally secure admission, for I have too long remarked the power of vanity, to doubt that I shall be read by you with a disposition to approve, when I declare that my narrative has no other tendency than to illustrate and corroborate your own observations.

I was the second son of a gentleman, whose patrimony had been wasted by a long succession of squanderers, till he was unable to support any of his children, except his heir, in the hereditary dignity of idleness. Being therefore obliged to employ that part of life in study which my progenitors had devoted to the hawk and hound, I was in my eighteenth year dispatched to the university, without any rural honours. I had never killed a single woodcock, nor partaken one triumph over a conquered fox.

At the university I continued to enlarge my acquisitions with little envy of the noisy happiness which my elder brother had the fortune to enjoy, and having obtained my degree, retired to consider at leisure to what profession I should confine that application which had hitherto been dissipated in general knowledge. To deliberate upon a choice which custom and honour forbid to be retracted, is certainly reasonable, yet to let loose the attention equally to the advantages and inconveniences of every employment is not without danger; new

motives are every moment operating on every side; and mechanicks have long ago discovered, that contrariety of equal attractions is equivalent to rest.

While I was thus trifling in uncertainty, an old adventurer, who had been once the intimate friend of my father, arrived from the Indies with a large fortune; which he had so much harassed himself in obtaining, that sickness and infirmity left him no other desire than to die in his native country. His wealth easily procured him an invitation to pass his life with us; and being incapable of any amusement but conversation, he necessarily became familiarized to me, whom he found studious and domestick. Pleased with an opportunity of imparting my knowledge, and eager of any intelligence that might increase it, I delighted his curiosity with historical narratives and explications of nature, and gratified his vanity by enquiries after the products of distant countries, and the customs of their inhabitants.

My brother saw how much I advanced in the favour of our guest, who being without heirs, was naturally expected to enrich the family of his friend, but neither attempted to alienate me, nor to ingratiate himself. He was indeed little qualified to solicit the affection of a traveller, for the remissness of his education had left him without any rule of action but his present humour. He often forsook the old gentleman in the midst of an adventure, because the horn sounded in the court-yard, and would have lost an opportunity, not only of knowing the history, but sharing the wealth of the Mogul, for the trial of a new pointer, or the sight of a horse-race.

It was therefore not long before our new friend declared his intention of bequeathing to me the profits of his commerce, as the only man in the family by whom he could expect them to be rationally enjoyed. This distinction drew upon me the envy not only of my brother but my father.

As no man is willing to believe that

X 1 2

he suffers by his own fault, they imputed the preference which I had obtained to adulatory compliances, or malignant calumnies. To no purpose did I call upon my patron to attest my innocence, for who will believe what he wishes to be false? In the heat of disappointment they forced their inmate by repeated insults to depart from the house, and I was soon, by the same treatment, obliged to follow him.

He chose his residence in the confines of London, where rest, tranquillity, and medicine, restored him to part of the health which he had lost. I pleased myself with perceiving that I was not likely to obtain an immediate possession of wealth which no labour of mine had contributed to acquire; and that he, who had thus distinguished me, might hope to end his life without a total frustration of those blessings which, whatever be their real value, he had sought with so much diligence, and purchased with so many vicissitudes of danger and fatigue.

He indeed left me no reason to repine at his recovery, for he was willing to accustom me early to the use of money, and set apart for my expences such a revenue as I had scarcely dared to imagine. I can yet congratulate myself that fortune has seen her golden cup once tasted without inebriation. Neither my modesty nor prudence were overwhelmed by affluence; my elevation was without insolence, and my expence without profusion. Employing the influence which money always confers to the improvement of my understanding, I mingled in parties of gaiety, and in conferences of learning, appeared in every place where instruction was to be found, and imagined that by ranging through all the diversities of life, I had acquainted myself fully with human nature, and learned all that was to be known of the ways of men.

It happened, however, that I soon discovered how much was wanted to the completion of my knowledge, and found that, according to Seneca's remark, I had hitherto seen the world but on one side. My patron's confidence in his increase of strength tempted him to carelessness and irregularity; he caught a fever by riding in the rain, of which he died delirious on the third day. I buried him without any of the heir's affected grief or secret exultation; then preparing to take a legal possession of his

fortune, opened his closet, where I found a will, made at his first arrival, by which my father was appointed the chief inheritor, and nothing was left me but a legacy sufficient to support me in the prosecution of my studies.

I had not yet found such charms in prosperity as to continue it by any acts of forgery or injustice, and made haste to inform my father of the riches which had been given him, not by the preference of kindness, but by the delays of indolence, and cowardice of age. The hungry family flew like vultures on their prey, and soon made my disappointment publick by the tumult of their claims, and the splendor of their sorrow.

It was now my part to consider how I should repair the disappointment. I could not but triumph in my long list of friends, which comprised almost every name that power or knowledge intitled to eminence, and in the prospect of the innumerable roads to honour and preferment, which I had laid open to myself by the wise use of temporary riches. I believed nothing necessary but that I should continue that acquaintance to which I had been so readily admitted, and which had hitherto been cultivated on both sides with equal ardour.

Full of these expectations, I one morning ordered a chair, with an intention to make my usual circle of morning visits. Where I first stopped I saw two footmen lolling at the door, who told me, without any change of posture, or collection of countenance, that their master was at home; and suffered me to open the inner door without assistance. I found my friend standing, and as I was tattling with my former freedom, was formally intreated to sit down; but did not stay to be favoured with any further concessions.

My next experiment was made at the levee of a statesman, who received me with an embrace of tenderness, that he might with more decency publish my change of fortune to the sycophants about him. After he had enjoyed the triumph of condolence, he turned to a wealthy stockjobber, and left me exposed to the scorn of those who had lately courted my notice, and solicited my interest.

I was then set down at the door of another, who upon my entrance advised me with great solemnity to think of some settled provision for life. I left him, and hurried

hurried away to an old friend, who professed himself unsusceptible of any impressions from prosperity or misfortune, and begged that he might see me when he was more at leisure.

At sixty-seven doors at which I knocked in the first week after my appearance in a mourning dress, I was denied admission at forty-six; was suffered at fourteen to wait in the outer room till business was dispatched; at four was entertained with a few questions about the weather; at one heard the footman rated for bringing my name; and at two was informed in the flow of casual conversation, how much a man of rank degrades himself by mean company.

My curiosity now led me to try what reception I should find among the ladies; but I found that my patron had carried all my powers of pleasing to the grave. I had formerly been celebrated as a wit, and not perceiving any languor in my imagination, I essayed to revive that gaiety which had hitherto broken out involuntarily before my sentences were finished. My remarks were now heard with a steady countenance, and if a girl happened to give way to habitual merriment, her forwardness was repressed with a frown by her mother or her aunt.

Wherever I come I scatter infirmity and disease; every lady whom I meet in the Mall is too weary to walk; all whom I intreat to sing are troubled with colds; if I propose cards, they are afflicted with the head-ach; if I invite them to the gardens, they cannot bear a crowd.

All this might be endured; but there is a class of mortals who think my understanding impaired with my fortune, exalt themselves to the dignity of advice, and whenever we happen to meet, presume to prescribe my conduct, regulate my economy, and direct my pursuits. Another race, equally impertinent and equally despicable, are every moment recommending to me an attention to my interest, and think themselves entitled, by their superior prudence, to reproach me if I speak or move without regard to profit.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is the power of wealth, that it commands the ear of greatness and the eye of beauty; gives spirit to the dull, and authority to the timorous; and leaves him from whom it departs, without virtue and without understanding, the sport of caprice, the scoff of insolence, the slave of meanness, and the pupil of ignorance.

I am, &c.

Nº CLIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1751.

— TIBI RES ANTIQUE LAUDIS ET ARTIS
AGGREDIOR, SANCTOS AUSUS RECLUDERE FONTES.

VIRG.

FOR THEE MY TUNEFUL ACCENTS WILL I RAISE,
AND TREAT OF ARTS DISCLOS'D IN ANCIENT DAYS;
ONCE MORE UNLOCK FOR THEE THE SACKED SPRING.

DAYDEN.

THE direction of Aristotle to those that study politicks, is, first to examine and understand what has been written by the ancients upon government; then to cast their eyes round upon the world, and consider by what causes the prosperity of communities is visibly influenced, and why some are worse, and others better administered.

The same method must be pursued by him who hopes to become eminent in any other part of knowledge. The first task is to search books, the next to contemplate nature. He must first possess himself of the intellectual treasures which

the diligence of former ages has accumulated, and then endeavour to increase them by his own collections.

The mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely wholly upon unassisted genius and natural sagacity. The wits of these happy days have discovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors durst never attempt; they cut the knots of sophistry which it was formerly the business of years to untie, solve difficulties by sudden irradiations of intelligence,

gence, and comprehend long processes of argument by immediate intuition.

Men who have flattered themselves into this opinion of their own abilities, look down on all who waste their lives over books, as a race of inferior beings condemned by nature to perpetual pupillage, and fruitlessly endeavouring to remedy their barrenness by incessant cultivation, or succour their feebleness by subsidiary strength. They presume that none would be more industrious than they, if they were not more sensible of deficiencies; and readily conclude, that he who places no confidence in his own powers, owes his modesty only to his weakness.

It is however certain, that no estimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations than those by which a man computes the force of his own genius. It generally happens at our entrance into the world, that by the natural attraction of similitude, we associate with men like ourselves, young, sprightly, and ignorant, and rate our accomplishments by comparison with theirs; when we have once obtained an acknowledged superiority over our acquaintances, imagination and desire easily extend it over the rest of mankind; and if no accident forces us into new emulations, we grow old, and die in admiration of ourselves.

Vanity, thus confirmed in her dominion, readily listens to the voice of idleness, and soothes the slumber of life with continual dreams of excellence and greatness. A man elated by confidence in his natural vigour of fancy and sagacity of conjecture, soon concludes that he already possesses whatever toil and enquiry can confer. He then listens with eagerness to the wild objections which folly has raised against the common means of improvement; talks of the dark chaos of indigested knowledge; describes the mischievous effects of heterogeneous sciences fermenting in the mind; relates the blunders of lettered ignorance; expatiates on the heroick merit of those who deviate from prescription, or shake off authority; and gives vent to the inflations of his heart by declaring that he owes nothing to pedants and universities.

All these pretensions, however confident, are very often vain. The laurels which superficial acuteness gains in triumph over ignorance unsupported by

viracity, are observed by Locke to be lost whenever real learning and rational diligence appear against her; the sallies of gaiety are soon repressed by calm confidence; and the artifices of subtlety are readily detected by those who, having carefully studied the question, are not easily confounded or surprised.

But though the contemner of books had neither been deceived by others nor himself, and was really born with a genius surpassing the ordinary abilities of mankind; yet surely such gifts of Providence may be more properly urged as incitements to labour, than encouragements to negligence. He that neglects the culture of ground, naturally fertile, is more shamefully culpable than he whose field would scarcely recompense his husbandry.

Cicero remarks, that not to know what has been transacted in former times, is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labours of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge. The discoveries of every man must terminate in his own advantage, and the studies of every age be employed on questions which the past generation had discussed and determined. We may with as little reproach borrow science as manufactures from our ancestors; and it is as rational to live in caves till our own hands have erected a palace, as to reject all knowledge of architecture which our understandings will not supply.

To the strongest and quickest mind it is far easier to learn than to invent. The principles of arithmetick and geometry may be comprehended by a close attention in a few days; yet who can flatter himself that the study of a long life would have enabled him to discover them, when he sees them yet unknown to so many nations, whom he cannot suppose less liberally endowed with natural reason, than the Grecians or Egyptians?

Every science was thus far advanced towards perfection, by the emulous diligence of contemporary students, and the gradual discoveries of one age improving on another. Sometimes unexpected flashes of instruction were struck out by the fortuitous collision of happy incidents, or an involuntary concurrence of ideas, in which the philosopher to whom they happened had no other merit than that of knowing their value; and

and transmitting, unclouded to posterity, that light which had been kindled by causes out of his power. The happiness of these casual illuminations no man can promise to himself, because no endeavours can procure them; and therefore whatever be our abilities or application, we must submit to learn from others what perhaps would have lain hid for ever from human penetration, had not some remote enquiry brought it to view; as treasures are thrown up by the ploughman and the digger in the rude exercise of their common occupations.

The man whose genius qualifies him for great undertakings, must at least be content to learn from books the present state of human knowledge; that he may not ascribe to himself the invention of arts generally known; weary his attention with experiments of which the event has been long registered; and waste, in attempts which have already succeeded or miscarried, that time which might have been spent with usefulness and honour upon new undertakings.

But though the study of books is necessary, it is not sufficient to constitute literary eminence. He that wishes to be counted among the benefactors of posterity, must add by his own toil to the acquisitions of his ancestors, and secure his memory from neglect by some valuable improvement. This can only be effected by looking out upon the wastes of the intellectual world, and extending the power of learning over regions yet

undisciplined and barbarous; or by surveying more exactly her ancient dominions; and driving ignorance from the fortresses and retreats where she skulks undetected and undisturbed. Every science has it's difficulties which yet call for a solution before we attempt new systems of knowledge; as every country has it's forests and marshes, which it would be wise to cultivate and drain, before distant colonies are projected as a necessary discharge of the exuberance of inhabitants.

No man ever yet became great by imitation. Whatever hopes for the veneration of mankind must have invention in the design or the execution; either the effect must itself be new, or the means by which it is produced. Either truths hitherto unknown must be discovered, or those which are already known enforced by stronger evidence, facilitated by clearer method, or elucidated by brighter illustrations.

Fame cannot spread wide or endure long that is not rooted in nature, and manured by art. That which hopes to resist the blast of malignity, and stand firm against the attacks of time, must contain in itself some original principle of growth. The reputation which arises from the detail or transposition of borrowed sentiments, may spread for a while, like ivy, on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident or contempt, and suffered to rot unheeded on the ground.

Nº CLV. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1751.

—STERILE TRANSMISIMUS ANNOS,
HÆC EVI MIHI PRIMA DIES, HÆC LIMINA VITÆ.

STAT.

—OUR BARREN YEARS ARE PAST;
BE THIS OF LIFE THE FIRST, OF SLOTH THE LAST.

ELPHINSTON,

NO weakness of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadversion, than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however flagrant, and the easiness with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It seems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot see itself, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate it's own state, and that therefore

we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other postulates, an enquirer finds himself inclined to admit upon very little evidence, because it affords a ready solution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greatest abilities frequently fail to promote the happiness of those who possess them; why those who can distinguish with the utmost nicety the boundaries of vice and virtue

virtue suffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant reign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one sigh of solicitude or struggle for escape.

When a position seems thus with commodious consequences, who can without regret confess it to be false? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a disposition to describe the dominion of the passions as extended beyond the limits that nature assigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourselves, but persuades us that they escape the notice of others, and disposes us to resent censures, lest we should confess them to be just. We are secretly conscious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the publick eye, and please ourselves with innumerable impostures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimness of our internal sight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the success of the most absurd and incredible flattery, and the resentment always raised by advice, however soft, benevolent, and reasonable. But flattery, if its operation be nearly examined, will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it consoles our wants than displays our possessions. He that shall solicit the favour of his patron by praising him for qualities which he can find in himself, will be defeated by the more daring panegyrist who enriches him with adjectitious excellence. Just praise is only a debt; but flattery is a present. The acknowledgment of those virtues on which conscience congratulates us, is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of those which we only feign, and desire without any vigorous endeavour to attain them, is received as a confession of sovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable decision of disputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious moni-

tor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

For this reason advice is commonly ineffectual. If those who follow the call of their desires, without enquiry whither they are going, had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wisdom, and were rushing upon dangers unforeseen, they would readily listen to information that recalls them from their errors, and catch the first alarm by which destruction or infamy is denounced. Few that wander in the wrong way mistake it for the right, they only find it more smooth and flowery, and indulge their own choice rather than approve it; therefore few are persuaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, since it impresses no new conviction, nor confers any powers of action or resistance. He that is gravely informed how soon profusion will annihilate his fortune, hears with little advantage what he knew before, and catches at the next occasion of expence, because advice has no force to suppress his vanity. He that is told how certainly intemperance will hurry him to the grave, runs with his usual speed to a new course of luxury, because his reason is not invigorated, nor his appetite weakened.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition, by raising an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit; and the benefit of advice arises commonly, not from any new light imparted to the mind, but from the discovery which it affords of the publick suffrages. He that could withstand conscience is frightened at infamy, and shame prevails when reason was defeated.

As we all know our own faults, and know them commonly with many aggravations which human perspicacity cannot discover, there is, perhaps, no man, however hardened by impudence or dissipated by levity, sheltered by hypocrisy or blasted by disgrace, who does not intend some time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed attack him, new invitations are offered by pleasure and interest, and the hour of reformation is

always

always delayed; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itself by habit; and the change of manners, though sincerely intended and rationally planned, is referred to the time when some craving passion shall be fully gratified, or some powerful allurements cease its importunity.

Thus procrastination is accumulated on procrastination, and one impediment succeeds another, till age shatters our resolution, or death intercepts the project of amendment. Such is often the end of salutary purposes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeased that disquiet which every mind feels from known misconduct, when the attention is not diverted by business or by pleasure.

Nothing forely can be more unworthy of a reasonable nature, than to continue in a state so opposite to real happiness, as that all the peace of solitude, and felicity of meditation, must arise from resolutions of forsaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men, who pass months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by passion, into practices which they closed and opened their eyes with purposes to avoid; purposes which, though settled on conviction, the first impulse of momentary desire totally overthrows.

The influence of custom is indeed such, that to conquer it will require the utmost efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any men more worthy of veneration and renown, than those who have burst the shackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroic as the objects of guilty gratification are more familiar, and the recurrence of solicitation more frequent. He that from experience of the folly of ambition resigns his offices, may set himself free at once from temptation to squander his life in courts, because he cannot regain his former station. He who is enslaved by an amorous passion, may quit his tyrant in disgust, and absence will, without the help of reason, overcome by degrees the desire of returning. But those appetites to which every place affords their proper object, and which require no preparatory mea-

sures or gradual advances, are more tenaciously adhesive; the wish is so near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes consideration, and before the powers of reason can be summoned, the time for employing them is past.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

Facili descensus eorum:

*Noctes atque dies pater atri janua ditijs
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad
Auras,*

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Via 9.

The gates of Hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

DAVID.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conscious; we all know our own state, if we could be induced to consider it; and it might perhaps be useful to the conquest of all these enslavers of the mind, if at certain stated days life was reviewed. Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorse. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.

Y y *NO. CLVI.*

N^o CLVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1751.

NUNQUAM ALIUD NATURA, ALIUD PATIENTIA DEDIT.

JUV.

FOR WISDOM EVER ECHOES NATURE'S VOICE.

EVERY government, says the politician, is perpetually degenerating towards corruption, from which it must be rescued at certain periods by the resuscitation of its first principles, and the re-establishment of its original constitution. Every animal body, according to the methodick physicians, is, by the predominance of some exuberant quality, continually declining towards disease and death, which must be obviated by a seasonable reduction of the peccant humour to the just equipoise which health requires.

In the same manner the studies of mankind, all at least which, not being subject to rigorous demonstration, admit the influence of fancy and caprice, are perpetually tending to error and confusion. Of the great principles of truth which the first speculatists discovered, the simplicity is embarrassed by ambitious additions, or the evidence obscured by inaccurate argumentation; and as they descend from one succession of writers to another, like light transmitted from room to room, they lose their strength and splendour, and fade at last in total evanescence.

The systems of learning therefore must be sometimes reviewed, complications analysed into principles, and knowledge disentangled from opinion. It is not always possible, without a close inspection, to separate the genuine shoots of consequential reasoning, which grow out of some radical postulate, from the branches which art has engrafted on it. The accidental prescriptions of authority, when time has procured them veneration, are often confounded with the laws of nature; and those rules are supposed coeval with reason, of which the first rise cannot be discovered.

Criticism has sometimes permitted fancy to dictate the laws by which fancy ought to be restrained, and fallacy to perplex the principles by which fallacy is to be detected; her superintendence of others has betrayed her to negligence of herself; and, like the ancient Scythians;

by extending her conquests over distant regions, she has left her throne vacant to her slaves.

Among the laws of which the desire of extending authority, or ardour of promoting knowledge, has prompted the prescription, all which writers have received, had not the same original right to our regard. Some are to be considered as fundamental and indispensable; others only as useful and convenient; some as dictated by reason and necessity, others as enacted by despotick antiquity; some as invincibly supported by their conformity to the order of nature and operations of the intellect; others as formed by accident, or instituted by example, and therefore always liable to dispute and alteration.

That many rules have been advanced without consulting nature or reason, we cannot but suspect, when we find it peremptorily decreed by the ancient masters, that only three speaking personages should appear at once upon the stage; a law which, as the variety and intricacy of modern plays has made it impossible to be observed, we now violate without scruple, and, as experience proves, without inconvenience.

The original of this precept was merely accidental. Tragedy was a monody or solitary song in honour of Bacchus, improved afterwards into a dialogue by the addition of another speaker; but the ancients, remembering that the tragedy was at first pronounced only by one, durst not for some time venture beyond two; at last when custom and impunity had made them daring, they extended their liberty to the admission of three, but restrained themselves by a critical edict from further exorbitance.

By what accident the number of acts was limited to five, I know not that any author has informed us; but certainly it is not determined by any necessity arising either from the nature of action or propriety of exhibition. An act is only the representation of such a

part

part of the business of the play as proceeds in an unbroken tenor, or without any intermediate pause. Nothing is more evident than that of every real, and by consequence of every dramatick action, the intervals may be more or fewer than five; and indeed the rule is upon the English stage every day broken in effect, without any other mischief than that which arises from an absurd endeavour to observe it in appearance. Whenever the scene is shifted the act ceases, since some time is necessarily supposed to elapse while the personages of the drama change their place.

With no greater right to our obedience have the critics confined the dramatick action to a certain number of hours. Probability requires that the time of action should approach somewhat nearly to that of exhibition, and those plays will always be thought most happily conducted which crowd the greatest variety into the least space. But since it will frequently happen that some delusion must be admitted, I know not where the limits of imagination can be fixed. It is rarely observed that minds, not prepossessed by mechanical criticism, feel any offence from the extension of the intervals between the acts; nor can I conceive it absurd or impossible, that he who can multiply three hours into twelve or twenty-four, might image with equal ease a greater number.

I know not whether he that professes to regard no other laws than those of nature, will not be inclined to receive tragi-comedy to his protection, whom, however generally condemned, her own laurels have hitherto shaded from the fulminations of criticism. For what is there in the mingled drama which impartial reason can condemn? The connexion of important with trivial incidents, since it is not only common but perpetual in the world, may surely be allowed upon the stage, which pretends only to be the mirror of life. The impropriety of suppressing passions before we have raised them to the intended agitation, and of diverting the expectation from an event which we keep suspended only to raise it, may be speciously urged. But will not experience shew this objection to be rather subtle than just? Is it not certain that the tragick and comick affections have been moved alternately with equal force, and that no

plays have oftener filled the eye with tears, and the breast with palpitation, than those which are variegated with interludes of mirth?

I do not however think it safe to judge of works of genius merely by the event. The restless vicissitudes of the heart, the alternate prevalence of merriment and solemnity, may sometimes be more properly ascribed to the vigour of the writer than the justness of the design; and instead of vindicating tragi-comedy by the success of Shakspeare, we ought perhaps to pay new honours to that transcendent and unbanded genius that could preside over the passions in sport; who, to actuate the affections, needed not the slow gradation of common means, but could fill the heart with instantaneous jollity or sorrow, and vary our disposition as he changed his scenes. Perhaps the effects even of Shakspeare's poetry might have been yet greater, had he not counteracted himself; and we might have been more interested in the distresses of his heroes, had we not been so frequently diverted by the jokes of his buffoons.

There are other rules more fixed and obligatory. It is necessary that of every play the chief action should be single; for since a play represents some transaction, through its regular maturation to its final event, two actions equally important must evidently constitute two plays.

As the design of tragedy is to instruct by moving the passions, it must always have a hero, a personage apparently and incontestably superior to the rest, upon whom the attention may be fixed, and the anxiety suspended. For though of two persons opposing each other with equal abilities and equal virtue, the auditor will inevitably in time choose his favourite, yet as that choice must be without any cogency of conviction, the hopes or fears which it raises will be faint and languid. Of two heroes acting in confederacy against a common enemy, the virtues or dangers will give little emotion, because each claims our concern with the same right, and the heart lies at rest between equal motives.

It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only

because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his

view, by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

N^o CLVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1751.

ΟΙ ΑΙΔΩΙ

Πιστοι, ε αιδωις μολυα εινται εδ' οινον.

HOM.

SHAME GREATLY HURTS OR GREATLY HELPS MANKIND.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH one of your correspondents has presumed to mention with some contempt that presence of attention and easiness of address, which the polite have long agreed to celebrate and esteem, yet I cannot be persuaded to think them unworthy of regard or cultivation; but am inclined to believe that, as we seldom value rightly what we have never known the misery of wanting, his judgment has been vitiated by his happiness; and that a natural exuberance of assurance has hindered him from discovering it's excellence and use.

Th's felicity, whether bestowed by constitution, or obtained by early habits, I can scarcely contemplate without envy. I was bred under a man of learning in the country, who inculcated nothing but the dignity of knowledge, and the happiness of virtue. By frequency of admonition, and confidence of assertion, he prevailed upon me to believe, that the splendour of literature would always attract reverence, if not darkened by corruption. I therefore pursued my studies with incessant industry, and avoided every thing which I had been taught to consider either as vicious or tending to vice, because I regarded guilt and reproach as inseparably united, and thought a tainted reputation the greatest calamity.

At the university, I found no reason for changing my opinion; for though many among my fellow-students took the opportunity of a more remiss discipline to gratify their passions; yet virtue preserved her natural superiority, and those who ventured to neglect, were not suffered to insult her. The ambition of petty accomplishments found it's way into the receptacles of learning, but was

observed to seize commonly on those who either neglected the sciences, or could not attain them; and I was therefore confirmed in the doctrines of my old master, and thought nothing worthy of my care but the means of gaining or imparting knowledge.

This purity of manners, and intensity of application, soon extended my renown, and I was applauded by those whose opinion I then thought unlikely to deceive me, as a young man that gave uncommon hopes of future eminence. My performances in time reached my native province, and my relations congratulated themselves upon the new honours that were added to their family.

I returned home covered with academical laurels, and fraught with criticism and philosophy. The wit and the scholar excited curiosity, and my acquaintance was solicited by innumerable invitations. To please will always be the wish of benevolence, to be admired must be the constant aim of ambition; and I therefore considered myself as about to receive the reward of my honest labours, and to find the efficacy of learning and of virtue.

The third day after my arrival I dined at the house of a gentleman who had summoned a multitude of his friends to the annual celebration of his wedding-day. I set forward with great exultation, and thought myself happy that I had an opportunity of displaying my knowledge to so numerous an assembly. I felt no sense of my own insufficiency, till going up stairs to the dining-room, I heard the mingled roar of obstreperous merriment. I was however disgusted rather than terrified, and went forward without dejection. The whole company rose at my entrance; but when I saw so many eyes fixed at once upon me, I was blasted with a sudden imbecility, I was quelled

because it is established, that he may
neither violate essential principles by a
desire of novelty, nor depart himself from
the attainment of beauties within his
view, by a needless fear of breaking
rules which no literary dictator had an
authority to enact.

No. CLVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17. 1751.

Of a late

By a late

Hand

THE RAMBLER.

TO THE RAMBLER.

THOUGH I have your correspondence

with some contentment, I have not
attended to others of which which
the polite have long agreed to consider
and esteem, yet I cannot be persuaded to
think them unworthy of regard or con-
sideration; but am inclined to believe that
as we seldom value things which we have
never known the utility of wanting,
his judgment has been vitiated by the
prejudice; and that a natural taste for
simplicity has been hindered from its full
covering its excellence and the
The felicity which is followed by
contentment, or obtained by early hap-
piness, I can scarcely entertain with
any envy. I was bred under a man of
learning in the country, who insisted
nothing but the rights of knowledge,
and the happiness of virtue, the in-
fluence of education, and confidence
of attention, he pressed upon me to be-
lieve, that the splendour of literature
would always attend retirement, if that
marked by corruption. I therefore
pursued my studies with industry in
dustry, and avoided every thing which I
had been taught to consider either as
one or contrary to vice, because I regarded
ed guilt and reputation as inseparable
united, and thought a talent upon which
the greatest calamity.

At the first, I found no reason
for changing my opinion; for though
many among my fellow-students took
the opportunity of a more remote dis-
tance to gratify their passions, yet virtue
prevalent her natural superiority, and
those who ventured to neglect, were not
satisfied to neglect her. The emphasis of
poetic accomplishments found its way
into the recesses of learning, but was

directed to the common use of those who
either neglected the sciences, or could
not attend them; and I was therefore
contented in the doctrine of my old
master, and thought nothing worthy of
contending in the doctrine of gaining or
improving knowledge.

This party of mankind, and some
kind of application, soon extended to
reason, and I was persuaded by that
which opinion I then thought unlikely
to deceive me, as a young man that gave
an uncommon hope of future success.
My particular in this respect was
never provided, and my relations con-
sidered themselves upon the new ho-
nour, that were added to their family.
I received some order with regard to
my studies, and I was with content
and philosophy. The old and the new
the exact curiosity, and my education
was not hindered by domestic affairs.
The great will always be the
well of some of them to be admitted
in the country, and of ambition, and I
therefore continued myself as usual in
the country, and of my studies, and
and to feel the efficacy of learning and
of virtue.

The third day (the day after) I found
at the house, a young man who had
been a student in the university, and
the usual education of his country.
I sat forward with great interest
to him, and thought myself happy that I
had an opportunity of discussing my
knowledge to him, and in the midst
I felt no farther, my own interest, I
felt him up to the things which I
learned, and the manner of his dispo-
sition. I was however divided
between them, and I was torn
without decision. The whole country
told me my success, but when I was to
many eyes, and I was upon me I was
blessed with a thousand admirers. I was
happy.

the necessity of accompanying is many

times at once.

When I sit down I consider that

nothing more was likely to be

done, and resolved to do my best

to do it with the same spirit as if I

had no other business on earth.

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RAMBLER.

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times at once.
When I sit down I consider that
nothing more was likely to be
done, and resolved to do my best
to do it with the same spirit as if I
had no other business on earth.

the necessity of accompanying is many
times at once.
When I sit down I consider that
nothing more was likely to be
done, and resolved to do my best
to do it with the same spirit as if I
had no other business on earth.

possessed by some natural power which
could not be resisted. My light
was dimmed, my cheeks glowed, my
breath was suspended, I was
seized by the multitude of eyes that
looked on me, and I turned the common
place of the common place.

the necessity of accompanying is many
times at once.
When I sit down I consider that
nothing more was likely to be
done, and resolved to do my best
to do it with the same spirit as if I
had no other business on earth.

the necessity of accompanying is many
times at once.
When I sit down I consider that
nothing more was likely to be
done, and resolved to do my best
to do it with the same spirit as if I
had no other business on earth.

[illegible]



quelled by some nameless power which I found impossible to be resisted. My sight was dazzled, my cheeks glowed, my perceptions were confounded; I was harassed by the multitude of eager salutations, and returned the common civilities with hesitation and impropriety; the sense of my own blunders increased my confusion, and before the exchange of ceremonies allowed me to sit down, I was ready to sink under the oppression of surprize; my voice grew weak, and my knees trembled.

The assembly then refused their places, and I sat with my eyes fixed upon the ground. To the questions of curiosity, or the appeals of complaisance, I could seldom answer but with negative monosyllables, or professions of ignorance; for the subjects on which they conversed were such as are seldom discussed in books, and were therefore out of my range of knowledge. At length an old clergyman, who rightly conjectured the reason of my conciseness, relieved me by some questions about the present state of natural knowledge, and engaged me, by an appearance of doubt and opposition, in the explication and defence of the Newtonian philosophy.

The consciousness of my own abilities roused me from depression, and long familiarity with my subject enabled me to discourse with ease and volubility; but however I might please myself, I found very little added by my demonstrations to the satisfaction of the company and my antagonist, who knew the laws of conversation too well to detain their attention long upon an unpleasing topic, after he had commended my acuteness and comprehension, dismissed the controversy, and resigned me to my former insignificance and perplexity.

After dinner, I received from the ladies, who had heard that I was a wit, an invitation to the tea-table. I congratulated myself upon an opportunity to escape from the company, whose gaiety began to be tumultuous, and among whom several hints had been dropped of the uselessness of universities, the folly of book-learning, and the awkwardness of scholars. To the ladies therefore I flew, as to a refuge from clamour, insult, and rusticity; but found my heart sink as I approached their apartment, and was again disconcerted by the ceremonies of entrance, and confounded by

the necessity of encountering so many eyes at once.

When I sat down I considered that something pretty was always said to ladies, and resolved to recover my credit by some elegant observation or graceful compliment. I applied myself to the recollection of all that I had read or heard in praise of beauty, and endeavoured to accommodate some classical compliment to the present occasion. I sunk into profound meditation, revolved the characters of the heroines of old, considered whatever the poets have sung in their praise, and after having borrowed and invented, chosen and rejected a thousand sentiments, which, if I had uttered them, would not have been understood, I was awakened from my dream of learned gallantry by the servant who distributed the tea.

There are not many situations more incessantly uneasy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak, without courage to take it when it is offered, and who, though he resolves to give a specimen of his abilities, always finds some reason or other for delaying it to the next minute. I was ashamed of silence, yet could find nothing to say of elegance or importance equal to my wishes. The ladies, afraid of my learning, thought themselves not qualified to propose any subject of prattle to a man so famous for dispute, and there was nothing on either side but impatience and vexation.

In this conflict of shame, as I was re-assembling my scattered sentiments, and resolving to force my imagination to some sprightly folly, had just found a very happy compliment, by too much attention to my own meditations, I suffered the saucer to drop from my hand. The cup was broken, the lap-dog was scalded, a brocaded petticoat was stained, and the whole assembly was thrown into disorder. I now considered all hopes of reputation as at an end, and while they were consoling and assisting one another, stole away in silence.

The misadventures of this unhappy day are not yet at an end; I am afraid of meeting the meanest of them that triumphed over me in this state of stupidity and contempt, and feel the same terrors encroaching upon my heart at the sight of those who once impressed them. Shame, above any other passion, propagates

pagates itself. Before those who have seen me confuted, I can never appear without new confusion, and the remembrance of the weakness which I formerly discovered, hinders me from acting or speaking with my natural force.

But is this misery, Mr. Rambler, never to cease? Have I spent my life in study only to become the sport of the ignorant, and debarred myself from all the common enjoyments of youth to collect ideas which must sleep in silence,

and form opinions which I must not divulge? Inform me, dear Sir, by what means I may rescue my faculties from these shackles of cowardice, how I may rise to a level with my fellow-beings, recal myself from this languor of involuntary subjection to the free exertion of my intellects, and add to the power of reasoning the liberty of speech.

I am, Sir, &c.

VERECUNDULUS.

N^o CLVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1751.

GRAMMATICI CEATANT, ET ADHUC SU^u JUDICE LIS EST.

HOR.

—CRITICKS YET CONTEND,

AND OF THEIR VAIN DISPUTINGS FIND NO END.

FRANCIS.

CRITICISM, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and sagacity, and, since the revival of polite literature, the favourite study of European scholars, has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science. The rules hitherto received are seldom drawn from any settled principle or self-evident postulate, or adapted to the natural and invariable constitution of things; but will be found upon examination the arbitrary edicts of legislators, authorised only by themselves, who, out of various means by which the same end may be attained, selected such as happened to occur to their own reflexion, and then, by a law which idleness and timidity were too willing to obey, prohibited new experiments of wit, restrained fancy from the indulgence of her innate inclination to hazard and adventure, and condemned all future flights of genius to pursue the path of the Meonian eagle.

This authority may be more justly opposed, as it is apparently derived from them whom they endeavour to controul; for we owe few of the rules of writing to the acuteness of critics, who have generally no other merit than that, having read the works of great authors with attention, they have observed the arrangement of their matter, or the graces of their expression, and then expected honour and reverence for precepts which they never could have invented: so that practice has introduced rules, rather than rules have directed practice.

For this reason the laws of every spe-

cies of writing have been settled by the ideas of him who first raised it to reputation, without enquiry whether his performances were not yet susceptible of improvement. The excellencies and faults of celebrated writers have been equally recommended to posterity; and so far has blind reverence prevailed, that even the number of their books has been thought worthy of imitation.

The imagination of the first authors of lyric poetry was vehement and rapid, and their knowledge various and extensive. Living in an age when science had been little cultivated, and when the minds of their auditors, not being accustomed to accurate inspection, were easily dazzled by glaring ideas, they applied themselves to instruct, rather by short sentences and striking thoughts, than by regular argumentation; and finding attention more successfully excited by sudden fallies and unexpected exclamations, than by the more artful and placid beauties of methodical deduction, they loosed their genius to its own course, passed from one sentiment to another without expressing the intermediate ideas, and roved at large over the ideal world with such lightness and agility, that their footsteps are scarcely to be traced.

From this accidental peculiarity of the ancient writers the critics deduce the rules of lyric poetry, which they have set free from all the laws by which other compositions are confined, and allow to neglect the niceties of transition, to start into remote digressions,

digressions, and to wander without restraint from one scene of imagery to another.

A writer of later times has, by the vivacity of his essays, reconciled mankind to the same licentiousness in short dissertations; and he therefore who wants skill to form a plan, or diligence to pursue it, needs only entitle his performance an essay, to acquire the right of heaping together the collections of half his life, without order, coherence, or propriety.

In writing, as in life, faults are endured without disgust when they are associated with transcendent merit, and may be sometimes recommended to weak judgments by the lustre which they obtain from their union with excellence; but it is the business of those who presume to superintend the taste or morals of mankind, to separate delusive combinations, and distinguish that which may be praised from that which can only be excused. As vices never promote happiness, though when overpowered by more active and more numerous virtues, they cannot totally destroy it; so confusion and irregularity produce no beauty, though they cannot always obstruct the brightness of genius and learning. To proceed from one truth to another, and connect distant propositions by regular consequences, is the great prerogative of man. Independent and unconnected sentiments flashing upon the mind in quick succession, may, for a time, delight by their novelty, but they differ from systematical reasonings, as single notes from harmony, as glances of lightning from the radiance of the sun.

When rules are thus drawn, rather from precedents than reason, there is danger not only from the faults of an author, but from the errors of those who criticise his works; since they may often mislead their pupils by false representations, as the Ciceronians of the sixteenth century were betrayed into barbarisms by corrupt copies of their darling writer.

It is established at present, that the preeminent lines of a poem, in which the general subject is proposed, must be void of glitter and embellishment. 'The first lines of *Paradise Lost*,' says Addison, 'are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precepts of Horace.'

This observation seems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion without consideration either of the precept or example. Had Horace been consulted, he would have been found to direct only what should be comprised in the proposition, not how it should be expressed, and to have commended Homer in opposition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the judicious expansion of his plan; for displaying unpromised events, not for producing unexpected elegancies.

— *Speciosa debuit miracula promissis,
Antiphaten Scyllamque, et cum Cyclopa Charybdim.*

But from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,
And pours his specious miracles to fight;
Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

FRANCIS

If the exordial verses of Homer be compared with the rest of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainness or simplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ἀνδρᾶς μὲν ἱστῶσι Μῶδον ἑοικέντα ποταμῷ,
ὅτι πᾶσι
πλάγχθη, ἐντὶ Τροίης ἕποντο Ὀδυσσεύς ἱστοί.
Πηλεΐδῃ δ' ἀνδρῶν βασιλεύῃ, ἡ πόλις ἴστω
Πηλεΐδῃ δ' ὅς τις ἐστὶν ἄλλος ἀνὴρ ὅς τις
ἄλλος
'Ἄλλος δ' ἂν ἴστωις ἄλλος δ' ἂν ἴστωις
'Ἄλλος δ' ἂν ἴστωις ἄλλος δ' ἂν ἴστωις
Ἄλλος γὰρ ἐστὶν ἄλλος γὰρ ἐστὶν ἄλλος
Νῆστος ἢ κατὰ βῆστος ἢ κατὰ βῆστος
'Ἄλλος αὖτ' ἂν ἴστωις ἄλλος αὖτ' ἂν ἴστωις
Τὸν ἀμύμονα γὰρ, οὐκ, ὁ γὰρ αὖτ' ἂν ἴστωις
ἄλλος.

The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, O muse! resound,
Who, when his arms had wrought the destruction,
Tin'd fall.

Of sacred Troy, and rais'd her heav'n-built
wall,
Wand'ring from clime to clime observant
Stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.

On stormy seas, unnumber'd toils he born,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore.
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day;
The god vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men! unblest'd!) to touch that natal
shore.

O snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial muse! and to our world relate.

POPE,

The

The first verses of the *Iliad* are in like manner particularly splendid, and the proposition of the *Eneid* closes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil.

The intent of the introduction is to raise expectation, and suspend it; something therefore must be discovered; and something concealed; and the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet

unknown, may properly recommend himself by the grace of his language.

He that reveals too much, or promises too little; he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or that immediately satiates it, equally defeats his own purpose. It is necessary to the pleasure of the reader, that the events should not be anticipated; and how then can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expression?

Nº CLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1751.

SUNT VARIA ET VOCES, QUIBUS HUNC LENIRE DOLOREM,
POSSIT ET MAGNAM MOARI DEPONERE PARTEM.

Hor.

THE POWER OF WORDS, AND SOOTHING SOUNDS, APPEASE
THE RAGING PAIN, AND LESSEN THE DISEASE.

FRANCIS.

THE imbecility with which Veretundulus complains that the presence of a numerous assembly freezes his faculties, is particularly incident to the studious part of mankind, whose education necessarily secludes them in their earlier years from mingled converse; till at their dismissal from schools and academies they plunge at once into the tumult of the world, and coming forth from the gloom of solitude are overpowered by the blaze of publick life.

It is perhaps kindly provided by nature, that, as the feathers and strength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till she is able to fly, so some proportion should be preserved in the human kind between judgment and courage; the precipitation of inexperience is therefore restrained by shame, and we remain shackled by timidity, till we have learned to speak and act with propriety.

I believe few can review the days of their youth, without recollecting temptations, which shame, rather than virtue, enabled them to resist; and opinions which, however erroneous in their principles, and dangerous in their consequences, they have panted to advance at the hazard of contempt and hatred, when they found themselves irresistibly depressed by a languid anxiety, which seized them at the moment of utterance, and still gathered strength from their endeavours to resist it.

It generally happens that assurance

keeps an even pace with ability, and the fear of miscarriage, which hinders our first attempts, is gradually dissipated as our skill advances towards certainty of success. That bashfulness, therefore which prevents disgrace, that short and temporary shame which secures us from the danger of lasting reproach, cannot be properly counted among our misfortunes.

Bashfulness, however it may incommode for a moment, scarcely ever produces evils of long continuance; it may flush the cheek, flutter in the heart, deject the eyes, and enchain the tongue, but it's mischiefs soon pass off without remembrance. It may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

It is observed somewhere, that *few have repented of having forbore to speak*.

To excite opposition, and inflame malevolence, is the unhappy privilege of courage made arrogant by consciousness of strength. No man finds in himself any inclination to attack or oppose him who confesses his superiority by blushing in his presence. Qualities exerted with apparent fearfulness, receive applause from every voice, and support from every hand. Diffidence may check resolution, and obstruct performance, but compensates it's embarrassments by more important advantages; it conciliates the proud, and softens the severe, averts envy from excellence, and censure from miscarriage.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z



It may indeed happen that knowledge and virtue remain too long congealed by this frigorifick power, as the principles of vegetation are sometimes obstructed by lingering frosts. He that enters late into a publick station, though with all the abilities requisite to the discharge of his duty, will find his powers at first impeded by a timidity which he himself knows to be vicious, and must struggle long against dejection and reluctance, before he obtains the full command of his own attention, and adds the gracefulness of ease to the dignity of merit.

For this disease of the mind I know not whether any remedies of such efficacy can be found. To advise a man unaccustomed to the eyes of multitudes to mount a tribunal without perturbation, to tell him whose life has passed in the shades of contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an inhabitant of Brasilor Sumatra not to shiver at an English winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain to look from a precipice without emotion. It is to impose custom instantaneously, to control by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept that which only time and habit can bestow.

He that hopes by philosophy and contemplation alone to fortify himself against that awe which all, at their first appearance on the stage of life, must feel from the spectators, will, at the hour of need, be mocked by his resolution; and I doubt whether the preservatives which Plato relates Alcibiades to have received from Socrates, when he was about to speak in publick, proved sufficient to secure him from the powerful fascination.

Yet as the effects of time may by art and industry be accelerated or retarded, it cannot be improper to consider how this troublesome instinct may be opposed when it exceeds it's just proportion, and instead of repressing petulance

and temerity, silences eloquence, and debilitates force; since, though it cannot be hoped that anxiety should be immediately dissipated, it may be at least somewhat abated; and the passions will operate with less violence, when reason rises against them, than while she either slumbers in neutrality, or, mistaking her interest, lends them her assistance.

No cause more frequently produces bashfulness than too high an opinion of our own importance. He that imagines an assembly filled with his merit, panting with expectation, and hushed with attention, easily terrifies himself with the dread of disappointing them, and strains his imagination in pursuit of something that may vindicate the veracity of fame, and shew that his reputation was not gained by chance. He considers, that what he shall say or do will never be forgotten; that renown or infamy are suspended upon every syllable, and that nothing ought to fall from him which will not bear the test of time. Under such solicitude, who can wonder that the mind is overwhelmed, and by struggling with attempts above her strength, quickly sinks into languishment and despondency?

The most useful medicines are often unpleasing to the taste. Those who are oppressed by their own reputation, will perhaps not be comforted by hearing that their cares are unnecessary. But the truth is, that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us, of whom perhaps not one appears to deserve our notice, or excite our sympathy, we should remember, that we likewise are lost in the same throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.

R A M E R

NO. 10 SATURDAY

There are many names which can be used in writing a certain thing, and it is not always possible to find the best word to use. It is not always possible to find the best word to use. It is not always possible to find the best word to use.

The first of these is the fact that the
 people of the world are not
 yet united in a common
 sentiment. The second is
 the fact that the people of
 the world are not yet united
 in a common sentiment. The
 third is the fact that the
 people of the world are not
 yet united in a common
 sentiment. The fourth is the
 fact that the people of the
 world are not yet united in
 a common sentiment. The
 fifth is the fact that the
 people of the world are not
 yet united in a common
 sentiment. The sixth is the
 fact that the people of the
 world are not yet united in
 a common sentiment. The
 seventh is the fact that the
 people of the world are not
 yet united in a common
 sentiment. The eighth is the
 fact that the people of the
 world are not yet united in
 a common sentiment. The
 ninth is the fact that the
 people of the world are not
 yet united in a common
 sentiment. The tenth is the
 fact that the people of the
 world are not yet united in
 a common sentiment.

THE
R A M B L E R.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Nº CLX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1751.

— INTER SE CONVENIT URIS.

JUV.

BEASTS OF EACH KIND THEIR FELLOWS SHARE;
BEAR LIVES IN AMITY WITH BEAR.

‘THE world,’ says Locke, ‘has people of all sorts.’ As in the general hurry produced by the superfluities of some, and necessities of others, no man need to stand still for want of employment, so in the innumerable gradations of ability, and endless varieties of study and inclination, no employment can be vacant for want of a man qualified to discharge it.

Such is probably the natural state of the universe, but it is so much deformed by interest and passion, that the benefit of this adaptation of men to things is not always perceived. The folly or indigence of those who set their services to sale, inclines them to boast of qualifications which they do not possess, and attempt business which they do not understand; and they who have the power of assigning to others the task of life, are seldom honest or seldom happy in their nominations. Patrons are corrupted by avarice, cheated by credulity, or overpowered by restless solicitation. They are sometimes too strongly influenced by honest prejudices of friendship, or the prevalence of virtuous compassion. For, whatever cool reason may direct, it is not easy for a man of tender and scrupulous goodness to overlook the immediate effect of his own actions, by turning his eyes upon remoter consequences, and to do that which must give present pain, for the sake of obviating evil yet unfelt, or securing advantage in time to come. What is distant is in itself obscure, and, when we have

no wish to see it, easily escapes our notice, or takes such a form as desire or imagination bestows upon it.

Every man might for the same reason, in the multitudes that swarm about him, find some kindred mind with which he could unite in confidence and friendship; yet we see many straggling single about the world, unhappy for want of an associate, and pining with the necessity of confining their sentiments to their own bosoms.

This inconvenience arises in like manner from struggles of the will against the understanding. It is not often difficult to find a suitable companion, if every man would be content with such as he is qualified to please. But if vanity tempts him to forsake his rank, and post himself among those with whom no common interest or mutual pleasure can ever unite him, he must always live in a state of unsocial separation, without tenderness and without trust.

There are many natures which can never approach within a certain distance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, seem to start back from each other by some invincible repulsion. There are others which immediately cohere whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and with very little formality of preparation mingle intimately as soon as they meet. Every man, whom either business or curiosity has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many instances of fondness and dislike, which

have forced themselves upon him without the intervention of his judgment; of dispositions to court some and avoid others, when he could assign no reason for the preference, or none adequate to the violence of his passions; of influence that acted instantaneously upon his mind, and which no arguments or persuasions could ever overcome.

Among those with whom time and intercourse have made us familiar, we feel our affections divided in different proportions without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows some whom he cannot induce himself to trust, though he has no reason to suspect that they would betray him; those to whom he cannot complain, though he never observed them to want compassion; those in whose presence he never can be gay, though excited by invitations to mirth and freedom; and those from whom he cannot be content to receive instruction, though they never insulted his ignorance by contempt or ostentation.

That much regard is to be had to those instincts of kindness and dislike, or that reason should blindly follow them, I am far from intending to inculcate: it is very certain that by indulgence we may give them strength which they have not from nature, and almost every example of ingratitude and treachery proves, that by obeying them we may commit our happiness to those who are very unworthy of so great a trust. But it may deserve to be remarked, that since few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to solicit the good-will of those whom we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us; neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy, and though officiousness may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded, they will at last be dismissed with coldness, or discouraged by neglect.

Some have indeed an occult power of stealing upon the affections, of exciting universal benevolence, and disposing every heart to fondness and friendship. But this is a felicity granted only to the favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a different reception from different dispositions; they sometimes obtain unexpected caresses from those whom they never flattered with uncommon regard, and sometimes exhaust all their arts of pleasing without

effect. To these it is necessary to look round and attempt every breast in which they find virtue sufficient for the foundation of friendship; to enter into the crowd, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on some temper congenial to their own, as the magnet rolled in the dust collects the fragments of its kindred metal from a thousand particles of other substances.

Every man must have remarked the facility with which the kindness of others is sometimes gained by those to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almost into different species, which regard one another for the most part with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears, and conversation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which another cannot feel; pleasures which he cannot partake; and modes of expressing every sensation which he cannot understand. That frolic which shakes one man with laughter, will convulse another with indignation; the strain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raise esteem we must benefit others; to procure love we must please them. Aristotle observes, that old men do not readily form friendships, because they are not easily susceptible of pleasure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal gusto the favourite amusement, he whose mind is employed on the same objects, and who therefore never harasses the understanding with unaccustomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardour, and left with regret, unless he destroys those recommendations by faults with which peace and security cannot consist.

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure; but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid dissingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that suffers himself to be driven or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him, and for which at last he must scorn himself.

Nº CLXI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1756.

Οιέ γε φύλλα γένε, τόσους δ' Ἀνδρας.

TRAIL AS THE LEAVES THAT QVIVER ON THE SPRAYS,
LIKE THEM MAN FLOURISHES, LIKE THEM DECAYS.

MR. RAMBLER.

YOU have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and enquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance, than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of less importance to any present interest than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary, little more is necessary than to mention a name which mankind have conspired to forget; he will make his way to remote scenes of action through obscurity and contradiction, as Tully sought amidst bushes and brambles the tomb of Archimedes.

It is not easy to discover how it concerns him that gathers the produce, or receives the rent of an estate, to know through what families the land has passed, who is registered in the Conqueror's survey as it's possessor, how often it has been forfeited by treason, or how often sold by prodigality. The power or wealth of the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much increased by an enquiry after the names of those barbarians, who destroyed one another twenty centuries ago, in contests for the shelter of woods or convenience of pasturage. Yet we see that no man can be at rest in the enjoyment of a new purchase till he has learned the history of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the parish, and that no nation omits to record the actions of their ancestors, however bloody, savage, and rapacious.

The same disposition, as different opportunities call it forth, discovers itself in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wife man to slumber in total inactivity, only because he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or genius; it is therefore my custom to apply my atten-

tion to the objects before me, and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the history and antiquities of the several garrets in which I have resided.

Many of these narratives my industry has been able to extend to a considerable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the house, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plasterer having, at her entrance, obliterated, by his white-wash, all the finiky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philosophers, and poets.

When I first cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me, that the hoped-for tenant was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no disturbance to her family, and soon dispatched a bargain on the usual terms.

I had not slept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before he began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress; and was somewhat mortified when I heard that the first tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a

piece of cloth which he was trusted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at last received visits so frequently from a cousin in Cheap-side, that she brought the reputation of the house into danger, and was therefore dismissed with good advice.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that she had judged hardly, and often wished for such another lodger. At last an elderly man of a grave aspect read the bill, and bargained for the room at the very first price that was asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom went out till evening, and then returned early, sometimes cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchased, he never had small money in his pocket, and though cool and temperate on other occasions, was always vehement and stormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactness, and seldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a supper. At last, such is the fate of human felicity, the house was alarmed at midnight by the constable, who demanded to search the garrets. My landlady, assuring him that he had mistaken the door, conducted him up stairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty house, and escaped; much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honest man, and wonders why any body should be hanged for making money when such numbers are in want of it. She however confesses that she shall for the future always question the character of those who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teased for seven weeks by innumerable passengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five stories, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a publick street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with fresh paper, asked questions about the neighbour-

hood, could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the windows had looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her earnest the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnished waistcoat, desired to see the garret, and when he had stipulated for two long shelves, and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of his room, and lived very inoffensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unreasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated—

—“*O, universa domata sum!*
This hab'itant th' aerial regions boasts,

hard words, to which his neighbours listened so often, that they learned them without understanding them. What was his employment he did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy enquire for the author.

My landlady was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, though he was quiet for the present, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as she was punctually paid, she could not find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her, by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants, who left the house on Saturday, and instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom had

had spent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering disease, and was now supported and attended by the other: she climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks without impatience, or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which her sister suffered; and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of useless sorrow, and return-

ing to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which have happened in the narrow space where my present fortune has fixed my residence. So true it is that amusement and instruction are always at hand for those who have skill and willingness to find them; and so just is the observation of Juvenal, that a single house will show whatever is done or suffered in the world,

I am, Sir, &c.

Nº CLXII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1751.

ORBUS ES, ET LOCUPLES, ET BRUTO CONSULE NATVS,
ESSE TIBI VERAS CREDIS AMICITIAS?
SUNT VERÆ; SED QUAS JUVENIS, QUAS PAUPER HABERAS,
QUIS NOVUS EST, MORTEM DILIGIT ILLE TUAM.

MART,

WHAT! OLD, AND RICH, AND CHILDLESS TOO,
AND YET BELIEVE YOUR FRIENDS ARE TRUE?
TRUTH MIGHT PERHAPS TO THOSE BELONG,
TO THOSE WHO LOV'D YOU POOR AND YOUNG;
BUT, TRUST ME, FOR THE NEW YOU HAVE,
THEY'LL LOVE YOU DEARLY—IN YOUR GRAVE.

P. LEWIS.

ONE of the complaints uttered by Milton's Sampson, in the anguish of blindness, is, that he shall pass his life under the direction of others; that he cannot regulate his conduct by his own knowledge, but must lie at the mercy of those who undertake to guide him.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom than perpetual and unlimited dependence; in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to some degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in it's operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

Such is the weakness of man, that the essence of things is seldom so much regarded as external and accidental appendages. A small variation of trifling circumstances; a slight change of form by an artificial dress, or a casual difference of appearance, by a new light and situation, will conciliate affection or excite abhorrence, and determine us to pursue or to avoid. Every man considers a necessity of compliance with any will but his own; as the lowest state of igno-

miny and meanness; few are so far lost in cowardice or negligence, as not to rouse at the first insult of tyranny, and exert all their force against him who usurps their property, or invades any privilege of speech or action. Yet we see often those who never wanted spirit to repel encroachment or oppose violence, at last, by a gradual relaxation of vigilance, delivering up, without capitulation, the fortress which they defended against assault, and laying down unbidden the weapons which they grasped the harder for every attempt to wrest them from their hands. Men eminent for spirit and wisdom often resign themselves to voluntary pupillage, and suffer their lives to be modelled by officious ignorance, and their choice to be regulated by presumptuous stupidity.

This unresisting acquiescence in the determination of others may be the consequence of application to some study remote from the beaten track of life, some employment which does not allow leisure for sufficient inspection of those petty affairs by which nature has decreed a great part of our duration to be filled. To a mind thus withdrawn from common objects, it is more eligible to repose on the prudence of another, than to be exposed every moment to slight interruptions.

ruptions. The submission which such confidence requires, is paid without pain, because it implies no confession of inferiority. The business from which we withdraw our cognizance, is not above our abilities, but below our notice. We please our pride with the effects of our influence thus weakly exerted, and fancy ourselves placed in a higher orb, from which we regulate subordinate agents by a slight and distant superintendence. But whatever vanity or abstraction may suggest, no man can safely do that by others which might be done by himself; he that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

It is however impossible but that, as the attention tends strongly towards one thing, it must retire from another; and he that omits the care of domestick business, because he is engrossed by enquiries of more importance to mankind, has at least the merit of suffering in a good cause. But there are many who can plead no such extenuation of their folly; who shake off the burthen of their station, not that they may soar with less incumbrance to the heights of knowledge or virtue, but that they may loiter at ease and sleep in quiet; and who select for friendship and confidence not the faithful and the virtuous, but the soft, the civil, and compliant.

This openness to flattery is the common disgrace of declining life. When men feel weakness increasing on them, they naturally desire to rest from the struggles of contradiction, the fatigue of reasoning, the anxiety of circumspection; when they are hourly tormented with pains and diseases, they are unable to bear any new disturbance, and consider all opposition as an addition to misery, of which they feel already more than they can patiently endure. Thus desirous of peace, and thus fearful of pain, the old man seldom enquires after any other qualities in those whom he caresses, than quickness in conjecturing his desires, activity in supplying his wants, dexterity in intercepting complaints before they approach near enough to disturb him, flexibility to his present humour, submission to hasty petulance, and attention to wearisome narrations. By these arts alone many have been able to defeat the claims of kindred and of me-

rit, and to enrich themselves with presents and legacies.

Thrasylbulus inherited a large fortune, and augmented it by the revenues of several lucrative employments, which he discharged with honour and dexterity. He was at last wise enough to consider, that life should not be devoted wholly to accumulation, and therefore retiring to his estate, applied himself to the education of his children, and the cultivation of domestick happiness.

He passed several years in this pleasing amusement, and saw his care amply recompensed: his daughters were celebrated for modesty and elegance, and his sons for learning, prudence, and spirit. In time the eagerness with which the neighbouring gentlemen courted his alliance, obliged him to resign his daughters to other families; the vivacity and curiosity of his sons hurried them out of rural privacy into the open world, from whence they had not soon an inclination to return. This however he had always hoped; he pleased himself with the success of his schemes, and felt no inconvenience from solitude till an apoplexy deprived him of his wife.

Thrasylbulus had now no companion; and the maladies of increasing years having taken from him much of the power of procuring amusement for himself, he thought it necessary to procure some inferior friend who might ease him of his economical sollicitudes, and divert him by cheerful conversation. All these qualities he soon recollected in Vafer, a clerk in one of the offices over which he had formerly presided. Vafer was invited to visit his old patron, and being by his station acquainted with the present modes of life, and by constant practice dextrous in business, entertained him with so many novelties, and so readily disentangled his affairs, that he was desired to resign his clerkship, and accept a liberal salary in the house of Thrasylbulus.

Vafer having always lived in a state of dependance, was well versed in the arts by which favour is obtained, and could without repugnance or hesitation accommodate himself to every caprice, and echo every opinion. He never doubted but to be convinced, nor attempted opposition but to flatter Thrasylbulus with the pleasure of a victory. By this practice he found his way into his patron's heart,

heart, and having first made himself agreeable, soon became important. His insidious diligence, by which the laziness of age was gratified, engrossed the management of affairs; and his petty offices of civility, and occasional intercessions, persuaded the tenants to consider him as their friend and benefactor, and to entreat his enforcement of their representations of hard years; and his countenance to petitions for abatement of rent.

Thrasybulus had now banqueted on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harshness of remonstrance, or the insipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion shocked him like a violation of some natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own in-

spection was dreaded by him as a summons to torture. His children were alarmed by the sudden riches of Vaser, but their complaints were heard by their father with impatience, as the result of a conspiracy against his quiet, and a design to condemn him, for their own advantage, to groan out his last hours in perplexity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes, but the son continued his importunities till he found his inheritance hazarded by his obstinacy. Vaser triumphed over all their efforts, and continuing to confirm himself in authority, at the death of his master purchased an estate, and bade defiance to equity and justice.

Nº CLXIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1751.

MITE SUPPRA PATI FASTIDIA, SPERMQUE CADUCAM
DESPECT; VIVE TIBI, NAM MORIERE TIBI.

SENECA.

HOW TO NO PATRON'S INSOLENCE; RELY

ON NO FRILE HOPE, IN FREEDOM LIVE AND DIE.

F. LEWIS.

NONE of the cruelties exercised by wealth and power upon indigence and dependance is more mischievous in its consequences, or more frequently practised with wanton negligence, than the encouragement of expectations which are never to be gratified, and the elation and depression of the heart by needless vicissitudes of hope and disappointment.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wishes is therefore equally destructive to happiness with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he never shall obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

But representations thus refined exhibit no adequate idea of the guilt of pretended friendship; of artifices by which followers are attracted only to decorate the retinue of pomp, and swell the shout of popularity, and to be dismissed with contempt and ignominy, when their leader has succeeded or miscarried, when he is sick of show, and weary of noise. While a man, infatuated with the promises of greatness, wastes his hours and days in attendance and solicitation, the honest opportuni-

ties of improving his condition pass by without his notice; he neglects to cultivate his own barren soil, because he expects every moment to be placed in regions of spontaneous fertility; and is seldom roused from his delusion, but by the gripe of distress which he cannot resist, and the sense of evils which cannot be remedied.

The punishment of Tantalus in the infernal regions affords a just image of hungry servility. Flattered with the approach of advantage, doomed to lose it before it comes into his reach, always within a few days of felicity, and always sinking back to his former wants.

Καὶ μὲν Τάνταλος ἱερὸν χελὶν ἄλυσεν ἔχοντα
Ἐγδόν, ἐν δὲ αἵματι, ἢ δὲ σπέρματι λαλῶν
Ζῆτο δὲ δίδων· αἶμα δ' ἢ χυλὸν λαμβάνει.
Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἔστιν ἢ γίγνηται αἶμα πατρὸς.
Τάνταλόν τ' ἀποκτείναντα σπέρματι χυλὸν δὲ
αἶμα δὲ
Τάνταλόν τ' ἀποκτείναντα σπέρματι χυλὸν δὲ
αἶμα δὲ
Οὐχ αἶμα, ἀλλ' αἶμα, ἢ μὲν αἶμα ἀποκτείναντα
Ζῆτο δὲ δίδων, ἢ δὲ αἶμα λαμβάνει.
Τὸν δὲ αἶμα δὲ γίγνηται αἶμα πατρὸς
Τὰ δ' ἀποκτείναντα σπέρματι χυλὸν δὲ αἶμα δὲ

' I saw, says Homer's Ulysses, ' the
' severe punishment of Tantalus. In

a lake whose waters approached to his lips, he stood burning with thirst, without the power to drink. Whenever he inclined his head to the stream, some deity commanded it to be dry, and the dark earth appeared at his feet. Around him lofty trees spread their fruits to view; the pear, the pomegranate, and the apple, the green olive, and the luscious fig, quivered before him, which, whenever he extended his hand to seize them, were snatched by the winds into clouds and obscurity.

This image of misery was perhaps originally suggested to some poet by the conduct of his patron, by the daily contemplation of splendor which he never must partake, by fruitless attempts to catch at interdicted happiness, and by the sudden evanescence of his reward, when he thought his labours almost at an end.

To groan with poverty, when all about him was opulence, riot, and superfluity, and to find the favours which he had long been encouraged to hope, and had long endeavoured to deserve, squandered at last on nameless ignorance, was to thirst with water flowing before him, and to see the fruits to which his hunger was hastening, scattered by the wind. Nor can my correspondent, whatever he may have suffered, express with more justness or force the vexations of dependance.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I Am one of those mortals who have been courted and envied as the favourites of the great. Having often gained the prize of composition at the university, I began to hope that I should obtain the same distinction in every other place, and determined to forsake the profession to which I was destined by my parents, and in which the interest of my family would have procured me a very advantageous settlement. The pride of wit fluttered in my heart; and when I prepared to leave the college, nothing entered my imagination but honours, caresses, and rewards, riches without labour, and luxury without expence.

I however delayed my departure for a time, to finish the performance by which I was to draw the first notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed, I hurried to London, and con-

sidered every moment that passed before its publication as lost in a kind of neutral existence, and cut off from the golden hours of happiness and fame. The piece was at last printed and disseminated by a rapid sale; I wandered from one place of concourse to another, feasted from morning to night on the repetition of my own praises, and enjoyed the various conjectures of critics, the mistaken candour of my friends, and the impotent malice of my enemies. Some had read the manuscript, and rectified its inaccuracies; others had seen it in a state so imperfect, that they could not forbear to wonder at its present excellences; some had conversed with the author at the coffee-house, and others gave hints that they had lent him money.

I knew that no performance is so favourably read as that of a writer who suppresses his name, and therefore resolved to remain concealed, till those by whom literary reputation is established had given their suffrages too publicly to retract them. At length my bookseller informed me that Aurantius, the standing patron of merit, had sent enquiries after me, and invited me to his acquaintance.

The time which I had long expected was now arrived. I went to Aurantius with a beating heart, for I looked upon our interview as the critical moment of my destiny. I was received with civilities, which my academick rudeness made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my confusion, I prosecuted the conversation with such sweetness and propriety, that I confirmed my new friend in his esteem of my abilities, and was dismissed with the utmost ardour of profession, and raptures of fondness.

I was soon summoned to dine with Aurantius, who had assembled the most judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my powers of sentiment and expression, and again found every eye sparkling with delight, and every tongue silent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of Aurantius, but could never, in his most private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of esteem, or endearments of tenderness, which included no particular promise, and therefore conferred no claim. This frigid reserve somewhat disgusted me; and when he complained of three days absence,

absence; I took care to inform him with how much importunity of kindness I had been detained by his rival Pollio.

Aurantiu's now considered his honour as endangered by the desertion of a wit; and left I should have an inclination to wander, told me that I could never find a friend more constant or zealous than himself; that indeed he had made no promise, because he hoped to surprise me with advancement, but had been silently promoting my interest, and should continue his good offices, unless he found the kindness of others more desired.

If you, Mr. Rambler, have ever ventured your philosophy within the attraction of greatness, you know the force of such language introduced with a smile of gracious tenderness, and impressed at the conclusion with an air of solemn sincerity. From that instant I gave myself up wholly to Aurantiu; and as he immediately resumed his former gaiety, expected every morning a summons to some employment of dignity and profit. One month succeeded another, and in defiance of appearances I still fancied myself nearer to my wishes, and continued to dream of success, and wake to disappointment. At last the failure of my little fortune compelled me to abate the finery which I hitherto thought necessary to the company with whom I associated, and the rank to which I should be raised. Aurantiu, from the moment in which he discovered my poverty, considered me as fully in his power, and afterwards rather permitted my attendance than invited it; thought himself at liberty to refuse my visits whenever he had other amusements within reach, and often suffered me to wait without pretending any necessary business. When I was admitted to his table, if any man of rank equal to his own was present, he took occasion to mention my writings,

and commend my ingenuity, by which he intended to apologise for the confusion of distinctions, and the improper allotment of his company; and often called upon me to entertain his friends with my productions, as a sportsman delights the squire of his neighbourhood with the curvets of his horse, or the obedience of his spaniels.

To complete my mortification, it was his practice to impose tasks upon me, by requiring me to write upon such subjects as he thought susceptible of ornament and illustration. With these extorted performances he was little satisfied, because he rarely found in them the ideas which his own imagination had suggested, and which he therefore thought more natural than mine.

When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeness and insult soon enter the breach. He now found that he might safely harass me with vexation, that he had fixed the shackles of patronage upon me, and that I could neither resist him nor escape. At last, in the eighth year of my servitude, when the clamour of creditors was vehement, and my necessity known to be extreme, he offered me a small office; but hinted his expectation that I should marry a young woman with whom he had been acquainted.

I was not so far depressed by my calamities as to comply with his proposal; but knowing that complaints and expostulations would but gratify his insolence, I turned away with that contempt with which I shall never want spirit to treat the wretch who can outgo the guilt of a robber without the temptation of his profit, and who lures the credulous and thoughtless to maintain the show of his levee, and the mirth of his table, at the expence of honour, happiness, and life.

I am, Sir, &c. **LIBERALIS.**

N^o CLXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1751.

VITTIUM, CAUSI, CATONIS HABES, &c. MARTI.
CAURUS PRETENDS TO CATO'S PANE;
AND PROVES, BY CATO'S VICE, HIS CLAIM.

DISTINCTION is so pleasing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment

of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarriage of secret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance,

important, in reality none are conspicuous except ourselves.

Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praise is the variety of means by which it's attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The ascents of honour, however steep, never appear inaccessible; he that despairs to scale the precipices by which valour and learning have conducted their favourites, discovers some by-path, or easier acclivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the summit, will yet enable him to overlook those with whom he is now contending for eminence; and we seldom require more to the happiness of the present hour, than to surpass him that stands next before us.

As the greater part of human kind speak and act wholly by imitation, most of those who aspire to honour and applause propose to themselves some example which serves as the model of their conduct, and the limit of their hopes. Almost every man, if closely examined, will be found to have enlisted himself under some leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have some hero or other, living or dead, in his view, whose character he endeavours to assume, and whose performances he labours to equal.

When the original is well chosen and judiciously copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to discover new possibilities of excellence, and to distinguish themselves by means never tried before.

But folly and idleness often contrive to gratify pride at a cheaper rate: not the qualities which are most illustrious, but those which are of easiest attainment, are selected for imitation; and the honours and rewards which public gratitude has paid to the benefactors of mankind, are expected by wretches who can only imitate them in their vices and defects, or adopt some petty singularities, of

which those from whom they are borrowed were secretly ashamed.

No man rises to such a height as to become conspicuous, but he is on one side censured by undiscerning malice, which reproaches him for his best actions, and flanders his apparent and incontestable excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues. It may be observed, that he by whose intimacy his acquaintances imagine themselves dignified, generally diffuses among them his mien and his habits; and indeed without more vigilance than is generally applied to the regulation of the minutest parts of behaviour, it is not easy, when we converse much with one whose general character excites our veneration, to escape all contagion of his peculiarities, even when we do not deliberately think them worthy of our notice, and when they would have excited laughter or disgust had they not been protected by their alliance to nobler qualities, and accidentally comforted with knowledge or with virtue.

The faults of a man loved or honoured, sometimes steal secretly and imperceptibly upon the wise and virtuous, but by injudicious fondness or thoughtless vanity are adopted with design. There is scarce any failing of mind or body, any error of opinion, or depravity of practice, which, instead of producing shame and discontent, it's natural effects; has not at one time or other gladdened vanity with the hopes of praise, and been displayed with ostentatious industry by those who sought kindred minds among the wits or heroes, and could prove their relation only by similitude of deformity.

In consequence of this perverse ambition, every habit which reason condemns may be indulged and avowed. When a man is upbraided with his faults, he may indeed be pardoned if he endeavours to run for shelter to some celebrated name; but it is not to be suffered that, from the retreats to which he fled from infamy, he should issue again with the confidence of conquests, and call upon mankind for praise. Yet we see men that waste their patrimony in luxury, destroy their health with debauchery, and enervate their minds with idleness, because there have been some whom luxury never could sink into con-

tempt, nor idleness hinder from the praise of genius.

This general inclination of mankind to copy characters in the gross, and the force which the recommendation of illustrious examples adds to the allurements of vice, ought to be considered by all whose character excludes them from the shades of secrecy, as incitements to scrupulous caution and universal purity of manners. No man, however enslaved to his appetites, or hurried by his passions, can, while he preserves his intellects unimpaired, please himself with promoting the corruption of others. He whose merit has enlarged his influence, would surely wish to exert it for the benefit of mankind. Yet such will be the effect of his reputation, while he suffers himself to indulge any favourite fault, that they who have no hope to

reach his excellencies will catch at his failings, and his virtues will be cited to justify the copies of his vices.

It is particularly the duty of those who consign illustrious names to posterity, to take care lest their readers be misled by ambiguous examples. That writer may be justly condemned as an enemy to goodness, who suffers fondness or interest to confound right with wrong, or to shelter the faults which even the wisest and the best have committed from that ignominy which guilt ought always to suffer, and with which it should be more deeply stigmatized when dignified by its neighbourhood to uncommon worth, since we shall be in danger of beholding it without abhorrence, unless its turpitude be laid open, and the eye secured from the deception of surrounding splendour.

N^o CLXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1751.

Ἡ νῆξ, ἡ ἀλλὰ πῖνε; νύχθ' αὖν, πλῆσις αἶμα.

Ἦ μὲν ἡ ἀντρον εἰς τὸν ἡμῶν.

Ὅς τὸν μὲν χρεῖται δύναμις, ὅς τὸν δὲ δύναμις.

Νῦν δ' ἐπὶ χρεῖται μὲν δύναμις, τὸν δὲ δύναμις.

ANTIPHILUS.

YOUNG WAS ONCE AND POOR, NOW RICH AND OLD;

A HARDER CASE THAN MINE WAS NEVER TOLD;

BLEST WITH THE POW' R TO USE THEM—I HAD NONE;

LOADED WITH RICHES NOW, THE POW' R IS GONE.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

THE writers who have undertaken the unpromising task of moderating desire, exert all the power of their eloquence to shew that happiness is not the lot of man, and have by many arguments and examples proved the instability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have set before our eyes all the calamities to which we are exposed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the stratagems of malice; they have terrified greatness with conspiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticism, and beauty with disease.

All the force of reason, and all the charms of language, are indeed necessary to support positions which every man hears with a wish to confute them. Truth finds an easy entrance into the mind when she is introduced by desire, and attended by pleasure; but when she

intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and sorrow in her train, the passes of the intellect are barred against her by prejudice and passion; if she sometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, she seldom long keeps possession of her conquests, but is ejected by some favoured enemy, or at best obtains only a nominal sovereignty, without influence and without authority.

That life is short we are all convinced, and yet suffer not that conviction to repress our projects or limit our expectations; that life is miserable we all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we shall feel it no longer. But to hope happiness and immortality is equally vain. Our state may indeed be more or less embittered, as our duration may be more or less contracted; yet the utmost felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of misery, and we shall always feel more pain from our wants than pleasure from our enjoyments.

ments. The incident which I am going to relate will shew, that to destroy the effect of all our success, it is not necessary that any single calamity should fall upon us, that we should be harassed by implacable persecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brightest hours of prosperity have their clouds, and the stream of life, if it is not ruffled by obstructions, will grow putrid by stagnation.

My father resolving not to imitate the folly of his ancestors, who had hitherto left the younger sons encumbrances on the eldest, destined me to a lucrative profession, and I being careful to lose no opportunity of improvement, was, at the usual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for the exercise of the business which I had chosen.

My eagerness to distinguish myself in publick, and my impatience of the narrow scheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not suffer me to continue long in the town where I was born. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a resolution to return no more, till I should be able to dazzle with my splendor those who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward those who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to shew all who had suffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they mistook their interest in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I sallied forth into the unknown world, in quest of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very short time; for what could withhold them from industry and knowledge? He that indulges hope will always be disappointed: Reputation I very soon obtained; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myself yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity.

I had however in time surmounted the obstacles by which envy and competition obstruct the first attempts of a new claimant, and saw my opponents and censurers tacitly confessing their despair of success, by courting my friendship and yielding to my influence. They who once pursued me, were now satisfied to escape from me; and they who had before thought me presumptuous in hoping to overtake them, had now their utmost wish, if they were permitted at no great distance quietly to follow me.

My wants were not much multiplied as my acquisitions increased; and the time came at length, when I thought myself enabled to gratify all reasonable desires, and when, therefore, I resolved to enjoy that plenty and serenity which I had been hitherto labouring to procure; to enjoy them while I was yet neither crushed by age into infirmity, nor so habituated to a particular manner of life as to be unqualified for new studies or entertainments.

I now quitted my profession, and to set myself at once free from all importunities to resume it, changed my residence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amusement. Amidst innumerable projects of pleasure which restless idleness incited me to form, and of which most, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, some accident revived in my imagination the pleasing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to visit those from whom I had been so long absent, in such a manner as was consistent with my former resolution, and I wondered how it could happen that I had so long delayed my own happiness.

Full of the admiration which I should excite, and the homage which I should receive, I dressed my servants in a more ostentatious livery, purchased a magnificent chariot, and resolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with an unexpected blaze of greatness.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not easily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I thought very tedious, I soled my impatience with imaging the various censures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which some would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would strike on others; the awkward respect with which I should be assailed by timorous officiousness; and the distant reverence with which others, less familiar to splendour and dignity, would be contented to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I should immediately descend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condescension more grateful by a gentle transition from haughtiness and reserve. At length I determined to forget some of my companions, till they discovered themselves by some indubitable token,

and

and to receive the congratulations of others upon my good fortune with indifference, to show that I always expected what I had now obtained. The acclamations of the populace I purposed to reward with six hogheads of ale, and a roasted ox, and then recommend to them to return to their work.

At last all the trappings of grandeur were fitted, and I began the journey of triumph, which I could have wished to have ended in the same moment; but my horses felt none of their master's ardour, and I was shaken four days upon rugged roads. I then entered the town, and having graciously let fall the glasses, that my person might be seen, passed slowly through the street. The noise of the wheels brought the inhabitants to their doors, but I could not perceive that I was known by them. At last I alighted, and my name, I suppose, was told by my servants, for the barber slept from the opposite house, and seized me by the hand with honest joy in his countenance, which, according to the rule that I had prescribed to myself, I repressed with a frigid graciousness. The fellow, instead of sinking into dejection, turned away with contempt, and left me to consider how the second salutation should be received. The next friend was better treated, for I soon found that I must purchase by civility that regard which I had expected to enforce by insolence.

There was yet no smoke of bonfires,

N^o CLXVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1751.

PAUPER ERIS SEMPER, SI PAUPER ES. EMILIANE, NON ERIS UNQUAM
DANTER OPERE MULLI NUNC NISI DIVITIBUS.

POOR, MY FRIEND, STILL POOR YOU MUST REMAIN; BUT I CAN

THE RICH ALONE HAVE ALL THE MEANS OF GAIN.

NEW. CAVE.

NO complaint has been more frequently repeated in all ages than that of the neglect of merit associated with poverty, and the difficulty with which valuable or pleasing qualities force themselves into view, when they are obscured by indigence. It has been long observed, that native beauty has little power to charm without the ornaments which fortune bestows, and that to want the favour of others is often sufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

no harmony of bells, no shout of crowds, nor riot of joy; the business of the day went forward as before, and after having ordered a splendid supper, which no man came to partake, and which my chagrin hindered me from tasting, I went to bed, where the vexation of disappointment overpowered the fatigue of my journey, and kept me from sleep.

I rose so much humbled by those mortifications, as to inquire after the present state of the town, and found that I had been absent too long to obtain the triumph which had flattered my expectation. Of the friends whose compliments I expected, some had long ago moved to distant provinces, some had lost in the maladies of age all sense of another's prosperity, and some had forgotten our former intimacy amidst care and distresses. Of three whom I had resolved to punish for their former offences by a longer continuance of neglect, one was, by his own industry, raised above my scorn, and two were sheltered from it in the grave. All those whom I loved, feared or hated, all whose envy or whose kindness I had hopes of contemplating with pleasure, were swept away, and their place was filled by a new generation with other views and other competitions; and among many proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred upon me very few distinctions in my native place.

I am, Sir, &c.

SEROTINUS.

Every day discovers that mankind are not yet convinced of their error, or that their conviction is without power to influence their conduct; for poverty still continues to produce contempt, and still obstructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The eye of wealth is elevated towards higher stations, and seldom descends to examine the actions of those who are placed below the level of its notice, and who in distant regions and lower situations are struggling with dis-

MARTIN.

trifles; or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with insuperable calamity, it is common to find those whom a very little assistance would enable to support themselves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they see hourly lavished in ostentation, luxury, or frolick.

There are natural reasons why poverty does not easily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the conversation of the lowest classes of mankind, must necessarily want those accomplishments which are the usual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indisputable right to reverence and kindness, they will not be distinguished by common eyes, unless they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are cast aside like unpolished gems, of which none but the artist knows the intrinsic value, till their asperities are smoothed and their incrustations rubbed away.

The grossness of vulgar habits obstructs the efficacy of virtue, as impurity and harshness of style impairs the force of reason, and rugged numbers turn off the mind from artifice of disposition, and fertility of invention. Few have strength of reason to over-rule the perceptions of sense; and yet fewer have curiosity or benevolence to struggle long against the first impression: he therefore who fails to please in his salutation and address, is at once rejected, and never obtains an opportunity of showing his latent excellencies, or essential qualities.

It is indeed not easy to prescribe a successful manner of approach to the distressed or necessitous, whose condition subjects every kind of behaviour equally to miscarriage. He whose confidence of merit incites him to meet without any apparent sense of inferiority the eyes of those who flattered themselves with their own dignity, is considered as an insolent leveller, impatient of the just prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to usurp the station to which he has no right, and to confound the subordinations of society; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that spirit which even want and calamity are not able to restrain from rudeness and rebellion.

But no better success will commonly be found to attend servility and dejection,

which often give pride the confidence to treat them with contempt. A request made with diffidence and timidity is easily denied, because the petitioner himself seems to doubt it's fitness.

Kindness is generally reciprocal, we are desirous of pleasing others; because we receive pleasure from them; but by what means can the man please whose attention is engrossed by his distresses, and who has no leisure to be officious, whose will is restrained by his necessities, and who has no power to confer benefits; whose temper is perhaps vitiated by misery, and whose understanding is impeded by ignorance?

It is yet a more offensive discouragement, that the same actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and instead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It sometimes happens in the combinations of life, that important services are performed by inferiors; but though their zeal and activity may be paid by pecuniary rewards, they seldom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that accumulation of recompence, with which all think it their duty to acknowledge the favour of those who descend to their assistance from a higher elevation. To be obliged, is to be in some respect inferior to another; and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raises one whom they have always been accustomed to think below them, but satisfy themselves with faint praise and penurious payment; and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

It may be always objected to the services of those who can be supposed to want a reward, that they were produced not by kindness but interest; they are therefore, when they are no longer wanted, easily disregarded as arts of insinuation, or stratagems of selfishness. Benefits which are received as gifts from wealth, are exacted as debts from indigence; and he that in a high station is celebrated for superfluous goodness, would in a meaner condition have barely been confessed to have done his duty.

It is scarcely possible for the utmost benevolence to oblige, when exerted under the disadvantages of great inferiority; for by the habitual arrogance of wealth,

wealth; such expectations are commonly formed as no zeal or industry can satisfy; and what regard can he hope who has done less than was demanded from him?

There are indeed kindnesses conferred which were never purchased by precedent favours, and there is an affection not arising from gratitude or gross interest, by which similar natures are attracted to each other, without prospect of any other advantage than the pleasure of exchanging sentiments, and the hope of confirming their esteem of themselves by the approbation of each other. But this spontaneous fondness seldom rises at the sight of poverty, which every one regards with habitual contempt, and of which the applaus is no more courted by vanity, than the countenance is solicited by ambition. The most generous and disinterested friendship must be relieved at last into the love of ourselves; he therefore whose reputation or dignity inclines us to consider his esteem as a testimonial of desert, will always find our hearts open to his endearments. We every day see men of eminence fol-

lowed with all the obsequiousness of dependance, and courted with all the blandishments of flattery; by those who want nothing from them but professions of regard, and who think themselves liberally rewarded by a bow, a smile, or an embrace.

But those prejudices which every mind feels more or less in favour of riches, ought, like other opinions which only custom and example have impressed upon us, to be in time subjected to reason. We must learn how to separate the real character from extraneous adfections and casual circumstances, to consider closely him whom we are about to adopt or to reject; to regard his inclinations as well as his actions; to trace out those virtues which lie torpid in the heart for want of opportunity, and those vices that lurk unseen by the absence of temptation; that when we find worth faintly shooting in the shades of obscurity, we may let in light and sunshine upon it, and ripen barren volition into efficacy and power.

Nº CLXVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1751.

CANDIDA PERPETUO RESINE CONCORDIA LECTO,

TAMQUE SATIEMPER SIT VENUS AQUA JUGO;

DELIGAT IPSA SENEM QUONDAM, SED ET IPSA MARITO

TEM QUOQUE CUM PERIT, NON VIDEATUR ANUS.

MART.

THEIR NUPTIAL BED MAY SMILING CONCORD DRESS;

AND VENUS STILL THE HAPPY UNION BLESS!

WRINKLED WITH AGE, MAY MUTUAL LOVE AND TRUTH

TO THEIR DIM EYES RECALL THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

IT is not common to envy those with whom we cannot easily be placed in comparison. Every man sees without malevolence the progress of another in the tracks of life which he has himself no desire to tread, and hears, without inclination to cavils or contradiction, the renown of those whose distance will not suffer them to draw the attention of mankind from his own merit. The tailor never thinks it necessary to contest the lawyer's abilities; nor would the Rambler, however jealous of his reputation, be much disturbed by the success of rival wit at Agra or Ispahan.

We do not therefore ascribe to you

any superlative degree of virtue, when we believe that we may inform you of our change of condition without danger of malignant fascination; and that when you read of the marriage of your correspondents Hymenæus and Tranquilla, you will join your wishes to those of their other friends for the happy event of an union in which caprice and selfishness had so little part.

There is at least this reason why we should be less deceived in our conjugal hopes than many who enter into the same state, that we have allowed our minds to form no unreasonable expectations, nor vitiated our fancies, in the soft hours of courtship, with visions of felicity which human power cannot bestow, or of perfection which human vir-

the cannot attain. That impartiality with which we endeavoured to inspect the manners of all whom we have known was never so much overpowered by our passion, but that we discovered some faults and weaknesses in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are inconveniences likewise to be endured; and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliar virtues, we must find different opinions and opposite inclinations.

We however flatter ourselves, for who is not flattered by himself as well as by others on the day of marriage, that we are eminently qualified to give mutual pleasure. Our birth is without any such remarkable disparity as can give either an opportunity of insulting the other with pompous names and splendid alliances, or of calling in, upon any domestic controversy, the overbearing assistance of powerful relations. Our fortune was equally suitable, so that we meet without any of those obligations which always produce reproach, or suspicion of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the first month, no delicacy will always suppress, or of which the suppression must be considered as a new favour, to be repaid by sameness and submission, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the desire of pleasing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

The settlements caused no delay; for we did not trust our affairs to the negotiation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying stipulations. Tranquilla scorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whose hands she delivered up her person; and Hymenæus thought no act of baseness more criminal than his who enslaves his wife by her own generosity, who by marrying without a jointure condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at last boasts his liberality, by granting what only the indiscretion of her kindness enabled him to withhold. He therefore received on the common terms the portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reserved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for those excellencies which he has yet been able to discover only in Tranquilla.

We did not pass the weeks of courtship like those who consider themselves

as taking the last draught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit, or who know themselves about to let happiness to hazard, and endeavour to lose their sense of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amusement, and whirl round the gulph before they sink. Hymenæus often repeated a medical axiom, that *the succours of sickness ought not to be washed in health*. We know that however our eyes may yet sparkle, and our hearts bound at the presence of each other, the time of listlessness and satiety, of pævillness and discontent, must come at last, in which we shall be driven for relief to shows and recreations; that the uniformity of life must be sometimes diversified, and the vacuities of conversation sometimes supplied. We rejoice in the reflection that we have stores of novelty yet unexhausted, which may be opened when repletion shall call for change, and gratifications yet untasted, by which life, when it shall become vapid or bitter, may be restored to its former sweetness and sprightliness, and again irritate the appetite, and again sparkle in the cup.

Our time will probably be less tasteless than that of those whom the authority and avarice of parents unites almost without their consent in their early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflection, or collected materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often seen rising in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to dose, whose happiness was celebrated by their neighbours, because they happened to grow rich by parsimony, and to be kept quiet by insensibility, and agreed to eat and to sleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no strangers to the faults and virtues, the designs and competitions, the hopes and fears, of our contemporaries. We have both amused our leisure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wisdom. Every occurrence furnishes us with some hint which one or the other can improve; and if it should happen that memory or imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving solitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a distance, exhibit this general resemblance, yet a nearer inspection discovers such a dissimilitude of our habits and sentiments, as leaves each son peculiar

cellar advantages; and affords that *concordia discors*, that suitable disagreement which is always necessary to intellectual harmony. There may be a total diversity of ideas which admits no participation of the same delight; and there may likewise be such a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the decisions of the other. With such contrariety there can be no peace; with such similarity there can be no pleasure. Our reasonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the same conclusion. Our thoughts, like rivolets issuing from distant springs, are each impregnated in it's course with various mixtures, and tinged by infusions unknown to the other, yet at last easily unite into one stream, and purify themselves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities.

These benefits we receive in a greater degree as we converse without reserve, because we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from avowed experiences, no habits to be indulged by the private subserviency of a favoured servant, no private interviews of needy relations, no intelligence with spies placed upon each other. We considered marriage as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for

ever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardor of desire, which the first sight of pleasure naturally produces, have long ceased to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has shewn us that few gratifications are too valuable to be sacrificed to complaisance. We have thought it convenient to rest from the fatigue of pleasure, and now only continue that course of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, supported in our resolution by mutual encouragement, and assisted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is our prospect of life; a prospect which, as it is beheld with more attention, seems to open more extensive happiness, and spread by degrees into the boundless regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, and we are doomed to give one instance more of the uncertainty of human discernment, we shall comfort ourselves amidst our disappointments, that we were not betrayed but by such delusions as caution could not escape; since we sought happiness only in the arms of virtue. We are, Sir, your humble servants,

HYMNÆUS,

TRANQUILLAS.

Nº CLXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1751.

DECIPIT

FRONT PRIMA MULTOS, RARA MENS INTELLIGIT
QUOD INTERIORE CONDIDIT CURA ANGULO.

PRÆDUS.

THE TINSEL GLITTER, AND THE SPECIOUS Mien,
DELUDE THE MOST; FEAR PRY BEHIND THE SCENE.

IT has been observed by Boileau, that a mean or common thought expressed in pompous diction, generally pleases more than a new or noble sentiment delivered in low and vulgar language; because the number is greater of those whom custom has enabled to judge of words, than whom study has qualified to examine things.

This solution might satisfy, if such only were offended with meanness of expression as are unable to distinguish propriety of thought, and to separate propositions or images from the vehicles by which they are conveyed to the under-

standing. But this kind of disgust is by no means confined to the ignorant or superficial; it operates uniformly and universally upon readers of all classes; every man, however profound or abstracted, perceives himself irresistibly alienated by low terms; they who profess the most zealous adherence to truth, are forced to admit that the owes part of her charms to her ornaments; and loses much of her power over the soul, when she appears disgraced by a dress uncouth or ill-adjusted.

We are all offended by low terms, but are not disgusted alike by the same com-

positions, because we do not all agree to censure the same terms as low. No word is naturally or intrinsically meaner than another; our opinion therefore of words, as of other things arbitrarily and capriciously established, depends wholly upon accident and custom. The cottager thinks those apartments splendid and spacious, which an inhabitant of palaces will despise for their inelegance; and to him who has passed most of his hours with the delicate and polite, many expressions will seem sordid, which another, equally acute, may hear without offence; but a mean term never fails to displease him to whom it appears mean, as poverty is certainly and invariably despised, though he who is poor in the eyes of some may by others be envied for his wealth.

Words become low by the occasions to which they are applied, or the general character of them who use them; and the disgust which they produce arises from the revival of those images with which they are commonly united. Thus if, in the most solemn discourse, a phrase happens to occur which has been successfully employed in some ludicrous narrative, the gravest auditor finds it difficult to refrain from laughter, when they who are not prepossessed by the same accidental association are utterly unable to guess the reason of his merriment. Words which convey ideas of dignity in one age, are banished from elegant writing or conversation in another, because they are in time debased by vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleasant images.

When Macbeth is confirming himself in the horrid purpose of stabbing his king, he breaks out amidst his emotions into a wish natural to a murderer.

Come, thick night!
And gull thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

In this passage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies sentiment, and animates matter; yet perhaps scarce any man now peruses it without some disturbance of his attention

from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the presence of night, invested not in common obscurity, but in the smoke of hell? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is destroyed by the insertion of an epithet now seldom heard but in the stable, and *dark* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we start into raptures when some hero of the *Iliad* tells us that *Diomedes* his lance rages with eagerness to destroy; if we are alarmed at the terror of the soldiers commanded by *Cæsar* to hew down the sacred grove, who dreaded, says *Lucan*, lest the axe aimed at the oak should fly back upon the striker—

—*Si robora sacra feriret,
In sua crudebant rediturus membra ferire;*

None dares with impious steel the grove to
read,
Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend;

we cannot surely but sympathise with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his master, his friend, his benefactor, who suspects that the weapon will refuse it's office, and start back from the breast which he is preparing to violate. Yet this sentiment is weakened by the name of an instrument used by butchers and cooks in the meanest employments; we do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a *knife*, or who does not, at last, from the long habit of connecting a knife with sordid offices, feel aversion rather than terror?

Macbeth proceeds to wish, in the madness of guilt, that the inspection of heaven may be intercepted, and that he may, in the involutions of infernal darkness, escape the eye of Providence. This is the utmost extravagance of determined wickedness; yet this is so debased by two unfortunate words, that while I endeavour to impress on my reader the energy of the sentiment, I can scarce check my risibility, when the expression forces itself upon my mind, for who, without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket*?

These imperfections of diction are less obvious to the reader, as he is less acquainted with common usages; they are therefore wholly imperceptible to a foreigner.

reigner, who learns our language from books, and will strike a solitary academic less forcibly than a modish lady.

Among the numerous requisites that must concur to complete an author, few are of more importance than an early entrance into the living world. The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public. Argumentation may be taught in colleges, and theories formed in retirement; but the artifice of embellishment, and the powers of attraction, can be gained only by general converse.

An acquaintance with prevailing customs and fashionable elegance is necessary likewise for other purposes. The injury that grand imagery suffers from unsuitable language, personal merit may fear from rudeness and indelicacy. When the success of *Aeneas* depended on the favour of the queen upon whose coasts he was driven, his celestial pro-

tedress thought him not sufficiently secured against rejection by his piety or bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever desires, for his writings or himself, what none can reasonably condemn, the favour of mankind, must add grace to strength, and make his thoughts agreeable as well as useful. Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard. It cannot be expected that the patrons of science or virtue should be solicitous to discover excellencies, which they who possess them shade and disguise. Few have abilities so much needed by the rest of the world as to be caressed on their own terms; and he that will not condescend to recommend himself by external embellishments, must submit to the fate of just sentiment, meanly expressed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is understood.

N^O. CLXIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1751.

NEC FLUTEUM CEDIT, NEC DEMORSOS SAPIT UNGUES.

PLESIUS.

NO BLOOD FROM BITTEN NAILS THOSE POEMS DREW;
BUT, CAVERN'D LIKE SPITTLE, FROM THE LIPS THEY FLEW.

DRYDEN.

N^ATURAL historians assert, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly to it's maturity. Thus the firmest timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and their birth.

The same observation may be extended to the offspring of the mind. Hasty compositions, however they please at first by flowery luxuriance, and spread in the sunshine of temporary favour, can seldom endure the change of seasons; but perish at the first blast of criticism, or frost of neglect. When Apelles was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer, than that *he painted for perpetuity*.

No vanity can more justly incur contempt and indignation than that which boasts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims such superiority to the rest of his

species, as to imagine that mankind are at leisure for attention to his extemporary sallies, and that posterity will repose his casual effusions among the treasures of ancient wisdom?

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products can not be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia.

The greatest part of those who congratulate themselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themselves would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or entitled to veneration and immortality.

on easy terms. This ardour of confidence is usually found among those who, having not enlarged their notions by books or conversation, are persuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour, that they have reached the summit of excellence, because they discover none higher than themselves; and who acquiesce in the first thoughts that occur, because their scantiness of knowledge allows them little choice, and the narrowness of their views affords them no glimpse of perfection of that sublime idea which human industry has from the first ages been vainly toiling to approach. They see a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their sphere of vision, as the Patuecos of Spain, who inhabited a small valley, conceived the surrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world. In proportion as perfection is more distinctly conceived, the pleasure of contemplating our own performances will be lessened; it may therefore be observed, that they who most deserve praise are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances; they know how much is still wanting to their completion, and wait with anxiety and terror the determination of the publick. "I please every one else," says Tully, "but never satisfy myself."

It has often been inquired, why, notwithstanding the advances of latter ages in science, and the assistance which the infusion of so many new ideas has given us, we still fall below the ancients in the art of composition. Some part of their superiority may be justly ascribed to the graces of their language, from which the most polished of the present European tongues are nothing more than barbarous degenerations. Some advantage they might gain merely by priority, which put them in possession of the most natural sentiments, and left us nothing but servile repetition or forced conceits. But the greater part of their praise seems to have been the just reward of modesty and labour. Their sense of human weakness confined them commonly to one study, which their knowledge of the extent of every science engaged them to prosecute with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except Statius who ventures to mention the speedy production of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did Statius, when he considered

himself as a candidate for lasting reputation, think a closer attention unnecessary, but amidst all his pride and indigence, the two great hasteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the Thebaid, and thinks his claim to renown proportionate to his labour.

Thebais, multa cruciata lima, statuta

Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuana

Gaudia famae,

Polist'd with endless toil, my lays

At length aspire to Mantua's praise.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his banishment for the imperfection of his letters, but mentions his want of leisure to polish them as an addition to his calamities; and was so far from imagining revisals and corrections unnecessary, that at his departure from Rome, he threw his Metamorphoses into the fire, lest he should be disgraced by a book which he could not hope to finish.

It seems not often to have happened that the same writer aspired to reputation in verse and prose; and of those few that attempted such diversity of excellence, I know not that even one succeeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a single mind able to support, and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than one kind of dramatick poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of Horace, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies, et multa litura*, much time, and many rasures, were considered as indispensable requisites; and that no other method of attaining lasting praise has been yet discovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuscripts of Milton now remaining, and from the tardy emission of Pope's compositions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were secure from his satire, and, what to an honest mind must be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him whose eagerness of praise hurries

hurries his productions soon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furnishes the materials, as well as regulates their disposition; and nothing depends upon search or information. Delay opens new veins of thought, the subject dismissed for a time appears with a new train of dependant images, the accidents of reading or conversation supply new ornaments or allusions, or mere intermission of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force, and make new excursions. But all those benefits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, snatched at the recompence, and gave his work to his friends and his enemies, as soon as impatience and pride persuaded him to conclude it.

One of the most pernicious effects of haste, is obscurity. He that teems with a quick succession of ideas, and perceives how one sentiment produces another,

easily believes that he can clearly express what he so strongly comprehends; he seldom suspects his thoughts of embarrassment, while he preserves in his own memory the series of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one sense is present to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abstruse or complicated argument, he will find, when he has a while withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpse of his own meaning, and that to explain it to those whom he desires to instruct, he must open his sentiments, disentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation, from which only absence can set them free; and every man ought to restore himself to the full exercise of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

Nº CLXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1751.

CONFITEOR; SI QUID PRODEST DELICTA PATERI.

QVID.

I GRANT THE CHARGE; FORGIVE THE FAULT CONFESS'D.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I AM one of those beings, from whom many, that melt at the sight of all other misery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; one whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to suffer without complaint, and perish without regard; and whom I myself have formerly insulted in the pride of reputation and security of innocence.

I am of a good family, but my father was burthened with more children than he could decently support. A wealthy relation, as he travelled from London to his country seat, condescending to make him a visit, was touched with compassion of his narrow fortune, and resolv'd to ease him of part of his charge, by taking the care of a child upon himself. Distress on one side, and ambition on the other, were too powerful for parental fondness, and the little family pass'd in review before him, that he might make his choice. I was then ten years

old, and without knowing for what purpose, I was call'd to my great cousin, endeavour'd to recommend myself by my best courtesy, sung him my prettiest song, told the last story that I had read, and so much endeared myself by my innocence, that he declared his resolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

My parents felt the common struggles at the thought of parting, and some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon. They considered, not without that false estimation of the value of wealth which poverty long continued always produces, that I was rais'd to higher rank than they could give me, and to hopes of more ample fortune than they could bequeath. My mother sold some of her ornaments to dress me in such a manner as might secure me from contempt at my first arrival; and when she dismissed me, press'd me to her bosom with an embrace that I still feel, gave me some precepts of piety, which, however neglected, I have not forgotten, and

uttered

uttered prayers for my final happiness, of which I have not yet ceased to hope that they will at last be granted.

My sisters envied my new finery, and seemed not much to regret our separation; my father conducted me to the stage-coach with a kind of cheerful tenderness; and in a very short time I was transported to splendid apartments, and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to show, noise, and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a blessing on her family with her last breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a sorrow which there was none to partake with me, and therefore soon ceased to reflect much upon my loss. My father turned all his care upon his other children, whom some fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I should have shared the increase of his fortune, and had once a portion assigned me in his will; but my cousin assuring him that all care for me was needless, since he had resolved to place me happily in the world, directed him to divide my part amongst my sisters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependance without resource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated into company, I was no longer to be supported in my former character, but at considerable expence; so that, partly lest I should waste money, and partly lest my appearance might draw too many compliments and assiduities, I was insensibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head servant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that resentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little services and active officiousness, and for a time preserved myself from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and studying to please rather than to shine. But my interest, notwithstanding this expedient, hourly declined, and my cousin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and consult me about the alterations of a cast gown.

I was now completely depressed; and though I had seen mankind enough to know the necessity of outward cheerfulness, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition

in my mind, and examine by what means I might escape from perpetual mortification. At last my schemes and sorrows were interrupted by a sudden change of my relation's behaviour, who one day took an occasion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me suffer myself no longer to be insulted, but assume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He assured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters should never hurt me; and, accompanying his professions with a purse of gold, ordered me to bespeak a rich suit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and insinuate that my other friends supplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this stratagem, which I did not then understand, he filled me with tenderness and gratitude, compelled me to repose on him as my only support, and produced a necessity of private conversation. He often appointed interviews at the house of an acquaintance, and sometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My sense of his favour, and the desire of retaining it, disposed me to unlimited complaisance; and though I saw his kindness grow every day more fond, I did not suffer any suspicion to enter my thoughts. At last the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the submission which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promises had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority subdued.

I know not why it should afford subject of exultation, to overpower on any terms the resolution, or surprise the caution of a girl; but of all the boasters that deck themselves in the spoils of innocence and beauty, they surely have the least pretensions to triumph, who submit to owe their success to some castral influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy, nor the force of understanding, in their attempts; they cannot please their vanity with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their address, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud themselves as possessed of any qualities, by which affection is attracted. They surmount no obstacles; they defeat no rivals, but attack only those who can-

not resist, and are often content to possess the body, without any solicitude to gain the heart.

Many of these despicable wretches does my present acquaintance with infamy and wickedness enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery; reptiles whom their own servants would have despised, had they not been their servants, and with whom beggary would have disdained intercourse, had she not been allured by hopes of relief. Many of the beings which are now rioting in taverns, or shivering in the streets, have been corrupted, not by arts of gallantry which stole gradually upon the affections and laid prudence asleep, but by the fear of losing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring resentment which they could not escape; some have been frightened by masters, and some awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had it's usual consequence,

and he soon perceived that I could not long continue in his family. I was distracted at the thought of the reproach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all discovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety, which perhaps none but himself saw in my countenance; but at last mingled his assurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total desertion, if in the moments of perturbation I should suffer his secret to escape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus passed the dismal hours till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended that my relations had sent for me to a distant country; and I entered upon a state which shall be described in my next letter.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISCELLA.

N^o CLXXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1751.

TRADET COELI CONVEXA TUERIT.

Virg.

DARK IS THE SUN, AND LOATHSOME IS THE DAY.

TO THE RAMBLER.

612,

MISCELLA now sits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preserve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from seduction, than a just description of the condition into which the wanton plunges herself, and therefore hope that my letter may be a sufficient antidote to my example.

After the distraction, hesitation, and delays, which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was removed to lodgings in a distant part of the town, under one of the characters commonly assumed upon such occasions. Here being by my circumstances condemned to solitude, I passed most of my hours in bitterness and anguish. The conversation of the people with whom I was placed was not at all capable of engaging my attention; or dispossessing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried to my retreat were such as heightened my abhorrence of myself; for I was not so far abandoned as to sink voluntarily

into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondness, but visited me so often, that I was sometimes afraid lest his assiduity should expose him to suspicion. Whenever he came he found me weeping, and was therefore less delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expostulations upon the unreasonableness of my sorrow, and innumerable protestations of everlasting regard, he at last found that I was more affected with the loss of my innocence, than the danger of my fame; and that he might not be disturbed by my remorse, began to lull my conscience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were such as my course of life has since exposed me often to the necessity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at first confounded me with their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the sincerity of my repentance, without substituting any other support. I listened a while to his

impious gabble, but its influence was soon overpowered by natural reason and early education; and the convictions which this new attempt gave me of his baseness completed my abhorrence. I have heard of barbarians, who, when tempests drive ships upon their coast, decoy them to the rocks that they may plunder their lading, and have always thought that wretches thus merciless in their depredations ought to be destroyed by a general insurrection of all social beings; yet how light is this guilt to the crime of him who, in the agitations of remorse, cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aside credulity from the paths of virtue, hides the light of Heaven which would direct her to return. I had hitherto considered him as a man equally betrayed with myself by the concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I now saw with horror that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was desirous to fit me to his purpose by complete and radical corruption.

To escape, however, was not yet in my power. I could support the expenses of my condition only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was necessary, and in a few weeks congratulated me upon my escape from the danger which we had both expected with so much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promise to restore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promised me in general terms, that nothing should be wanting which his power could add to my happiness; but forbore to release me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my speedy return, and was therefore outrageously impatient of his delays, which I now perceived to be only artifices of lewdness. He told me, at last, with an appearance of sorrow, that all hopes of restoration to my former state were for ever precluded; that chance had discovered my secret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained but to seek a retreat more private, where curiosity or hatred could never find us.

The rage, anguish, and resentment, which I felt at this account, are not to be expressed. I was in so much dread of reproach and infamy, which he represented as pursuing me with full cry, that I yielded myself implicitly to his

disposal, and was removed, with a thousand studied precautions, through by-ways and dark passages, to another house, where I harassed him with perpetual solicitations for a small annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obscurity and innocence.

This demand he at first evaded with ardent professions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and distrust; and having one day endeavoured to soothe me with uncommon expressions of tenderness, when he found my discontent immovable, left me with some heartless murmurs of anger. I was pleased that he was at last roused to sensibility, and expecting that at his next visit he would comply with my request, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hands, and was so much pleased with this pause of persecution, that I did not reflect how much his absence had exceeded the usual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting subsistence. I then suddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to supplicate for assistance. Necessity, however, soon overcame my modesty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no answer. I writ in terms more pressing, but without effect. I then sent an agent to enquire after him, who informed me, that he had quitted his house, and was gone with his family to reside for some time upon his estate in Ireland.

However shocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me, and therefore, by the sale of my clothes, I supported myself, expecting that every post would bring me relief. Thus I passed seven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and distress, enervated with discontent, and bewildered with uncertainty. At last, my landlady, after many hints of the necessity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my absence to search my boxes, and missing some of my apparel, seized the remainder for rent, and led me to the floor.

To remonstrate against legal cruelty was vain; to supplicate obdurate brutality was hopeless. I went away, I knew not whither, and wandered about without any settled purpose, unacquainted with the usual expedients of misery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had seen me before.

before, and hopeless of relief from those who were strangers to my former condition. Night came on in the midst of my distraction, and I still continued to wander till the menaces of the watch obliged me to shelter myself in a covered passage.

Next day, I procured a lodging in the backward garret of a mean house, and employed my landlady to enquire for a service. My applications were generally rejected for want of a character. At length I was received at a draper's; but when it was known to my mistress that I had only one gown, and that of silk, she was of opinion that I looked like a thief, and without warning hurried me away. I then tried to support myself by my needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work from a shop, and for three weeks, lived without repining; but when my punctuality had gained me so much reputation, that I was trusted to make up a head of some value, one of my fellow-lodgers stole the lace, and I was obliged to fly from a prosecution.

Thus driven again into the streets, I lived upon the least that could support me, and at night accommodated myself under pent-houses as well as I could. At length I became absolutely penniless; and having strolled all day without sustenance, was, at the close of evening, accosted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern. I refused him with hesitation; he seized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring house, where when he saw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes swelling with tears, he spurned me from him, and bid me eat and drink in some other place; he for his part would take care of his pockets.

I still continued to stand in the way, having scarcely strength to walk further, when another soon addressed me in the same manner. When he saw the same tokens of calamity, he considered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmness to reject. By this man I was maintained four months in penurious wickedness, and then abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject state I have now passed four years, the drudge of extortion, and the sport of drunkenness; sometimes the property of one man, and sometimes the common prey of accidental lawlesses; at one time tricked up for sale by the mistress of a brothel, at another begging in the streets to be relieved from hunger by wickedness; without any hope in the day but of finding some whom folly or excess may expose to my allurements, and without any reflections at night, but such as guilt and terror impress upon me.

If those who pass their days in plenty and security could visit for an hour the dismal receptacles to which the prostitute retires from her nocturnal excursions, and see the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghastly with famine, nauseous with filth, and noisome with disease; it would not be easy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them against compassion, or to repress the desire which they must immediately feel to rescue such numbers of human beings from a state so dreadful.

It is said that in France they annually evacuate their streets, and ship their profligates and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infest this city had the same opportunity of escaping from their miseries, I believe very little force would be necessary for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the most servile employments, and those perhaps would require the care of a magistrate to hinder them from following the same practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the necessity of guilt and the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open prostitution, and where the eye of justice can attend to individuals, those who cannot be made good may be restrained from mischief. For my part, I should exult at the privilege of banishment, and think myself happy in any region that should restore me once again to honesty and peace.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISERABLE.

N. CLXXII.

NO CLXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1751.

EXPE ROGARE SOLES QUALIS, SIM FRUCE, FUTURUS,

SI FIAM LOCURUS; SIMQUE REVERTE POTENS.

QUONQUAM FOSSE FUTUR MORIS NARRARE FUTURO?

DIC MIHI, SPESIAS TO LEO, QUALIS ERIS.

TRISCU, YOU'VE OFTEN ASK'D ME HOW I'D LIVE,

SHOU'D EATE AT ONCE BOTH WEALTH AND HONOUR GIVE.

WHAT SOUL HIS FUTURE CONDUCT CAN FORESEE?

TELL ME WHAT SORT OF LION YOU WOU'D BE.

F. LEWIS.

NOTHING has been longer observed, than that a change of fortune causes a change of manners; and that it is difficult to conjecture, from the conduct of him whom we see in a low condition, how he would act if wealth and power were put into his hands. But it is generally agreed, that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sun-shine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

Many observations have concurred to establish this opinion, and it is not likely soon to become obsolete, for want of new occasions to revive it. The greater part of mankind are corrupt in every condition, and differ in high and in low situations, only as they have more or fewer opportunities of gratifying their desires, or as they are more or less restrained by human censures. Many vitiate their principles in the acquisition of riches; and who can wonder that what is gained by fraud and extortion is enjoyed with tyranny and excess?

Yet I am willing to believe that the depravation of the mind by external advantages, though certainly not uncommon, yet approaches not so nearly to universality, as some have asserted in the bitterness of resentment, or heat of declamation.

Whoever rises above those who once pleased themselves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain sooner than others that which all pursue with the same ardour, and to which all imagine themselves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When those who started with us in the race of life, leave us so far behind,

that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our disappointment by remarks, on the arts of supplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they possess it. Of them whose rise we could not hinder, we solace ourselves by prognosticating the fall.

It is impossible for human purity not to betray to an eye, thus sharpened by malignity, some stains which lay concealed and unregarded while none thought it their interest to discover them; nor can the most circumspect attention, or steady rectitude, escape blame from censors, who have no inclination to approve. Riches therefore perhaps do not so often produce crimes as incite accusers.

The common charge against those who rise above their original condition, is that of pride. It is certain that success naturally confirms us in a favourable opinion of our own abilities. Scarce any man is willing to allot to accident, friendship, and a thousand causes, which concur in every event without human contrivance or interposition, the part which they may justly claim in his advancement. We rate ourselves by our fortune rather than our virtues, and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit. But captiousness and jealousy are likewise easily offended, and to him who studiously looks for an affront, every mode of behaviour will supply it; freedom will be rudeness, and reserve fullness; mirth will be negligence, and seriousness formality: when he is received with ceremony, distance and respect are inculcated; if he is treated with familiarity, he concludes himself insulted by condescensions.

It must however be confessed, that as all

all sudden changes are dangerous, a quick transition from poverty to abundance can seldom be made with safety. He that has long lived within sight of pleasures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation, not to lose his reason in unbounded riot, when they are first put into his power.

Every possession is endeared by novelty; every gratification is exaggerated by desire. It is difficult not to estimate what is lately gained above its real value; it is impossible not to annex greater happiness to that condition from which we are unwillingly excluded, than nature has qualified us to obtain. For this reason, the remote inheritor of an unexpected fortune may be generally distinguished from those who are enriched in the common course of lineal descent, by his greater haste to enjoy his wealth, by the finery of his dress, the pomp of his equipage, the splendor of his furniture, and the luxury of his table.

A thousand things which familiarity discovers to be of little value, have power for a time to seize the imagination. A Virginian king, when the Europeans had fixed a lock on his door, was so delighted to find his subjects admitted or excluded with such facility, that it was from morning to evening his whole employment to turn the key. We, among whom locks and keys have been longer in use, are inclined to laugh at the American amusement; yet I doubt whether this paper will have a single reader that may not apply the story to himself, and recollect some hours of his life in which he has been equally overpowered by the transitory charms of trifling novelty.

Some indulgence is due to him whom a happy gale of fortune has suddenly transported into new regions, where unaccustomed lustre dazzles his eyes, and untasted delicacies solicit his appetite. Let him not be considered as lost in hopeless degeneracy, though he for a while forgets the regard due to others, to indulge the contemplation of himself, and in the extravagance of his first raptures expects that his eye should regulate the motions of all that approach him, and his opinion be received as decisive and oracularous. His intoxication will give way to time; the madness of joy will fume imperceptibly away; the sense of

his insufficiency will soon return; he will remember that the co-operation of others is necessary to his happiness, and learn to conciliate their regards by reciprocal beneficence.

There is, at least, one consideration which ought to alleviate our censures of the powerful and rich. To imagine them chargeable with all the guilt and folly of their own actions, is to be very little acquainted with the world.

*De l'absolu pouvoir vous ignorez, l'orgueil,
Et du lâche flateur la voix enchanteresse.*

Thou hast not known the giddy whirls of fate,
Nor servile flatteries which enchant the great.

He that can do much good or harm, will not find many whom ambition or cowardice will suffer to be sincere. While we live upon the level with the rest of mankind, we are reminded of our duty by the admonitions of friends, and reproaches of enemies; but men who stand in the highest ranks of society, seldom hear of their faults; if by any accident an opprobrious clamour reaches their ears, flattery is always at hand to pour in her opiates, to quiet conviction, and obtund remorse.

Favour is seldom gained but by conformity in vice. Virtue can stand without assistance, and considers herself as very little obliged by countenance and approbation: but vice, spiritless and timorous, seeks the shelter of crowds, and support of confederacy. The sycophant, therefore, neglects the good qualities of his patron, and employs all his art on his weaknesses and follies, regales his reigning vanity, or stimulates his prevalent desires.

Virtue is sufficiently difficult with any circumstances, but the difficulty is increased when reproof and advice are frightened away. In common life, reason and conscience have only the appetites and passions to encounter; but in higher stations they must oppose artifice and adulation. He, therefore, that yields to such temptations, cannot give those who look upon his miscarriage much reason for exultation, since few can justly presume that from the same snare they should have been able to escape.

Nº CLXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1751.

QUE VIRTUS, QUO REATORE?

HEU, quibus et quomodo?

NEW LAY, WHERE VIRTUE STOPS, AND VICE BEGINS?

AS any action or posture, long continued, will distort and disfigure the limbs; so the mind likewise is crippled and contracted by perpetual application to the same set of ideas. It is easy to guess the trade of an artisan by his knees, his fingers, or his shoulders; and there are few among men of the more liberal professions, whose minds do not carry the brand of their calling, or whose conversation does not quickly discover to what class of the community they belong.

These peculiarities have been of great use in the general hostility which every part of mankind exercises against the rest, to furnish insults and sarcasms. Every art has its dialect uncouth and ungrateful to all whom custom has not reconciled to its sound; and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a slight misapplication, or unnecessary repetition.

The general reproach with which ignorance revenges the superciliousness of learning, is that of pedantry, a censure which every man incurs, who has at any time the misfortune to talk to those who cannot understand him; and by which the modest and timorous are sometimes frightened from the display of their acquisitions, and the exertion of their powers.

The name of a pedant is so formidable to young men when they first fall from their colleges, and is so liberally scattered by those who mean to boast their elegance of education, easiness of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it seems to require particular consideration; since, perhaps, if it were once understood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehensions, and many a tongue delivered from restraint.

Pedantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning. It may be discovered either in the choice of a subject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry who, when he has made himself master of some abstruse and uncultivated part of knowledge, ob-

lives to no other end, as if it were his business to instruct others in his own ignorance, or to display his own ignorance to the world. He is a pedant who, in the midst of a conversation, intrudes his remarks and discoveries upon those whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applause.

To this error the student is sometimes betrayed by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleasure which every man receives from the recollection of pleasing images, and the desire of dwelling upon topics on which he knows himself able to speak with justness. But because we are seldom so far prejudiced in favour of each other, as to search out for palliations, this failure of politeness is imputed always to vanity; and the harmless collegiate, who perhaps intended entertainment and instruction, or at worst only spoke without sufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is censured as arrogant or overbearing, and eager to extend his renown, in contempt of the convenience of society, and the laws of conversation.

All discourse of which others cannot partake, is not only an irksome usurpation of the time devoted to pleasure and entertainment; but, what never fails to excite very keen resentment, an insolent assertion of superiority, and a triumph over less enlightened understandings. The pedant is, therefore, not only heard with weariness, but malignity; and those who conceive themselves insulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciously it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, scholars sometimes divest themselves with too much haste of their academical formality, and in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their style to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they understand, and sink into insipidity of sentiment and meanness of expression.

There prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of science is particularly hateful to women; and that therefore, whoever desires to be well received in female assemblies, must qualify

lify himself by a total rejection of all that is serious, rational, or important; must consider argument or criticism as perpetually interdicted; and devote all his attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

Students often form their notions of the present generation from the writings of the past; and are not very early informed of those changes which the gradual diffusion of knowledge, on the sudden caprice of fashion, produces in the world. Whatever might be the state of female literature in the last century, there is now no longer any danger lest the scholar should want an adequate audience at the tea-table; and whoever thinks it necessary to regulate his conversation by antiquated rules, will be rather despised for his futility than censured for his politeness.

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehension of those whom we address, is unquestionable pedantry; but surely complaisance requires, that no man should, without proof, conclude his company incapable of following him to the highest elevation of his fancy, or the utmost extent of his knowledge. It is always safer to err in favour of others than of ourselves, and therefore we seldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought at least to be the care of learning, when she quits her exaltation, to descend with dignity. Nothing is more despicable than the airiness and jocularity of a man bred to severe science, and solitary meditation. To trifle agreeably is a secret which schools cannot impart; that gay negligence and vivacious levity, which charm down resistance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who, having spent his first years among

the dust of libraries, enters late into the gay world with an unpleasant attention and established habits.

It is observed in the panegyric on Fabricius the mechanist, that, though forced by public employments into mingled conversation, he never lost the modesty and seriousness of the convent, nor drew ridicule upon himself by an affected imitation of fashionable life. To the same praise every man devoted to learning ought to aspire. If he attempts the softer arts of pleasing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the insignificant, arrogant and general smile, he will lose the respect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing any thing with elegance and facility.

Theophrastus was discovered not to be a native of Athens, by so strict an adherence to the Attic dialect, as shewed that he had learned it not by custom, but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the effects of his education, by an unnecessary anxiety of behaviour. It is as possible to become pedantic by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility. There is no kind of impertinence more justly censurable, than his who is always labouring to level thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowness of converse inclines him to think unusual, keeps the exuberance of his faculties under visible restraints; is solicitous to anticipate enquiries by needless explanations; and endeavours to shade his own abilities, lest weak eyes should be dazzled with their lustre.

NO. CLXXV.

Pedantry is the uncharitable ostentation of learning. It may be discovered either in the choice of a subject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry who, without necessity, insists on the minutiae of a subject, or who, in the choice of a subject, selects one of the most trivial and unimportant nature.

There is a pedantry among men of letters, who, in the choice of a subject, select one of the most trivial and unimportant nature, and who, in the manner of treating it, insist on the minutiae of a subject, without necessity.

N^o CLXXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1751.

FOVNUM HABET IN CORNU, LONGE PUGA, DUMMOB RESUR
 ERETAT STEE, NON HIC QUQUAM PARCET AMICO.

HER.

YONDER HE DRIVES—AVOID THAT FURIOUS BEAST:
 IF HE MAY HAVE HIS JEST, HE NEVER CARES
 AT WHOSE EXPENCE; NOR FRIEND NOR PATRON SPARES.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

THE laws of social benevolence require, that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the gusts of opposition, ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when custom first gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the sprightly, the fearless, and the gay; to all whose ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their designs, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who seldom count the cost of pleasure, or examine the distant consequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crowded world with the usual juvenile ambition, and desired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I considered as below my care; for I saw such multitudes grow rich without understanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquisition easy to industry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aside as a secondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wish should be satisfied, and the claim to intellectual excellence universally acknowledged.

With this view I regulated my behaviour in publick, and exercised my meditations in solitude. My life was divided between the care of providing topics for the entertainment of my company, and that of collecting company worthy to be entertained; for I soon found, that wit, like every other power, has it's boundaries; that it's suc-

cess depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can sit the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myself with a set of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was necessary than the power of striking out a jest. Among those I fixed my residence; and for a time enjoyed the felicity of disturbing the neighbours every night with the obdurate applause which my follies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increased; and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new solicitations for admission into our society.

To support this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourse, cultivated the acquaintance of all the fashionable race, and passed the day in a continual succession of visits; in which I collected a treasure of pleasantries for the expenses of the evening. Whatever error of conduct I could discover, whatever peculiarity of manner I could observe, whatever weakness was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapse was suffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diversion of my wild companions, who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to signalize themselves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town on the ensuing day with scandal and vexation, with merriment and shame.

I can scarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been so far deluded with petty praise, as to divulge the secrets of trust, and to expose the levities of frankness; to waylay the walks

walks of the cautious, and surprize the security of the thoughtless. Yet it is certain, that for many years I heard nothing but with design to tell it, and saw nothing with any other curiosity than after some failure that might furnish out a jest.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity, or interested insidiousness. I had no other purpose than to heighten the pleasure of laughter by communication, nor ever raised any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakness and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myself with their perplexities and distresses; and violated every law of friendship, with no other hope than that of gaining the reputation of smartness and wagery.

I would not be understood to charge myself with any crimes of the atrocious or destructive kind. I never betrayed an heir to gamesters, or a girl to debauchees; never intercepted the kindness of a patron, or sported away the reputation of innocence. My delight was only in petty mischief and momentary vexations, and my acuteness was employed not upon fraud and oppression which it had been meritorious to detect, but upon harmless ignorance or absurdity, prejudice or mistake.

This enquiry I pursued with so much diligence and sagacity, that I was able to relate, of every man I knew, some blunder or miscarriage; to betray the most circumspect of my friends into follies, by a judicious flattery of his predominant passion; or expose him to contempt, by placing him in circumstances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

The power had been possessed in vain if it had never been exerted; and it was not my custom to let any arts of jocularly remain unemployed. My impatience of applause brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I seldom failed to lay a scheme with the small knot that first gathered round me, by which some of those whom we expected might be made subservient to our sport. Every man has some favourite topick of conversation, on which, by a feigned seriousness of attention, he may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has some habitual contor-

tion of body, or established mode of expression, which never fails to raise mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By promotions of these particularities I secured our pleasantry. Our companion entered with his usual gaiety, and began to partake of our noisy cheerfulness, when the conversation was imperceptibly diverted to a subject which pressed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected shrug, the customary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burst from all that were admitted to the stratagem. Our mirth was often increased by the triumph of him that occasioned it; for as we do not hastily form conclusions against ourselves, seldom any one suspected, that he had exhilarated us otherwise than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe, with very little surprize, that by this conduct I had in a short time united mankind against me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I soon perceived myself regarded with malevolence or distrust, but wondered what had been discovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of those attempts which provoke the jealousy of ambition, or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh, and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who caressed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined, that he who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would consider, in a cooler hour, that the same trick might be played against himself; or that, even where there is no sense of danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him, who by general censures lays claim to general superiority.

I was convinced, by a total desertion, of the impropriety of my conduct, every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found silence and dejection, coldness and terror. No one would venture to speak, lest he should lay himself open to unfavourable representations; the company, however numerous, dropped off at my entrance upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the shame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If those whom I had thus offended, could

could have contented themselves with repaying one insult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of farcasms, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But these wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they spread by their fo-

licitude to escape me, excludes me from all friendship and from all pleasure: I am condemned to pass a long interval of my life in solitude, as a man suspected of infection is refused admission into cities; and must linger in obscurity, till my conduct shall convince the world, that I may be approached without hazard.

NO CLXXV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1751.

*RAVI QUIPPE BONI, NUMERO VIX SUNT TOTIDEM QUOT
THE BARN FORTA, VEL DIVITIS OSTIA NISI.*
GOOD MEN ARE SCARCE, THE JUST ARE THINLY SOWN;
THEY THRIVE BUT ILL, NOR CAN THEY LAST WHEN GROWN;
AND SHOULD WE COUNT THEM, AND OUR STORE COMPLEX;
YET THESE MORE GATES COULD INEW, MORE MOUTH THE NEED.

NONE of the axioms of wisdom which recommend the ancient sages to veneration, seems to have required less extent of knowledge, or perspicacity of penetration, than the remark of Bias, that a wicked majority are

great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to rectify habitually to the mind.

However, those who have passed through half the life of man may now wonder that any should require to be cautioned against corruption; they will find that they have themselves purchased their conviction by many disappointments and vexations, which an earlier knowledge would have spared them; and may see, on every side, some entangling themselves in perplexities, and some sinking into ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim of Bias.

Every day sends out, in quest of pleasure and distinction, some heir fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He comes forth with all the confidence of a spirit unacquainted with superiority, and all the benevolence of a mind not yet irritated by opposition, alarmed by fraud, or embittered by cruelty. He loves all, because he imagines himself the universal favourite. Every exchange of salutation produces new acquaintance, and every acquaintance kindles into friendship.

Every season brings a new flight of beauties into the world, who have hitherto heard only of their own charms, and imagine that the heart feels no passion but that of love. They are soon surrounded by admirers whom they credit, because they tell them only what is heard with delight. Whoever gazes upon

The depravity of mankind is so easily discoverable, that nothing but the desert of the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes unbidden and undesired. They whom their abstraction from common occurrences shields from seeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not into the world, may learn it's corruption in his closet. For what are treatises of morality, but persuasives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be necessary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all the records of history, but narratives of successive villainies, of treasons and usurpations, massacres and wars? But, perhaps, the excellence of aphorisms consists not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words. We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered; and he may therefore be justly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the

upon them is a lover; and whoever forces a fight, is pining in despair.

He surely is a useful monitor, who inculcates to these thoughtless strangers, that the majority are wicked; who informs them, that the train which wealth and beauty draw after them, is lured only by the scent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all those who crowd about them with professions and flatteries, there is not one who does not hope for some opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut himself by their destruction, or to share their spoils with a stronger savage.

Virtue presented singly to the imagination or the reason, is so well recommended by it's own graces, and so strongly supported by arguments, that a good man wonders how any can be bad; and they who are ignorant of the force of passion and interest, who never observed the arts of seduction, the contagion of example, the gradual descent from one crime to another, or the insensible depravation of the principles by loose conversation, naturally expect to find integrity in every bosom, and veracity on every tongue.

It is indeed impossible not to hear from those who have lived longer, of wrongs and falsehoods, of violence and circumvention; but such narratives are commonly regarded by the young, the heady, and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peevishness, or the dreams of dotage; and notwithstanding all the documents of heavy wisdom, we commonly plunge into the world fearless and credulous, without any foresight of danger, or apprehension of deceit.

I have remarked, in a former paper, that credulity is the common failing of unexperienced virtue; and that he who is spontaneously suspicious, may be justly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of dishonesty by information, nor had time to observe it with his own eyes, whence can he take his measures of judgment but from himself?

They who best deserve to escape the snares of artifice, are most likely to be entangled. He that endeavours to live far the good of others, must always be exposed to the arts of them who live only for themselves, unless he is taught by timely precepts the caution required in

common transactions, and shewn at a distance the pitfalls of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it should be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reserve, in expectation of general fidelity and justice, is to launch on the wide ocean without the instruments of steering, and to hope that every wind will be prosperous, and that every coast will afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to deceit and injury, would be to count all the desires that prevail among the sons of men; since there is no ambition however petty, no wish however absurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are, who openly and almost professedly regulate all their conduct by their love of money; who have no reason for action or forbearance, for compliance or refusal, than that they hope to gain more by one than by the other. These are indeed the meanest and cruellest of human beings; a race with whom, as with some pestiferous animals, the whole creation seems to be at war; but who, however detested or scorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are still permitted to fasten on another.

Others, yet less rationally wicked, pass their lives in mischief, because they cannot bear the sight of success, and mark out every man for hatred whose fame or fortune they believe increasing.

Many, who have not advanced to these degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendship, and unable to maintain any constant or regular course of kindness. Happiness may be destroyed not only by union with the man who is apparently the slave of interest, but with him whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perseverance, in whatever cause, disposes to pursue every injury with unwearied and perpetual resentment; with him whose vanity inclines him to consider every man as a rival in every pretension; with him whose airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or secrets in continual hazard; and who thinks his forgetfulness of others excused by his inattention to himself; and with him whose inconstancy ranges without any settled rule of choice through varieties of friendship, and who adopts and dismisses favourites by the sudden impulse of caprice.

Thus

Thus numerous are the dangers to which the converse of mankind exposes us, and which can be avoided only by prudent distrust. He therefore that, remembering this salutary maxim, learns

early to withhold his fondness from fair appearances, will have reason to pay some honours to Bias of Pyrene, who enabled him to become wise without the cost of experience.

N^O CLXXVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23. 1751.

—NASSO SUSPENDERE ADUNCUM.

ON MY TOWN THE NOSE.

THERE are many vexatious accidents and uneasy situations which raise little compassion for the sufferer, and which no man but those whom they immediately distress can regard with seriousness. Petty mischiefs that have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the rest of life, are always seen with a kind of malicious pleasure. A mistake or embarrassment, which for the present moment fills the face with blushes, and the mind with confusion, will have no other effect upon those who observe it than that of convulsing them with irresistible laughter. Some circumstances of misery are so powerfully ridiculous, that neither kindness nor duty can withstand them; they bear down love, interest, and reverence, and force the friend, the dependent, or the child, to give way to instantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comick calamities, may be reckoned the pain which an author not yet hardened into insensibility, feels at the onset of a furious critick; whose age, rank, or fortune, gives him confidence to speak without reserve; who heaps one objection upon another, and obtrudes his remarks, and enforces his corrections, without tenderness or reserve.

The author, full of the importance of his work, and anxious for the justification of every syllable, starts and kindles at the slightest attack; the critick, eager to establish his superiority, triumphing in every discovery of failure, and zealous to impress the cogency of his arguments, pursues him from line to line without cessation or remorse. The critick, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence, impetuosity, and fearlessness; the author, whole quiet and

early to withhold his fondness from fair appearances, will have reason to pay some honours to Bias of Pyrene, who enabled him to become wise without the cost of experience.

HOA.

As it very seldom happens that the rage of extemporary criticism inflicts fatal or lasting wounds, I know not that the laws of benevolence entitle this distress to much sympathy. The diversion of baiting an author has the sanction of all ages and nations, and is more lawful than the sport of teasing other animals, because, for the most part, he comes voluntarily to the stake, furnished as he imagines, by the patron powers of literature, with resistless weapons, and impenetrable armour, with the mail of the bear of Brymanth, and the paws of the lion of Nemea.

But the works of genius are sometimes produced by other motives than vanity; and he whom necessity or duty enforces to write, is not always so well satisfied with himself, as not to be discouraged by censorious impudence. It may therefore be necessary to consider how they whom publication lays open to the insults of such as their obscurity secures against reprisals, may extricate themselves from unexpected encounters.

Vida,

Vida, a man of considerable skill in the politics of literature, directs his pupil wholly to abandon his defence, and even when he can irrefragably refute all objections, to suffer tamely the exultations of his antagonist.

This rule may perhaps be just, when advice is asked, and severity solicited, because no man tells his opinion so freely as when he imagines it received with implicit veneration; and critics ought never to be consulted, but while errors may yet be rectified or insipidity suppressed. But when the book has once been dismissed into the world, and can be no more retouched, I know not whether a very different conduct should not be prescribed, and whether firmness and spirit may not sometimes be of use to overpower arrogance and repel brutality. Softness, diffidence, and moderation, will often be mistaken for imbecility and dejection; they lure cowardice to the attack by the hopes of easy victory; and it will soon be found that he whom every man thinks he can conquer, shall never be at peace.

The animadversions of critics are commonly such as may easily provoke the seditious writer to some quickness of resentment and asperity of reply. A man who by long consideration has familiarised a subject to his own mind, carefully surveyed the series of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his composition into a regular dependance on each other, will often start at the finistrous interpretations, or absurd remarks, of haste and ignorance, and wonder by what insatiation they have been led away from the obvious sense, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide against him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects; the end of criticism is to supply its defects; rules are the instruments of mental vision, which may indeed assist our faculties when properly used, but pro-

duce confusion and obscurity by unskillful application.

Some seem always to read with the microscope of criticism, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults scarcely visible to common observation. The dissonance of a syllable, the recurrence of the same sound, the repetition of a particle, the smallest deviation from propriety, the slightest defect in construction or arrangement, swell before their eyes into enormities. As they discern with great exactness, they comprehend but a narrow compass, and know nothing of the justness of the design, the general spirit of the performance, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how small a proportion that which they are busy in contemplating bears to the whole, or how the petty inaccuracies with which they are offended, are absorbed and lost in general excellence.

Others are furnished by criticism with a telescope. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meanings, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation, which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the force of pathetic sentiments, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally insensible, while they pry into worlds of conjecture, and amaze themselves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice, but we seldom deviate far from the right; but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of

vanity, we shall be liable to no small errors. Some are so much taken up with the desire of being thought great, that they will not only say what they do not believe, but will say what they do not know. Others are so much taken up with the desire of being thought good, that they will not only say what they do not believe, but will say what they do not know.

N^o CLXXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1751.

TURPISSIMA DIFFICILIS HABERE NUGAS.

MART.

THOSE THINGS WHICH NOW AREM TRIVIOUS AND SLIGHT,
WILL BE OF SERIOUS CONSEQUENCE TO YOU,
WHEN THEY HAVE MADE YOU ONCE RIDICULOUS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

WHEN I was, at the usual time, about to enter upon the profession to which my friends had destined me, being summoned, by the death of my father, into the country, I found myself master of an unexpected sum of money, and of an estate, which though not large, was, in my opinion, sufficient to support me in a condition far preferable to the fatigue, dependance, and uncertainty, of any gainful occupation. I therefore resolved to devote the rest of my life wholly to curiosity, and without any confinement of my excursions, or termination of my views, to wander over the boundless regions of general knowledge.

This scheme of life seemed pregnant with inexhaustible variety, and therefore I could not forbear to congratulate myself upon the wisdom of my choice. I furnished a large room with all conveniences for study; collected books of every kind; quitted every science at the first perception of disgust; returned to it again as soon as my former ardor happened to revive; and having no rival to depress me by comparison, nor any critic to alarm me with objections, I spent day after day in profound tranquillity, with only so much complacence in my own improvements, as served to excite and animate my application. Thus I lived for some years with complete acquiescence in my own plan of conduct, rising early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between economy, exercise, and reflection. But in time I began to find my mind contracted and stiffened by solitude. My ease and elegance were sensibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myself with readings to the accidental current of conversation, my notions grew particular and paradoxical, and my phraseology formal and un-

fashionable; I spoke, on common occasions, the language of books. My quickness of apprehension and celerity of reply, had entirely deserted me; when I delivered my opinion, or detailed my knowledge, I was bewildered by an unreasonable interrogatory, disconnected by any slight opposition; and over-whelmed and lost in dejection when the smallest advantage was gained against me in dispute. I became decisive and dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, insolent to such as acknowledged my superiority, and sullen and malignant to all who refused to receive my dictates.

This I soon discovered to be one of those intellectual diseases which a wise man should make haste to cure. I therefore resolved for a time to shut my books, and learn again the art of conversation; to desecrate and clear my mind by brisker motions, and stronger impulses; and to unite myself once more to the living generation.

For this purpose I hastened to London, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances to introduce me into some of the little societies of literature which are formed in taverns and coffee-houses. He was pleased with an opportunity of shewing me to his friends, and soon obtained me admission among a select company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their studies, and compare their acquisitions.

The eldest and most venerable of the society was Hierotus, who, after the first civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite studies, by a severe censure of those who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that since he begun to addict his mind to serious and manly studies, he had very carefully amassed all the English books that were printed

printed in the black character. This search he had pursued so diligently, that he was able to shew the deficiencies of the best catalogues. He had long since completed his Caxton, had three sheets of Treveris unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect Pynson but two volumes, of which one was promised him as a legacy by its present possessor, and the other he was resolved to buy, at whatever price, when Quisquilius's library should be sold. Hirsutus had no other reason for the valuing or slighting a book, than that it was printed in the Roman or the Gothick letter, nor any ideas but such as his favourite volumes had supplied; when he was serious, he extasiated on the narratives of Johan de Trevisa; and, when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the Shippe of Foles.

While I was listening to this hoary student, Ferratus entered in a hurry, and informed us, with the abruptness of extasy, that his set of halfpences was now complete; he had just received, in a handful of change, the piece that he had so long been seeking, and could now defy mankind to outgo his collection of English copper.

Charophylax then observed how fatally human sagacity was sometimes baffled, and how often the most valuable discoveries are made by chance. He had employed himself and his emissaries seven years at great expence, to perfect his series of Gazettes, but had long wanted a single paper, which, when he despaired of obtaining it, was sent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

Cantilewas turned all his thoughts upon old ballads; for he considered them as the genuine records of the national taste. He offered to shew me a copy of "The Children in the Wood," which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him.

Many were admitted into this society as inferior members, because they had collected old prints and neglected pamphlets; or possessed some fragment of antiquity, as the seal of an ancient corporation, the charter of a religious house,

the annual election of an officer, or the like. These were the only persons who were admitted into the society, and the only persons who were admitted into the society.

the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of Elizabeth.

Every one of these virtuosos looked on all his associates as wretches of depraved taste and narrow notions. Their conversation was, therefore, fretful and waspish, their behaviour brutal, their meritment bluntly sarcastick, and their seriousness gloomy and suspicious. They were totally ignorant of all that passes, or has lately passed, in the world; unable to discuss any question of religious, political, or military knowledge; equally strangers to science and politer learning, and without any wish to improve their minds, or any other pleasure than that of displaying rarities, of which they would not suffer others to make the proper use.

Hirsutus graciously informed me, that the number of their society was limited, but that I might sometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleased to find myself in no danger of an honour which I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refused, and left them without any intention of returning; for I soon found, that the suppression of those habits with which I was vitiated, required association with men very different from this solemn race.

I am, Sir, &c.
VIVACULUS.

It is natural to feel grief or indignation when any thing, necessary or useful, is wantonly wasted, or negligently destroyed; and therefore my correspondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneasiness on the waste of life. Leisure and curiosity might soon make great advances in useful knowledge, were they not diverted by minute emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, somewhat mollify his anger, to reflect, that perhaps none of the assembly which he describes, was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing. Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use; that it relieves the day from idleness, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

N^o CLXXVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1751.

PAR SANITATIS VELLE SANARIA FUIT.

SENECA.

TO YIELD TO REMEDIES IS HALF THE CURE.

PYTHAGORAS is reported to have required from those whom he intrusted in philosophy a probationary silence of five years. Whether this prohibition of speech extended to all the parts of this time, as seems generally to be supposed, or was to be observed only in the school or in the presence of their master, as is more probable, it was sufficient to discover the pupil's disposition; to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of those whose ardour was rather violent than lasting, and who expected to grow wise on other terms than those of patience and obedience.

Many of the blessings universally desired are very frequently wanted, because most men, when they should labour, content themselves to complain, and rather linger in a state in which they cannot be at rest, than improve their condition by vigour and resolution.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has set different gratifications at such a distance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the business of every rational being to understand, that life may not pass away in an attempt to make contradictions consistent, to combine opposite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being must always keep asunder.

Of two objects tempting at a distance on contrary sides, it is impossible to approach one but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects they may be both lost, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, necessary to compare them, and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reason directs us to reject. This is the more necessary, if that which we are forsaking has the power of delighting the senses, or firing the fancy. He that once turns aside to the allurements of unlawful pleasure, can have no security that he shall ever regain the paths of virtue.

The philosophick goddess of Boethius, having related the story of Orpheus, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, lost her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application. 'Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your minds to the illuminations of Heaven, consider yourselves as represented in this fable; for he that is once so far overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the infernal caverns, loses at the first sight all that influence which attracted him on high.

*Vos hæc fabula respicit,
Quicunque in superum diem
Mentem ducere queritis.
Nam qui Tartareum in specus
Victus lumen flexerit,
Quicquid præcipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videri inferos.*

It may be observed in general, that the future is purchased by the present. It is not possible to secure distant or permanent happiness but by the forbearance of some immediate gratification. This is so evidently true with regard to the whole of our existence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated not by our senses but our belief; a life in which pleasures are to be refused for fear of invincible punishments, and calamities sometimes to be sought, and always endured, in hope of rewards that shall be obtained in another state.

Even if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleasure; but by anticipating some of the satisfaction which should exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may spread happiness into wild luxuriance, but the radical vigour requisite to make it perennial is exhausted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and sterility.

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RAMBLER.

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The reigning error of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. No man is insensible of the value of knowledge, the advantages of health, or the convenience of plenty, but every day shews us those on whom the conviction is without effect.

Knowledge is praised and desired by multitudes whom her charms could never rouse from the couch of sloth; whom the faintest invitation of pleasure draws away from their studies; to whom any other method of wearing out the day is more eligible than the use of books, and who are more easily engaged by any conversation, than such as may rectify their notions or enlarge their comprehension.

Every man that has felt pain, knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied. Yet who is there does not sometimes hazard it for the enjoyment of an hour? All assemblies of jollity, all places of publick entertainment, exhibit examples of strength wasting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it easy to enter a house in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of past intemperance, and part admitting disease by negligence, or soliciting it by luxury.

There is no pleasure which men of every age and sex have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the palate; an entertainment so far removed from intellectual happiness, that scarcely the most shameless of the sensual herd have dared to defend it: yet even to this, the lowest of our delights, to this, though neither quick nor lasting, is health with all its activity and sprightliness daily sacrificed; and for this are half the miseries endured which urge impatience to call on death.

The whole world is put in motion by the wish for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that such conduct as will inevitably destroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, must generally be avoided? That he who spends more than he receives, must in time become indigent, cannot be doubted; but how evident soever this consequence may appear, the spendthrift moves in the whirl of pleasure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes, and, in the intoxication of gaiety, grows every day poorer without any such sense of approaching ruin as is sufficient to wake him into caution.

Many complaints are made of the misery of life; and indeed it must be confessed that we are subject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and slothful, the vigilant and heedless, are equally afflicted. But surely, though some indulgence may be allowed to groans extorted by inevitable misery, no man has a right to repine at evils which, against warning, against experience, he deliberately and leisurely brings upon his own head; or to consider himself as debarred from happiness by such obstacles as resolution may break, or dexterity may put aside.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condition, have wanted not the power but the will to obtain a better state. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil sufficiently to quicken aversion, or invigorate desire; they have indulged a drowsy thoughtlessness or giddy levity; have committed the balance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accustomed themselves to receive all that chance offered them, without examination, lament at last that they find themselves deceived.

Nº CLXXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1755.

PERPETUO RISU PULMONEM AGITARE SOLEBAT.

JUV.

DEMOCRITUS WOULD FEED HIS SPLEEN, AND SHAKE
HIS SIDES AND SHOULDERS TILL HE FELT THEM AKE.

DRYDEN.

EVERY man, says Tully, has two characters; one which he partakes with all mankind, and by which he is distinguished from brute

animals; another which discriminates him from the rest of his own species, and impresses on him a manner and temper peculiar to himself; this par-

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ticular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his business to cultivate and preserve.

Every hour furnishes some confirmation of Tully's precept. It seldom happens, that an assembly of pleasure is so happily selected, but that some one finds admission, with whom the rest are deservedly offended; and it will appear, on a close inspection, that scarce any man becomes eminently disagreeable but by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at something for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

Ignorance or dulness have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give disgust except when they assume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the sprightliness of wit. Awkwardness and inelegance have none of those attractions by which ease and politeness take possession of the heart; but ridicule and censure seldom rise against them, unless they appear associated with that confidence which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to consciousness of unfailling propriety of behaviour. Deformity itself is regarded with tenderness rather than aversion, when it does not attempt to deceive the sight by dress and decoration, and to seize upon fictitious claims the prerogatives of beauty.

He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult is awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the sprightly trip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been sometimes urged in favour of affectation, that it is only a mistake of the means to a good end, and that the intention with which it is practised is always to please. If all attempts to innovate the constitutional or

habitual character have really proceeded from publick spirit and love of others, the world has hitherto been sufficiently ungrateful, since no return but scorn has yet been made to the most difficult of all enterprizes, a contest with nature; nor has any pity been shown to the fatigues of labour which never succeeded, and the uneasiness of disguise by which nothing was concealed.

It seems therefore to be determined by the general suffrage of mankind, that he who decks himself in adscititious qualities rather purposes to command applause than impart pleasure; and he is therefore treated as a man who by an unreasonable ambition usurps the place in society to which he has no right. Praise is seldom paid with willingness even to incontestible merit, and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without desert is repulsed with universal indignation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment. We are conscious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to supply them by artificial excellence; nor would such efforts be wholly without excuse, were they not often excited by ornamental trifles, which he that thus anxiously struggles for the reputation of possessing them would not have been known to want, had not his industry quickened observation.

Gelasimus passed the first part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other conversation than that of scholars, grave, studious, and abstracted as himself. He cultivated the mathematical sciences with indefatigable diligence, discovered many useful theorems, discussed with great accuracy the resistance of fluids, and though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the first who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

Learning, when it rises to eminence, will be observed in time, whatever missteps may happen to surround it. Gelasimus, in his forty-ninth year, was distinguished by those who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, and called out to display his acquisitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his presence to philosophical assemblies. As he did not suspect his usefulness for common affairs, he felt no reluctance

lucance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honesty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his performances would be more publick, and his renown farther extended; and imagined that he should find his reputation universally prevalent, and the influence of learning every where the same.

His merit introduced him to splendid tables and elegant acquaintance; but he did not find himself always qualified to join in the conversation. He was distressed by civilities, which he knew not how to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was sometimes unluckily engaged in disputes with ladies, with whom algebraic axioms had no great weight, and saw many whose favour and esteem he could not but desire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

Gelasinus did not want penetration to discover, that no charm was more generally irresistible than that of easy facetiousness and flowing hilarity. He saw that diversion was more frequently welcome than improvement, that authority and seriousness were rather feared than loved, and that the grave scholar was a kind of imperious ally, hastily dismissed when his assistance was no longer necessary. He came to a

sudden resolution of throwing off those cumbrous ornaments of learning, which hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topic of merit, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurnished with any ideas but such as Pappus and Archimedes had given him, he began to silence all enquiries with a jest instead of a solution, extended his face with a grin, which he mistook for a smile, and in the place of a scientific discourse, retailed in a new language, formed between the college and the tavern, the intelligence of the news-paper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and, therefore, whatever he said or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he asked or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, stirred the fire, or filled a glass, removed his chair, or snuffed a candle, he always found some occasion to laugh. The jest was indeed a secret to all but himself; but habitual confidence in his own discernment hindered him from suspecting any weakness or mistake. He wondered that his wit was so little understood, but expected that his audience would comprehend it by degrees, and persisted all his life to show by gross buffoonery, how little the strongest faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

Nº CLXXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1751.

Τὸν αἰδῶν, ὁπότε ἐστὶν μαθὼν ὁ Βερνίκιος ἱκανὸς
ἵνα τοῖς ἀνδρῶν γένει, ὡς τὸν αἰ μακάριον.

AUTOMIDON.

ON LIFE, ON MORALS, BE THY THOUGHTS EMPLOY'D;
LEAVE TO THE SCHOOLS THEIR ATOMS AND THEIR VOID.

IT is somewhere related by Le Clerc, that a wealthy trader of good understanding, having the common ambition to breed his son a scholar, carried him to an university, resolving to use his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the nearest way to the heart of an academick, and at his arrival entertained all who came about him with such profusion, that the professors were lured by the smell of his table from their

books, and flocked round him with all the cringes of awkward complaisance. This eagerness answered the merchant's purpose; he glutted them with delicacies, and softened them with caresses, till he prevailed upon one after another to open his bosom, and make a discovery of his competitions, jealousies, and resentments. Having thus learned each man's character, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintances, he resolved to find some other education for

his son, and went away convinced, that a scholastick life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the understanding: nor would he afterwards hear with patience the praises of the ancient authors, being persuaded that scholars of all ages must have been the same, and that Xenophon and Cicero were professors of some former university, and therefore mean and selfish, ignorant and servile, like those whom he had lately visited and forsaken.

Envy, curiosity, and a sense of the imperfection of our present state, incline us to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence, by discovering no superiority in those parts of life in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rusticks are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied; and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance are without reproach. But there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued, other accomplishments are neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by the desire of superfluous attainments. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed; and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelick counsel every man of

letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties; he must be therefore sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curiosity, or confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and necessary use. It is only from the various essays of experimental industry, and the vague excursions of minds sent out upon discovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected; and though many must be disappointed in their labours, yet they are not to be charged with having spent their time in vain; their example contributed to inspire emulation, and their miscarriages taught others the way to success.

But the distant hope of being one day useful or eminent, ought not to mislead us too far from that study which is equally requisite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obscure; the art of moderating the desires, of repressing the appetites, and of conciliating or retaining the favour of mankind.

No man can imagine the course of his own life, or the conduct of the world around him, unworthy his attention; yet among the sons of learning many seem to have thought of every thing rather than of themselves, and to have observed every thing but what passes before their eyes: many who toil through the intricacy of complicated systems, are insupportably embarrassed with the least perplexity in common affairs; many who compare the actions, and ascertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and suffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without resistance or detection.

The most frequent reproach of the scholastick race is the want of fortitude, not martial but philosophick. Men bred in shades and silence, taught to immure themselves at sunset, and accustomed to no other weapon than syllogism, may be allowed to feel terror at personal danger, and to be disconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why should he whose life is spent in contemplation, and whose business is only to discover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend successfully against prejudice and passion? To what end has he read and meditated, if he gives up his understand-

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ing to false appearances, and suffers himself to be enslaved by fear of evils to which only folly or vanity can expose him; or elated by advantages to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed?

Such, however, is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries appropriated to the study of wisdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite should learn to be content with little, and that hope should aspire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The student, when he comes forth into the world, instead of congratulating himself upon his exemption from the errors of those whose opinions have been formed by accident or custom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haste to mingle with the multitude, and shew his sprightliness and docility by an expeditious compliance with fashions or vices. The first smile of a man, whose fortune gives him power to reward his dependants, commonly enchants him beyond resistance; the glare of equipage, the sweets of luxury, the liberality of general promises, the softness of habitual affability, fill his imagination; and he soon ceases to have any other

with than to be well received, or any measure of right and wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed, learns to exact grosser adulation, and enjoin lower submission. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little insolence; pride cannot rise to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blameworthiness or the sufferance of tameness. The wretch who would shrink and crouch before one that should dart his eyes upon him with the spirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he sees himself approached with a downcast look, and hears the soft address of awe and servility. To those who are willing to purchase favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtiness that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmness and integrity.

If, instead of wandering after the meteors of philosophy, which fill the world with splendour for a while, and then sink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning fixed their eyes upon the permanent lustre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to happiness. A little plausibility of discourse, and acquaintance with unnecessary speculations, is dearly purchased, when it excludes those instructions which fortify the heart with resolution, and exalt the spirit to independence.

Nº CLXXXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1751.

—NEU FLUITEM DUBIA SPE PENDULUS HORROR.

HOR.

NOR LET ME FLOAT IN FORTUNE'S POW'RS,
DEPENDANT ON THE FUTURE HOUR.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,
AS I have passed much of my life in disquiet and suspense, and lost many opportunities of advantage by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those who are yet unenlightened, of the danger which

they incur by placing themselves within its influence.

I served an apprenticeship to a linen-draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a shop for myself with a large stock, and such credit among all the merchants, who were acquainted with my master, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I pro-

ceeded with success proportionate to close application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every sale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced so fast in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this course of even prosperity, I was one day persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The sum was inconsiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my established maxims of frugality did not restrain me from so trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almost forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then seem of any importance, till I discovered by the public papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of such an approach to sudden riches; which I considered myself, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having missed by a single chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the consequences which such a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took possession of my imagination. The great delight of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I spoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd; considered the square and cubick numbers through the lottery; examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at last fixed upon one, which, by some secret relation to the events of my life, I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous; the ticket was sold, and its possessor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognostication, fixed

upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness; when the sun rose I knew it would set, and congratulated myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honestly rejoiced upon my success, were very coldly received; I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I resolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miss the lucky class. Many conclusions did I form, and many experiments did I try to determine from which of those tickets I might most reasonably expect riches. At last, being unable to satisfy myself by any modes of reasoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amusement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact register, found on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the first day presented the hopeful ticket, a detestable blank. The rest came out with different fortune, and in conclusion I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the cast of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The shop was for the most part abandoned to my servants; and if I entered it, my thoughts were so engrossed by my tickets, that I scarcely heard or answered a question, but considered every customer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haste to dispatch.

dispatch. I mistook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my business with little emotion, because whatever deficiency there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to supply.

Miscarriage naturally produces diffidence; I began now to seek assistance against ill luck, by an alliance with those that had been more successful. I enquired diligently at what office any prize had been sold, that I might purchase of a propitious vender; solicited those who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with the usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and enquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a sixteenth part.

You will easily judge with what detestation of himself a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose, that I represented to my mind the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of condemning an act which only it's event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish, and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up silently to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

My indisposition soon became visible; I was visited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes, a clergyman, whose piety and learning gave him such an ascendant over me, that I could not refuse to open my heart. 'There are,' said he, 'few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hopes. You have long wasted that time which by a proper application would have certainly, though moderately, increased your fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of a species of gain which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient, can secure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, against which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occasion of committing it. Rouse from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained, you could scarcely have enjoyed, because they could confer no consciousness of desert; return to rational and manly industry, and consider the meagre gift of luck as below the care of a wise man.'

N^o. CLXXXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1751.

—DIVES QUI PIRES VULT,
ET CITO VULT PIRES.

JUVENAL.

THE LUST OF WEALTH CAN NEVER BEAR DELAY.

IT has been observed in a late paper, that we are unreasonably desirous to separate the goods of life from those evils

which Providence has connected with them, and to catch advantages without paying the price at which they are offered.

ed us. Every man wishes to be rich, but very few have the powers necessary to raise a sudden fortune, either by new discoveries, or by superiority of skill, in any necessary employment; and among lower understandings, many want the firmness and industry requisite to regular gain and gradual acquisitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than those of labour, and more generally practicable than those of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingness to snatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance, which, when it has once taken possession of the mind, is seldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waste life in perpetual delusion, and generally ends in wretchedness and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and visionary prosperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchasers of tickets; there are multitudes whose life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happiness, and how often soever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the most resolute and ardent of the votaries of chance may be numbered the mortals whose hope is to raise themselves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their industry on the assiduous of courtship, and sleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the most indefatigable of this class, is my old friend Leviculus, whom I have never known for thirty years without some matrimonial project of advantage. Leviculus was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his person, the sprightliness of his prattle, and the neatness of his dress, so much enamoured his master's second daughter, a girl of sixteen, that she declared her resolution to have no other husband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulness, consented to the match, not much to the satisfaction of Leviculus, who was sufficiently elated with his conquest to think himself entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, soon rid of his perplexity, for his mistress died before their marriage.

He was now so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter;

and when his apprenticeship expired, instead of beginning, as was expected to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or associating himself with those who were most eminent for their knowledge of the stocks, he at once threw off the solemnity of the counting-house, equipped himself with a modish wig, listened to wits in coffee-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the last stanzas of fashionable songs, talked with familiarity of high play, boasted of his achievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularly of bilking a taylor, and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen.

Thus furnished with irresistible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and in the first warmth of self-approbation, proposed no less than the possession of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his civilities to Flavilla, the only daughter of a wealthy shopkeeper, who not being accustomed to amorous blandishments, or respectful addresses, was delighted with the novelty of love, and easily suffered him to conduct her to the play, and to meet her where he visited. Leviculus did not doubt but her father, however offended by a clandestine marriage, would soon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his son-in-law, and was in haste to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball; and, having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a small estate in the country, where, after his usual enquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with Altilia, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with such jealous officiousness, as scarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. Leviculus, nevertheless, discovered his passion in a letter, and Altilia could not withstand the pleasure of hearing vows and sighs,

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and flatteries and protestations. She admitted his visits, enjoyed, for five years, the happiness of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amused herself with the various stratagems which were practised to disengage her affections. Sometimes she was advised with great earnestness to travel for her health, and sometimes intreated to keep her brother's house. Many stories were spread to the disadvantage of Leviculus, by which she commonly seemed affected for a time, but took care soon afterwards to express her conviction of their falsehood. But being at last fatigued with this ludicrous tyranny, she told her lover, when he pressed for the reward of his services, that she was very sensible of his merit, but was resolved not to impoverish an ancient family.

He then returned to the town, and soon after his arrival became acquainted with Latronia, a lady distinguished by the elegance of her equipage, and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her economy, and therefore Leviculus, who had scarcely confidence to solicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts; when he found himself distinguished by her with such marks of preference as a woman of modesty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without resentment, in time permitted him to hope for happiness, and at last fixed the nuptial day, without any distrustful reserve of pin-money, or sordid stipulations for jointure, and settlements.

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the stairs the voice of Latronia's maid, whom frequent bribes had secured in his service. She soon burst into his room, and told him that she could not suffer him to be longer deceived; that her mistress was now spending the last payment of her fortune, and was only supported in her expence by the credit of his estate. Leviculus shuddered to see himself so near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his escape to the resentment of the maid, who, having assisted Latronia to gain the conquest, quarrelled with her at last about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeless and disconsolate, till one Sunday he saw a lady in the Mall, whom her dress declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad resplendence of her countenance, he guessed to have lately buried some prosperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no less than the relief of Prune the grocer, who having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his estates real and personal. No formality was necessary in addressing Madam Prune, and therefore Leviculus went next morning without an introducer. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; she then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, asked if he knew to whom he was talking, then shewed him the door, and again laughed to find him confused. Leviculus discovered that this coarseness was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to the attack. He soon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks hoard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many sage remarks on the regard due to the people of property; and agreed with her in detestation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He sometimes presumed to mention marriage; but was always answered with a slap, a hoot, and a founce. At last he began to press her closer, and thought himself more favourably received; but going one morning, with a resolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring shop, of whom she had become enamoured at her window.

In these, and a thousand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus spent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and disappointment. He begins at last to find that success is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurnished with any arts that might amuse his leisure, is condemned to wear out a tasteless life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

N° CLXXXIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1751.

NULLA FIDES REGNI SOCIIS, OMNISQUE POTESTAS
IMPATIENS CONSORTIS ERAT.

LUCAN.

NO FAITH OF PARTNERSHIP DOMINION OWNS;
STILL DISCORD HOVERS O'ER DIVIDED THRONES.

THE hostility perpetually exercised between one man and another, is caused by the desire of many for that which only few can possess. Every man would be rich, powerful and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obscurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

This universal and incessant competition produces injury and malice by two motives, interest and envy; the prospect of adding to our possessions what we can take from others, and the hope of alleviating the sense of our disparity by lessening others, though we gain nothing to ourselves.

Of these two malignant and destructive powers, it seems probable at the first view, that interest has the strongest and most extensive influence. It is easy to conceive that opportunities to seize what has been long wanted, may excite desires almost irresistible; but surely the same eagerness cannot be kindled by an accidental power of destroying that which gives happiness to another. It must be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for mischief.

Yet I am inclined to believe, that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than by interest, and that most of the misery which the defamation of blameless actions, or the obstruction of honest endeavours, brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propose no advantage to themselves but the satisfaction of poisoning the banquet which they cannot taste, and blasting the harvest which they have no right to reap.

Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. The number is never large of those who can hope to fill the posts of degraded power, catch the fragments of shattered fortune, or succeed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits, as it requires, so it's influ-

ence, very little help from external circumstances. Envy may always be produced by idleness and pride, and in what place will they not be found?

Interest requires some qualities not universally bestowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him who has not discernment to mark his advantage, courage to seize, and activity to pursue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quiescent state, amidst the gloom of stupidity, in the covert of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of interest, is torn by hungry tigers; he may discover and resist his enemies. He that perishes in the ambushes of envy, is destroyed by unknown and invisible assassins, and dies like a man suffocated by a poisonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or possibility of contest.

Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly something to lose, and when he ventures to attack superiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably crushed. But envy may act without expence or danger. To spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate scandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is easy for the author of a lie, however malignant, to escape detection, and infamy needs very little industry to assist it's circulation.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation: it's effects therefore are every where discoverable, and it's attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from publick affairs, will never want those who hint, with Shylock, that ships are

but hoards. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain or instruct, yet suffers persecution from innumerable criticks, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, and of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw, with all the implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is above all other vices inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plun-

ders a wealthy neighbour gains as much as he takes away, and may improve his own condition in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be preferred. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is often marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity, but only that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns him, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Nº CLXXXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1751.

PERMITTE IPŒIS EXPENDERE NUMINIBUS, QUID
CONVENIAT NOBIS, REBUSQUE FIT UTILE NOSTRIS.

JUV.

INTRUST THY FORTUNE TO THE POW'RS ABOVE;
LEAVE THEM TO MANAGE FOR THEE, AND TO GRANT
WHAT THEIR UNERRING WISDOM SEES THEE WANT.

DRYDEN.

AS every scheme of life, so every mingled in the same proportions. The form of writing, has it's advantages and inconveniencies, though not writer of essays escapes many embarrassments to which a large work would have exposed

exposed him; he seldom harasses his reason with long trains of consequences, dims his eyes with the perusal of antiquated volumes, or burthens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careless glance upon a favourite author, or transient survey of the varieties of life, is sufficient to supply the first hint or seminal idea, which, enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter stored in the mind, is by the warmth of fancy easily expanded into flowers, and sometimes ripened into fruit.

The most frequent difficulty by which the authors of these petty compositions are distressed, arises from the perpetual demand of novelty and change. The compiler of a system of science lays his invention at rest, and employs only his judgment, the faculty exerted with least fatigue. Even the relator of feigned adventures, when once the principal characters are established, and the great events regularly connected, finds incidents and episodes crowding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the story grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irksomeness of his task rather increased than lessened by every production. The day calls afresh upon him for a new topic, and he is again obliged to choose, without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is seldom any necessity of looking far, or inquiring long for a proper subject. Every diversity of art or nature, every public blessing or calamity, every domestick pain or gratification, every folly of caprice, blunder of absurdity, or stratagem of affection, may supply matter to him whose only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens, that the judgment is distracted with boundless multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one design to another, and the hours pass imperceptibly away, till the composition can be no longer delayed, and necessity enforces the use of those thoughts which then happen to be at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and suspense, applies herself vigorously to the work before her, collects embellishments and illustrations, and sometimes finishes, with great elegance and happiness, what in a

state of ease and leisure she never had begun.

It is not commonly observed, how much, even of actions considered as particularly subject to choice, is to be attributed to accident, or some cause out of our own power, by whatever name it be distinguished. To close tedious deliberations with hasty resolves, and after long consultations with reason to refer the question to caprice, is by no means peculiar to the essayist. Let him that peruses this paper review the series of his life, and inquire how he was placed in his present condition. He will find, that of the good or ill which he has experienced, a great part came unexpected, without any visible gradations of approach; that every event has been influenced by causes acting without his intervention; and that whenever he pretended to the prerogative of foresight, he was mortified with new conviction of the shortness of his views.

The busy, the ambitious, the inconsistent, and the adventrous, may be said to throw themselves by design into the arms of fortune, and voluntarily to quit the power of governing themselves; they engage in a course of life in which little can be ascertained by previous measures; nor is it any wonder that their time is past between elation and despondency, hope and disappointment.

Some there are who appear to walk the road of life with more circumspection, and make no step till they think themselves secure from the hazard of a precipice; when neither pleasure nor profit can tempt them from the beaten path; who refuse to climb lest they should fall, or to run lest they should stumble, and move slowly forward without any compliance with those passions by which the heady and vehement are seduced and betrayed.

Yet even the timorous prudence of this judicious class is far from exempting them from the dominion of chance, a subtle and insidious power, who will intrude upon privacy and embarrass caution. No course of life is so prescribed and limited, but that many actions must result from arbitrary election. Every one must form the general plan of his conduct by his own reflections; he must resolve whether he will endeavour at riches or at content; whether he will exercise private or public virtues; whether he will labour for the general benefit

of mankind, or contract his beneficence to his family and dependants.

This question has long exercised the schools of philosophy, but remains yet undecided; and what hope is there that a young man, unacquainted with the arguments on either side, should determine his own destiny otherwise than by chance?

When chance has given him a partner of his bed, whom he prefers to all other women, without any proof of superior desert, chance must again direct him in the education of his children; for who was ever able to convince himself by arguments, that he had chosen for his son that mode of instruction to which his understanding was best adapted, or by which he would most easily be made wise or virtuous?

Whoever shall inquire by what motives he was determined on these important occasions, will find them such as his pride will scarcely suffer him to confess; some sudden ardour of desire, some uncertain glimpse of advantage, some petty competition, some inaccurate conclusion, or some example implicitly revered. Such are often the first causes of our resolves; for it is necessary to act, but impossible to know the consequences of action, or to discuss all the reasons which offer themselves on every part to inquisitiveness and solicitude.

Since life itself is uncertain, nothing which has life for its basis can boast much stability. Yet this is but a small part of our perplexity. We set out on a

tempestuous sea in quest of some port, where we expect to find rest, but where we are not sure of admission; we are not only in danger of sinking in the way, but of being misled by meteors mistaken for stars, of being driven from our course by the changes of the wind, and of losing it by unskilful steerage; yet it sometimes happens, that cross winds blow us to a safer coast, that meteors draw us aside from whirlpools, and that negligence or error contributes to our escape from mischiefs to which a direct course would have exposed us. Of those that by precipitate conclusions involve themselves in calamities without guilt, very few, however they may reproach themselves, can be certain that other measures would have been more successful.

In this state of universal uncertainty, where a thousand dangers hover about us, and none can tell whether the good that he pursues is not evil in disguise, or whether the next step will lead him to safety or destruction, nothing can afford any rational tranquillity, but the conviction that, however we amuse ourselves with unideal sounds, nothing in reality is governed by chance, but that the universe is under the perpetual superintendence of him who created it; that our being is in the hands of omnipotent goodness, by whom what appears casual to us is directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful; and that nothing can finally hurt him who debars not himself from the Divine favour.

N^o CLXXXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1751.

AT VINDICTA BONUM VITA JUCUNDIUS IPSA,
 NEMPE HOC INDOCTI.—
 CHRYSIPPUS NON DICIT IDEM, NEC MITE THALETIS
 INGENIUM, DULCIQUE SENEX VICINUS HYMETTO,
 QUI PARTEM ACCEPTÆ SÆVA INTER VINCLA CICUTÆ
 ACCUSATORI NOLLET DARE.—QUIPPE MINUTI
 SEMPER, ET INFIRMI EST ANIMI, EXIGUIQUE VOLÉTTAS
 ULTIÓ.

JUV.

BUT O! REVENGE IS SWEET.
 TRUS THINK THE CROWD; WHO, EAGER TO ENGAGE,
 TAKE QUICKLY FIRE, AND KINDLE INTO RAGE.
 NOT SO MILD THALES NOR CHRYSIPPUS THOUGHT,
 NOR THAT GOOD MAN, WHO DRANK THE POIS'NOUS DRAUGHT
 WITH MIND SERENE; AND COULD NOT WISH TO SEE
 HIS VILE ACCUSER DRINK AS DEEP AS HE!
 EXALTED SOCRATES! DIVINELY BRAVE!
 IN JUD' HE FELL, AND DYING HE FORGAVE,
 TOO NOBLE FOR REVENGE; WHICH STILL WE FIND
 THE WEAKEST FRAILTY OF A FEEBLE MIND.

DRYDEN.

NO vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion, than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of puffanimity.

For this reason scarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly transgressed, or more industriously evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the sanction of eternal misery, the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat pride, and pursue offences to extremity of vengeance, lest they should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whose birth *peace* was proclaimed to the earth. For, what would so soon destroy all the order of society, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompense for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the strictest justice not to favour himself too much,

in the calmest moments of solitary meditation. Every one wishes for the distinctions for which thousands are wishing at the same time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reason operates in it's full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self-love, prefer himself to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his passions are agitated by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly engrossed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance, shows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who first commits an injury, will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required: the same haughtiness of contempt, or vehemence of desire, that prompts the act of injustice, will more strongly incite it's justification; and resentment can never so exactly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his first action will think himself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual

mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy?

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible that, of two enemies, either should first think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty, as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied suppositions of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is easiest to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A single injury may be soon dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with every idea, a long contest involves so many circumstances, that every place and action will recal it to the mind, and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A wife man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Repentment is an union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage, whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin, whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity, nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long

want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much it's guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacifick and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestick tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailling and universal axiom, that 'all pride is 'abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence, in which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantages, a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried devotion of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have

courted

courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these, at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratu-

late himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensibly required that he forgives; It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

Nº CLXXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1751.

PONE ME, PIGRIS UBI NULLA CAMPIS
ARBORÆSTIVA RECREATUR AURA
DULCE RIDENTEM LATAGEN AMABO,
DULCE LOQUENTEM.

HOR.

PLACE ME WHERE NEVER SUMMER BREEZE
UNWINDS THE GLEBE, OR WARMS THE TREES;
WHERE EVER LOWERING CLOUDS APPEAR,
AND ANGRY JOVE DEFORMS THE INCLEMENT HEAVEN;
LOVE AND THE NYMPH SHALL CHARM MY TOILEY,
THE NYMPH, WHO SWEETLY SPEAKS AND SWEETLY SMILES.

FRANCIS.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed; or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by

art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diversify characters;

characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found it's way into these abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics, and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlanders' hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise; in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that, 'She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morie, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Anaroc, and rescue her from

'the ravine of Havgufa.' He concluded with a wish, that 'whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps.'

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. 'O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider,' said Anningait, 'what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be past without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter, where they raise houses in rows above the ground,

‘ dwell together from year to year, with
 ‘ flocks of tame animals grazing in the
 ‘ fields about them; can travel at any
 ‘ time from one place to another, through
 ‘ ways inclosed with trees, or over walls
 ‘ raised upon the inland waters; and
 ‘ direct their course through wide coun-
 ‘ tries by the sight of green hills or scat-
 ‘ tered buildings. Even in summer,
 ‘ we have no means of crossing the
 ‘ mountains, whose snows are never dis-
 ‘ solved; nor can remove to any distant

‘ residence, but in our boats coasting
 ‘ the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few sum-
 ‘ mer-days, and a few winter-nights,
 ‘ and the life of man is at an end. Night
 ‘ is the time of ease and festivity, of re-
 ‘ vels and gaiety; but what will be the
 ‘ flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or
 ‘ the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut!

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Nº CLXXXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1751.

NON ILLUM NOSTRI POSSUNT MUTARE LABORES,
 NON SI FRIGORIBUS MEDIIS HIBERNQUE BIFAMUS,
 SITHONIAQUE NIVES HIEMIS SUBEAMUS AQUOSA, —
 OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

VIRGIL.

LOVE ALTERS NOT FOR US HIS HARD DECREES,
 NOT THO' BENEATH THE THRACIAN CLIME WE FREEZE,
 OR THE MILD BLISS OF TEMPERATE SKIES FOREGO,
 AND IN MID WINTER TREAD SITHONIAN SNOW: —
 LOVE CONQUERS ALL. —

DRYDEN.

ANINGAIT, however discom-
 posed by the dilatory coyness of
 Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no to-
 kens of amorous respect; and therefore
 presented her at his departure with the
 skins of seven white fawns, of five swans
 and eleven seals, with three marble lamps,
 ten vessels of seal oil, and a large Kettle
 of brass, which he had purchased from a
 ship, at the price of half a whale, and
 two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the
 fondness of her lover, or so much over-
 powered by his magnificence, that she
 followed him to the sea-side; and, when
 she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud,
 that he might return with plenty of skins
 and oil; that neither the mermaids might
 snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits
 of the rocks confine him in their ca-
 verns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the
 departing vessel, and then returning to
 her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside,
 from that hour, her white deer skin, suf-
 fered her hair to spread unbraided on her
 shoulders, and forbore to mix in the
 dances of the maidens. She endeavoured
 to divert her thoughts by continual
 application to feminine employments,
 gathered moss for the winter lamps, and
 dried grass to line the boots of Anningait.
 Of the skins which he had be-

stowed upon her, she made a fishing-
 coat, a small boat, and tent, all of ex-
 quisite manufacture; and while she was
 thus busied, solaced her labours with a
 song, in which she prayed, ‘ that her
 ‘ lover might have hands stronger than
 ‘ the paws of the bear, and feet swifter
 ‘ than the feet of the rein-deer; that his
 ‘ dart might never err, and that his boat
 ‘ might never leak; that he might never
 ‘ stumble on the ice, nor faint in the
 ‘ water; that the seal might rush on his
 ‘ harpoon, and the wounded whale might
 ‘ dash the waves in vain.’

The large boats in which the Green-
 landers transport their families, are al-
 ways rowed by women; for a man will
 not debase himself by work which re-
 quires neither skill nor courage. An-
 ningait was therefore exposed by idleness
 to the ravages of passion. He went
 thrice to the stern of the boat, with an
 intent to leap into the water, and swim
 back to his mistress; but recollecting
 the misery which they must endure in
 the winter, without oil for the lamp, or
 skins for the bed, he resolved to employ
 the weeks of absence in provision for a
 night of plenty and felicity. He then
 composed his emotions as he could, and
 expressed, in wild numbers and uncouth
 images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his
 fears. ‘ O life,’ says he, ‘ frail and un-
 ‘ certain

'certain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the fingers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks, I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the rockfish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling.'

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngfuk, on his return from hunting. Norngfuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil

in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngfuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and enquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngfuk depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenland; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngfuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed; stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of

carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures.

Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

Nº CLXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1752.

—SI TE COLO, SEXTE, NON AMARO.

MART.

THE MORE I HONOUR THEE, THE LESS I LOVE.

NONE of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blameable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live, otherwise than in an hermitage, without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy, or inspirits gaiety.

It is apparent, that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation, holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we

could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I question whether some abatement of character is not necessary to general acceptance. Few spend their time with much satisfaction under the eye of uncontrollable superiority; and therefore, among those whose presence is courted at assemblies of jollity, there are seldom found men eminently distinguished for powers or acquisitions. The wit whose vivacity condemns slower tongues to silence, the scholar whose knowledge allows no man to fancy that he instructs him, the critic who suffers no fallacy to pass undetected, and the reasoner who condemns the idle to thought, and the negligent to attention, are generally praised and feared, revered and avoided.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment, extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call the Sardinian Laughter, a distortion of the face without gladness of heart.

For

For this reason, no style of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to contemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character; some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, he yet thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another; and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

But it is not easy, and in some situations of life not possible, to accumulate such a stock of materials as may support the expence of continual narration; and it frequently happens, that they who attempt this method of ingratiating themselves, please only at the first interview; and, for want of new supplies of intelligence, wear out their stories by continual repetition.

There would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining the praise of a good companion, were it not to be gained by more compendious methods; but such is the kindness of mankind to all, except those who aspire to real merit and rational dignity, that every understanding may find some way to excite benevolence; and whoever is not envied may learn the art of procuring love. We are willing to be pleased, but are not willing to admire; we favour the mirth or officiousness that solicits our regard, but oppose the worth or spirit that enforces it.

The first place among those that please, because they desire only to please, is due to the *merry fellow* whose laugh is loud,

and whose voice is strong; who is ready to echo every jest with obstreperous approbation, and countenance every frolic with vociferations of applause. It is not necessary to a merry fellow to have in himself any fund of jocularity, or force of conception; it is sufficient that he always appears in the highest exaltation of gladness, for the greater part of mankind are gay or serious by infection, and follow without resistance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the *good-natured man*, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue, than such as indolence and insensibility confer. The characteristic of a good-natured man is to bear a joke; to sit unmoved and unaffected amidst noise and turbulence, profaneness and obscenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure insult without reply; and to follow the stream of folly, whatever course it shall happen to take. The good-natured man is commonly the darling of the perty wits, with whom they exercise themselves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor disconcerts a puny satirist with unexpected sarcasms; but while the glass continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expence of uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

The *modest man* is a companion of a yet lower rank, whose only power of giving pleasure is not to interrupt it. The modest man satisfies himself with peaceful silence, which all his companions are candid enough to consider as proceeding not from inability to speak, but willingness to hear.

Many, without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have some single art of entertainment which serves them as a passport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, because every night, precisely at eleven, he begins his favourite song, and during the vocal performance, by corresponding motions of his hand, chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himself to a long succession of acquaintances by sitting among them with his wig reverbered; another by contriving to smut the nose of any stranger who was to be initiated in the club; another by purring like a cat, and then

then pretending to be frightened; and another by yelping like a hound, and calling to the drawers to drive out the dog.

Such are the arts by which cheerfulness is promoted, and sometimes friendship established; arts, which those who de-

spise them should not rigorously blame, except when they are practised at the expence of innocence; for it is always necessary to be loved, but not always necessary to be revered.

Nº CLXXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1752.

QUOD TAM GRANDE SOPHOS CLAMAT TIBI TURBA ROGATA,
NON TU, POMPONI, COENA DISERTA TUA EST.

MART.

RESOUNDING PLAUDITS THO' THE CROWD HAVE RUNG,
THY TREAT IS ELOQUENT, AND NOT THY TONGUE.

F. LEWIS.

THE world scarcely affords opportunities of making any observation more frequently, than on false claims to commendation. Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep; so that scarcely can two persons casually meet, but one is offended or diverted by the ostentation of the other.

Of these pretenders it is fit to distinguish those who endeavour to deceive from them who are deceived; those who by designed impostures promote their interest, or gratify their pride, from them who mean only to force into regard their latent excellencies and neglected virtues; who believe themselves qualified to instruct or please, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent usurpers of distinction deserve greater severities than ridicule and contempt, since they are seldom content with empty praise, but are instigated by passions more pernicious than vanity. They consider the reputation which they endeavour to establish as necessary to the accomplishment of some subsequent design, and value praise only as it may conduce to the success of avarice or ambition.

The commercial world is very frequently put into confusion by the bankruptcy of merchants, that assumed the splendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the stock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky casualties could enable them to pay; till after having supported their appearance a while by tumultuous magnificence of boundless traffick, they sink at once, and drag

down into poverty those whom their equipages had induced to trust them.

Among wretches that place their happiness in the favour of the great, of beings whom only high titles or large estates set above themselves, nothing is more common than to boast of confidence which they do not enjoy; to sell promises which they know their interest unable to perform; and to reimburse the tribute which they pay to an imperious master, from the contributions of meaner dependants, whom they can amuse with tales of their influence, and hopes of their solicitation.

Even among some, too thoughtless and volatile for avarice or ambition, may be found a species of falsehood more detestable than the levee or exchange can shew. There are men that boast of debaucheries, of which they never had address to be guilty; ruin, by lewd tales, the characters of women to whom they are scarcely known, or by whom they have been rejected; destroy in a drunken frolic the happiness of families; blast the bloom of beauty, and intercept the reward of virtue.

Other artifices of falsehood, though utterly unworthy of an ingenuous mind, are not yet to be ranked with flagitious enormities, nor is it necessary to incite sanguinary justice against them, since they may be adequately punished by detection and laughter. The traveller who describes cities which he has never seen; the squire who, at his return from London, tells of his intimacy with nobles to whom he has only bowed in the park, or coffee-house; the author who entertains his admirers with stories of the assistance which he gives to wits of a higher rank; the city dame who

talks

talks of her visits at great houses, where she happens to know the cookmaid; are surely such harmless animals as truth herself may be content to despise without desiring to hurt them.

But of the multitudes who struggle in vain for distinction, and display their own merits only to feel more acutely the sting of neglect, a great part are wholly innocent of deceit, and are betrayed, by insatiation and credulity, to that scorn with which the universal love of praise incites us all to drive feeble competitors out of our way.

Few men survey themselves with so much severity, as not to admit prejudices in their own favour, which an artful flatterer may gradually strengthen, till wishes for a particular qualification are improved to hopes of attainment, and hopes of attainment to belief of possession. Such flatterers every one will find, who has power to reward their assiduities. Wherever there is wealth, there will be dependance and expectation; and wherever there is dependance, there will be an emulation of servility.

Many of the follies which provoke general censure, are the effects of such vanity as, however it might have waned in the imagination, would scarcely have dared the publick eye, had it not been animated and emboldened by flattery. Whatever difficulty there may be in the knowledge of ourselves, scarcely any one fails to suspect his own imperfections, till he is elevated by others to confidence. We are almost all naturally modest and timorous; but fear and shame are uneasy sensations; and whosoever helps to remove them is received with kindness.

Turpicula was the heiress of a large estate, and having lost her mother in her infancy, was committed to a governess whom misfortunes had reduced to sup-

pleness and humility. The fondness of Turpicula's father would not suffer him to trust her at a publick school; but he hired domestick teachers, and bestowed on her all the accomplishments that wealth could purchase. But how many things are necessary to happiness which money cannot obtain? Thus secluded from all with whom she might converse on terms of equality, she heard none of those intimations of her defects, which envy, petulance, or anger, produce among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

Turpicula saw nothing but obsequiousness, and heard nothing but commendations. None are so little acquainted with the heart, as not to know that a woman's first wish is to be handsome, and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty. Turpicula had a distorted shape and a dark complexion; yet, when the impudence of adulation had ventured to tell her of the commanding dignity of her motion, and the soft enchantment of her smile, she was easily convinced, that she was the delight or torment of every eye, and that all who gazed upon her felt the fire of envy or love. She therefore neglected the culture of an understanding which might have supplied the defects of her form, and applied all her care to the decoration of her person; for she considered that more could judge of beauty than of wit, and was, like the rest of human beings, in haste to be admired. The desire of conquest naturally led her to the lists in which beauty signalizes her power. She glittered at court, fluttered in the park, and talked aloud in the front-box; but, after a thousand experiments of her charms, was at last convinced that she had been flattered, and that her glass was honestier than her maid.

N^o. CXC. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1752.

QUÆRITUM MERITIS.

HOB.

HENRY AND ALFRED.

CLOS'D THEIR LONG GLORIES WITH A SIGH, TO FIND AMBITION YET
IN UNWILLING GRATITUDE OF BASE MANKIND.

POPE.

AMONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, to assist the counsels or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timur, the first place was long held by Morad the son of Hamuth. Morad having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was waisted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faultered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth, and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets; their example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures; and only a few, whose virtue had enticed them to favour, were new to be seen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud, his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions,

and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude; he saw with regret the sun rise to force on his eye a new day for which he had no use; and envied the savage that wanders in the desert, because he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den.

His discontent in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease seized upon him. He refused physick, neglected exercise, and lay down on his couch peevish and restless, rather afraid to die than desirous to live. His domesticks, for a time, redoubled their assiduities; but finding that no officiousness could soothe, nor exactness satisfy, they soon gave way to negligence and sloth; and he that once commanded nations often languished in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded messengers to recal his eldest son Abouzaid from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness, and hastied by long journey to his place of residence. Morad was yet living, and felt his strength return at the embraces of his son; then, commanding him to sit down at his bedside—'Abouzaid,' says he, 'thy father has no more to hope or fear from the inhabitants of the earth, the cold hand of the angel of death is now upon him, and the voracious grave is howling for his prey. Hear therefore the precepts of ancient experience, let not my last instructions issue forth in vain. Thou hast seen me happy and calamitous, thou hast beheld my exaltation and my fall. My power is in the hands of my enemies, my treasures have rewarded my accusers; but my inheritance the clemency of the emperor has spared, and my wisdom his anger

anger could not take away. Cast
 ' thine eyes round thee, whatever thou
 ' beholdest will, in a few hours, be thine;
 ' apply thine ear to my dictates, and
 ' these possessions will promote thy hap-
 ' piness. Aspire not to public honours,
 ' enter not the palaces of kings; thy
 ' wealth will set thee above insult, let
 ' thy moderation keep thee below envy.
 ' Content thyself with private dignity,
 ' diffuse thy riches among thy friends,
 ' let every day extend thy beneficence,
 ' and suffer not thy heart to be at rest
 ' till thou art loved by all to whom thou
 ' art known. In the height of my pow-
 ' er, I said to defamation—"Who will
 " hear thee?" and to artifice—"What
 " canst thou perform?" But, my son, de-
 ' spite not thou the malice of the weakest;
 ' remember that venom supplies the
 ' want of strength, and that the lion
 ' may perish by the puncture of an asp.'

Morad expired in a few hours. A-
 bouzaid, after the months of mourning,
 determined to regulate his conduct by his
 father's precepts, and cultivate the love
 of mankind by every art of kindness
 and endearment. He wisely considered
 that domestick happiness was first to be
 secured, and that none have so much
 power of doing good or hurt, as those
 who are present in the hour of negli-
 gence, hear the bursts of thoughtless
 merriment, and observe the starts of un-
 guarded passion. He therefore augment-
 ed the pay of all his attendants, and
 required every exertion of uncommon
 diligence by supernumerary gratuities.
 While he congratulated himself upon the
 fidelity and affection of his family, he
 was in the night alarmed with robbers,
 who being pursued and taken, declared
 that they had been admitted by one of
 his servants; the servant immediately
 confessed, that he unbarred the door, be-
 cause another not more worthy of con-
 fidence was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a
 dependant could not easily be made a
 friend; and that while many were soli-
 citing for the first rank of favour, all
 those would be alienated whom he disap-
 pointed. He therefore resolved to as-
 sociate with a few equal companions se-
 lected from among the chief men of the
 province. With these he lived happily
 for a time, till familiarity set them free
 from restraint, and every man thought
 himself at liberty to indulge his own

caprice, and advance his own opinions.
 They then disturbed each other with
 contrariety of inclinations, and differ-
 ence of sentiments; and Abouzaid was
 necessitated to offend one party by con-
 currence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a
 close union with beings so discordant in
 their nature, and to diffuse himself in a
 larger circle. He practised the smile of
 universal courtesy, and invited all to his
 table, but admitted none to his retire-
 ments. Many who had been rejected
 in his choice of friendship, now refused
 to accept his acquaintance; and of those
 whom plenty and magnificence drew to
 his table, every one pressed forward to-
 ward intimacy, thought himself over-
 looked in the crowd, and murmured be-
 cause he was not distinguished above the
 rest. By degrees all made advances, and
 all resented repulse. The table was
 then covered with delicacies in vain; the
 musick sounded in empty rooms; and
 Abouzaid was left to form in solitude
 some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the force of gra-
 titude, he enquired for men of science,
 whose merit was obscured by poverty.
 His house was soon crowded with poets,
 sculptors, painters, and designers, who
 wanted in unexperienced plenty, and
 employed their powers in celebration of
 their patron. But in a short time they
 forgot the distress from which they had
 been rescued, and began to consider their
 deliverer as a wretch of narrow capa-
 city, who was growing great by works
 which he could not perform, and whom
 they overpaid by condescending to ac-
 cept his bounties. Abouzaid heard
 their murmurs, and dismissed them; and
 from that hour continued blind to col-
 ours, and deaf to panegyrick.

As the sons of art departed, mutter-
 ing threats of perpetual infamy, A-
 bouzaid, who stood at the gate, called to
 him Hamet the poet. 'Hamet,' said he,
 ' thy ingratitude has put an end to my
 ' hopes and experiments: I have now
 ' learned the vanity of those labours
 ' that wish to be rewarded by human
 ' benevolence; I shall henceforth do
 ' good, and avoid evil, without respect
 ' to the opinion of men; and resolve to
 ' solicit only the approbation of that
 ' Being whom alone we are sure to please
 ' by endeavouring to please him.'

N^o CXCI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1752.

CEREUS IN VITIUM FLECTI, MONITORIBUS ASPER.

Hon.

THE YOUTH—

YIELDING LIKE WAX, TH' IMPRESSIVE FOLLY BEARS;
TOUGH TO REPROOF, AND SLOW TO FUTURE CARES.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

DEAR MR. RAMBLER,

I Have been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and six card-tables, and put me seventeen visits behind-hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks. But, dear Mr. Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time Melissa is dancing with the prettiest gentleman;—she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have presents; then she will be dressed, and visit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards and win, and come home with two flambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. Rambler, who can bear it?

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your papers for my amusement. She says, you are a philosopher, and will teach me to moderate my desires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear Sir, I do not wish, nor intend to moderate my desires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to sit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but just as my aunt came in, Phyllida had brought me a letter from Mr. Trip, which I put within the leaves, and read about *absence* and *inconsolableness*, and *ardour*, and *irresistible passion*, and *eternal constancy*, while my aunt imagined that I was puzzling myself with your philosophy, and often cried out when she saw me look confused.—If there is any word that you do not understand, child, I will explain it.

Dear soul! how old people that think themselves wise may be imposed upon!

But it is fit that they should take their turn, for I am sure, while they can keep poor girls close in the nursery, they tyrannize over us in a very shameful manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet subjection, and fancy that we can never be safe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are still generally admired by those that value themselves upon their understanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and simplicity, and beauty and propriety; but if there was not some hope of meeting me, scarcely a creature would come near them that wears a fashionable coat. These ladies, Mr. Rambler, have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by such representations of life as I now find not to be true; but I know not whether I ought to impute them to ignorance or malice, as it is possible the world may be much changed since they mingled in general conversation.

Being desirous that I should love books, they told me, that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense; or qualify me to distinguish the superficial glitter of vanity from the solid merit of understanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life without the help of silly or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares of idleness and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention was to make me afraid of men; in which they succeeded so well for a time, that I durst not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they made me fancy, that no man ever spoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the girl who suffered him that had once squeezed her hand, to approach her a second

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NO. CXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1785.



Richard D.

Signe

III.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co April 3. 1785.

cond time, was on the brink of ruin; and that she who answered a billet, without consulting her relations, gave love such power over her, that she would certainly become either poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading-strings were taken off, I scarce heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid; for my mamma never said more, when she heard me commended, but—'The girl is very well,' and then endeavoured to divert my attention by some enquiry after my needle, or my book.

It is now three months, since I have been suffered to pay and receive visits, to dance at publick assemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and to play at Lady Racket's rout; and you may easily imagine what I think of those who have so long cheated me with false expectations, disturbed me with fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all that I have found to make the happiness of woman.

I am so far from perceiving the usefulness or necessity of books, that if I had not dropped all pretensions to learning, I should have lost Mr. Trip, whom I once frightened into another box, by retailing some of Dryden's remarks upon a tragedy; for Mr. Trip declares, that he hates nothing like hard words, and I am sure, there is not a better partner to be found; his very walk is a dance. I have talked once or twice among ladies, about principles and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me I was too wise for them, who for their part never pretended to read anything but the play-bill, and then asked me the price of my best head.

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books, I have never yet obtained; for, consider, Mr. Rambler, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early; as soon as I am up, I dress for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to some sale or show, or entertainment at the little theatre; then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at

any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, forced at last to let in company or step into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

This is the round of my day; and when shall I either stop my course, or so change it as to want a book? I suppose it cannot be imagined, that any of these diversions will soon be at an end. There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and shows, and playhouses, and cards; visits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragick stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die, as I shall command him. They are so far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who shall be allowed most closely to attend, and most frequently to treat me; when different places of entertainment, or schemes of pleasure are mentioned, I can see the eye sparkle and the cheeks glow of him whose proposals obtain my approbation; he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condescension, and congratulates himself that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are these, Mr. Rambler, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury will be done me by those who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my presence?

As little reason can I yet find to suspect them of stratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my mistakes, nor exact from me a rigorous observation of the game. Even Mr. Shuffle, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myself, plays with me so negligently, that I am sometimes inclined to believe he loses his money by design, and yet he is so fond of play, that he says, he

will one day take me to his house in the country, that we may try by ourselves who can conquer. I have not yet promised him; but when the town grows a little empty, I shall think upon it, for I want some trinkets, like Letitia's, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but must study some means of amusing my relations.

For all these distinctions I find myself indebted to that beauty which I was never suffered to hear praised, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my

aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told, that nothing but blindness can escape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know so well, has been only one fiction entangled with another; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue some appearances of respect, I cannot think that they, who have been so clearly detected in ignorance or imposture, have any right to the esteem, veneration, or obedience of, Sir, yours,

BELLARIA.

Nº CXCH. SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1752.

Πίνε' ἄλλοις ἐξ ἡσδίας,
Ἰσφία, τροπὸς ἀλλήλων·
Μόνον ἀέλιον βλέπασιν.
Αὐτοῖσι πρῶτος αὐτῶς
'Ο πρὸς ἀέλιον φίλος,
Διὰ τὸτον ἐν ἀδελφῶς,
Διὰ τὸτον ὁ τοῦτος
Πλάσσει, φέροι δὲ αὐτῶν.
Τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ἐκλύμασθα
αὐτὸν τοῦ ἐφελύγεις.

ANACREON.

VAIN THE NOBLEST BIRTH WOULD PROVE,
NOT WORTH NOR WIT AVAIL IN LOVE;
'TIS GOLD ALONE SUCCEEDS—BY GOLD
THE VENAL SEX IS BOUGHT AND SOLD.
ACCUR'D BE HE WHO FIRST OF YORE
DISCOVER'D THE PERNICIOUS ORE!
THIS SETS A BROTHER'S HEART ON FIRE,
AND ARMS THE SON AGAINST THE SIRE;
AND WHAT, ALAS! IS WORSE THAN ALL,
TO THIS THE LOVER OWES HIS FALL.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I Am the son of a gentleman, whose ancestors, for many ages, held the first rank in the county; till at last one of them, too desirous of popularity, set his house open, kept a table covered with continual profusion, and distributed his beef and ale to such as chose rather to live upon the folly of others than their own labour, with such thoughtless liberality, that he left a third part of his estate mortgaged. His successor, a man of spirit, scorped to impair his dignity by parsimonious retrenchments, or to admit, by a sale of his lands, any participation of the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay

the interest of the former, and pleased himself with the reflection, that his son would have the hereditary estate without the diminution of an acre.

Nearly resembling this was the practice of my wise progenitors for many ages. Every man boasted the antiquity of his family, resolved to support the dignity of his birth, and lived in splendour and plenty at the expence of his heir, who, sometimes by a wealthy marriage, and sometimes by lucky legacies, discharged part of the incumbrances, and thought himself intitled to contract new debts, and to leave to his children the same inheritance of embarrassment and distress.

Thus the estate perpetually decayed, the woods were felled by one, the park ploughed

ploughed by another, the fishery let to farmers by a third; at last the old hall was pulled down to spare the cost of reparation, and part of the materials sold to build a small house with the rest. We were now openly degraded from our original rank, and my father's brother was allowed with less reluctance to serve an apprenticeship, though we never reconciled ourselves heartily to the sound of haberdasher, but always talked of warehouses and a merchant, and when the wind happened to blow loud, affected to pity the hazards of commerce, and to sympathize with the solicitude of my poor uncle, who had the true retailer's terror of adventure, and never exposed himself or his property to any wider water than the Thames.

In time, however, by continual profit and small expences, he grew rich, and began to turn his thoughts towards rank. He hung the arms of the family over his parlour-chimney; pointed at a chariot decorated only with a cypher; became of opinion that money could not make a gentleman; resented the petulance of upstarts; told stories of Alderman Puff's grandfather the porter; wondered that there was no better method for regulating precedence; wished for some dress peculiar to men of fashion; and when his servant presented a letter, always enquired whether it came from his brother the esquire.

My father was careful to send him game by every carrier, which, though the conveyance often cost more than the value, was well received, because it gave him an opportunity of calling his friends together, describing the beauty of his brother's seat, and lamenting his own folly, whom no remonstrances could withhold from polluting his fingers with a shop-book.

The little presents which we sent were always returned with great munificence. He was desirous of being the second founder of his family, and could not bear that we should be any longer outshone by those whom we considered as climbers upon our ruins, and usurpers of our fortune. He furnished our house with all the elegance of fashionable expence, and was careful to conceal his bounties, lest the poverty of his family should be suspected.

At length it happened that, by misconduct like our own, a large estate, which had been purchased from us, was

again exposed to the best bidder. My uncle, delighted with an opportunity of reinstating the family in their possessions, came down with treasures, scarcely to be imagined in a place where commerce has not made large sums familiar, and at once drove all the competitors away, expedited the writings, and took possession. He now considered himself as superior to trade, disposed of his stock, and as soon as he had settled his economy, began to shew his rural sovereignty, by breaking the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and seizing the guns or nets of those whose fortunes did not qualify them for sportsmen. He soon afterwards solicited the office of sheriff, from which all his neighbours were glad to be relieved, but which he regarded as a resumption of ancestral claims, and a kind of restoration to blood after the attainder of a trade.

My uncle, whose mind was so filled with this change of his condition, that he found no want of domestick entertainment, declared himself too old to marry, and resolved to let the newly-purchased estate fall into the regular channel of inheritance. I was therefore considered as heir apparent, and courted with officiousness and caresses, by the gentlemen who had hitherto coldly allowed me that rank which they could not refuse, depressed me with studied neglect, and irritated me with ambiguous insults.

I felt not much pleasure from the civilities for which I knew myself indebted to my uncle's industry, till by one of the invitations which every day now brought me, I was induced to spend a week with Lucius, whose daughter Flavilla I had often seen and admired like others, without any thought of nearer approaches. The inequality which had hitherto kept me at a distance being now levelled, I was received with every evidence of respect; Lucius told me the fortune which he intended for his favourite daughter, many odd accidents obliged us to be often together without company, and I soon began to find that they were spreading for me the nets of matrimony.

Flavilla was all softness and complaisance. I, who had been excluded by a narrow fortune from much acquaintance with the world, and never been honoured before with the notice of so fine a lady, was easily enamoured.

Lucius

Lucius either perceived my passion, or Flavilla betrayed it; care was taken, that our private meetings should be less frequent, and my charmer confessed by her eyes, how much pain she suffered from our restraint. I renewed my visit upon every pretence, but was not allowed one interview without witness; at last I declared my passion to Lucius, who received me as a lover worthy of his daughter, and told me that nothing was wanting to his consent, but that my uncle should settle his estate upon me. I objected the indecency of encroaching on his life, and the danger of provoking him by such an unreasonable demand. Lucius seemed not to think decency of much importance, but admitted the danger of displeasing, and concluded that as he was now old and sickly, we might, without any inconvenience, wait for his death.

With this resolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of Flavilla, in which the days passed away amidst continual rapture; but in time I began to be ashamed of sitting idle, in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and proposed to Lucius many schemes of raising my own fortune by such assistance as I knew

my uncle willing to give me. Lucius, afraid lest I should change my affection in absence, diverted me from my design by dissuaves to which my passion easily listened. At last my uncle died, and considering himself as neglected by me, from the time that Flavilla took possession of my heart, left his estate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating stories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect, and my impatience to be selling stock.

My condition was soon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of Flavilla. I repeated the protestations of regard, which had been formerly returned with so much ardour, in a letter which she received privately; but returned by her father's footman. Contempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchased, by the loss of fortune, an escape from a harpy, who has joined the artifices of age to the allurements of youth. I am now going to pursue my former projects with a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me, and if I succeed, shall expect to hear of the repentance of Flavilla.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
CONSTANTINUS.

Nº CXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1752.

LAUDIS AMORE TUMES? SUNT CERTA FIACULA, QUÆ TER
TER PURE LECTO POTERUNT RECREARE LIBELLO.

Hor.

OR ART THOU VAIN? BOOKS YIELD A CERTAIN SPELL,
TO STOP THY TUMOUR; YOU SHALL CEASE TO SWELL,
WHEN YOU HAVE READ THEM THRICE, AND STUDIED WELL.

Calce.

WHATEVER is universally desired, will be sought by industry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by means good and bad, rational and absurd, according to the prevalence of virtue or vice, of wisdom or folly. Some will always mistake the degree of their own desert, and some will desire that others may mistake it. The cunning will have recourse to stratagem, and the powerful to violence, for the attainment of their wishes; some will stoop to theft, and others venture upon plunder.

Praise is so pleasing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almost all our actions. The desire of commendation, as of every thing else, is

varied indeed by innumerable differences of temper, capacity, and knowledge; some have no higher wish than for the applause of a club; some expect the acclamations of a county; and some have hoped to fill the mouths of all ages and nations with their names. Every man pants for the highest eminence within his view; none, however mean, ever sinks below the hope of being distinguished by his fellow-beings; and very few have, by magnanimity or piety, been so raised above it, as to act wholly without regard to censure or opinion.

To be praised, therefore, every man resolves; but resolutions will not execute

ent themselves. That which all think too parsimoniously distributed to their own claims, they will not gratuitously squander upon others, and some expedient must be tried, by which praise may be gained before it can be enjoyed.

Among the innumerable bidders for praise, some are willing to purchase at the highest rate, and offer ease and health, fortune and life. Yet even of these only a small part have gained what they so earnestly desired; the student wastes away in meditation, and the soldier perishes on the ramparts; but unless some accidental advantage co-operates with merit, neither perseverance nor adventure attract attention, and learning and bravery sink into the grave without honour or remembrance.

But ambition and vanity generally expect to be gratified on easier terms. It has been long observed, that what is procured by skill or labour to the first possessor, may be afterwards transferred for money; and that the man of wealth may partake all the acquisitions of courage without hazard, and all the products of industry without fatigue. It was easily discovered, that riches would obtain praise among other conveniences, and that he whose pride was unluckily associated with laziness, ignorance, or cowardice, needed only to pay the hire of a panegyrist, and he might be regaled with periodical eulogies; might determine, at leisure, what virtue or science he would be pleased to appropriate, and be lulled in the evening with soothing serenades, or waked in the morning by sprightly gratulations.

The happiness which mortals receive from the celebration of beneficence which never relieved, eloquence which never persuaded, or elegance which never pleased, ought not to be envied or disturbed, when they are known honestly to pay for their entertainment. But there are unmerciful exactors of adulation, who withhold the wages of venality; retain their encomiast from year to year by general promises and ambiguous blandishments; and when he has run through the whole compass of flattery, dismiss him with contempt, because his vein of fiction is exhausted.

A continual feast of commendation is only to be obtained by merit or by wealth; many are therefore obliged to content themselves with single morsels, and recompence the infrequency of

their enjoyment by excess and riot, whenever fortune sets the banquet before them. Hunger is never delicate; they who are seldom gorged to the full with praise, may be safely fed with gross compliments; for the appetite must be satisfied before it is disgusted.

It is easy to find the moment at which vanity is eager for sustenance, and all that impudence or servility can offer will be well received. When any one complains of the want of what he is known to possess in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted. When the trader pretends anxiety about the payment of his bills, or the beauty remarks how frightfully she looks, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or of charms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of a merchant.

* Others there are yet more open and artless, who, instead of suborning a flatterer, are content to supply his place; and, as some animals impregnate themselves, swell with the praises which they hear from their own tongues. *Recte est dicatur laudare sese, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.*—It is right, says Erasmus, 'that he whom no one else will commend should bestow commendations on himself.' Of all the sons of vanity, these are surely the happiest and greatest; for what is greatness or happiness but independence on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of supplying every want from the common stores of nature, which can neither be exhausted nor prohibited? Such is the wise man of the stoicks; such is the divinity of the epicureans; and such is the flatterer of himself. Every other enjoyment malice may destroy; every other panegyrick envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaster of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiss, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleasures still remain the same; he can always listen with rapture to himself, and leave those who dare not repose upon their own attestation, to be elated or depressed by chance, and toil on in the hopeless task of fixing caprice, and propitiating malice.

This art of happiness has been long practised by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When

we think our excellencies overlooked by the world, or desire to recall the attention of the publick to some particular performance, we sit down with great composure and write a letter to ourselves. The correspondent, whose character we assume, always addresses us with the deference due to a superior intelligence; proposes his doubts with a proper sense of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at last has no other pretensions to our notice than his profundity of respect, and sincerity of admiration, his submission to our dictates, and zeal for our success. To such a reader it is impossible to refuse regard, nor can it easily be imagined with how much alacrity we snatch up the pen which indignation or despair had condemned to inactivity, when we find such candour and judgment yet remaining in the world.

A letter of this kind I had lately the honour of perusing, in which, though

some of the periods were negligently closed, and some expressions of familiarity were used, which I thought might teach others to address me with too little reverence, I was so much delighted with the passages in which mention was made of universal learning—unbounded genius—soul of Homer, Pythagoras, and Plato—solidity of thought—accuracy of distinction—elegance of combination—vigour of fancy—strength of reason—and regularity of composition—that I had once determined to lay it before the publick. Three times I sent it to the printer, and three times I fetched it back. My modesty was on the point of yielding, when reflecting that I was about to waste panegyrics on myself, which might be more profitably reserved for my patron, I locked it up for a better hour, in compliance with the farmer's principle, who never eats at home what he can carry to the market.

N^o CXCIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1752.

SI DAMNOSA SENEM JUVAT ALBA, LUDIT ET HÆRES
MULLATUS, PARVOQUE EADEM QUATIT ARMA FRITILLO.

IF GAMING DOES AN AGED SIRE ENTICE,
THEN MY YOUNG MASTER SWIFTLY LEARNS THE VICE;
AND SHAKES, IN HANGING SLEEVES, THE LITTLE BOX AND DICE.

J. DRYDEN, JUN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of Eumathes, who sent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at London with a young nobleman his pupil. I shall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitulation.

My pupil, in a very short time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accomplished himself with all those qualifications which constitute puerile politeness. He became in a few days a perfect master of his hat, which with a careless nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjust it by a second motion. This was not attained but by frequent consultations with his dancing-master; and constant practice before the

glass, for he had some rustick habits to overcome; but, what will not time and industry perform? A fortnight more furnished him with all the airs and forms of familiar and respectful salutation, from the clap on the shoulder to the humble bow; he practises the stare of strangeness, and the smile of condescension, the solemnity of promise, and the graciousness of encouragement, as if he had been nursed at a levee; and pronounces, with no less propriety than his father, the monosyllables of coldness, and sonorous periods of respectful profession.

He immediately lost the reserve and timidity which solitude and study are apt to impress upon the most courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded room with airy civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation; and address those whom he never saw before with ease and confidence. In less than a month his mother declared her satisfaction.

faction at his proficiency by a triumphant observation, that she believed *nothing would make him blush.*

The silence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praises, gave the lady reason to suspect me not much delighted with his acquisitions; but she attributed my discontent to the diminution of my influence, and my fears of losing the patronage of the family; and though she thinks favourably of my learning and morals, she considers me as wholly unacquainted with the customs of the polite part of mankind; and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge she comprises in the rules of visiting, the history of the present hour, an early intelligence of the change of fashions, an extensive acquaintance with the names and faces of persons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of resort.

All this my pupil pursues with great application. He is twice a day in the Mall, where he studies the dress of every man splendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without some observation upon sleeves, button-holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre, he can give an account of the gallantries, glances, whispers, smiles, sighs, flirts, and blushes of every box, so much to his mother's satisfaction, that when I attempted to resume my character, by enquiring his opinion of the sentiments and diction of the tragedy, she at once repressed my criticism, by telling me *that she hoped he did not go to lose his time in attending to the creatures on the stage.*

But his acuteness was most eminently signalized at the masquerade, where he discovered his acquaintance through their disguises, with such wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhaustible topic of conversation. Every new visitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the swing of his arms, a third by the toss of his head, and another by his favourite phrase; nor can you doubt but these performances receive their just applause, and a genius thus hastening to maturity is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such have been his endeavours, and such his alliances, that every trace of literature was soon obliterated. He has

changed his language with his dress, and instead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phrase and current exclamation; till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of all those whose birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every fashionable barbarism of the present winter; and speaks a dialect not to be understood among those who form their style by poring upon authors.

To this copiousness of ideas, and felicity of language, he has joined such eagerness to lead the conversation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the prettiest gentleman that the age can boast of, except that some who love to talk themselves think him too forward, and others lament that, with so much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

His mother listens to his observations with her eyes sparkling and her heart beating, and can scarcely contain in the most numerous assemblies, the expectations which she has formed for his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge absurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are seldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at least, if not by stupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, but fearlessness of wrong. Whoever has a clear apprehension, must have quick sensibility, and where he has no sufficient reason to trust his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, because he perpetually dreads the disgrace of error. The pain of miscarriage is naturally proportionate to the desire of excellence; and, therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent struggles, the art of suppressing their emotions, diffidence is found the inseparable associate of understanding.

But so little distrust has my pupil of his own abilities, that he has for some time professed himself a wit, and tortures his imagination on all occasions for burlesque and jocularity. How he supports a character which, perhaps, no man ever assumed without repentance, may be easily conjectured. Wit, you know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas, the discovery of some occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effusion of

wit, therefore, presupposes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory stored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compose new assemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, she can never form any combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells. Accident may indeed sometimes produce a lucky parallel or a striking contrast; but these gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himself to needless expenses, must live upon loans or theft.

The indulgence which his youth has hitherto obtained, and the respect which his rank secures, have hitherto supplied the want of intellectual qualifications; and he imagines that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleased. He therefore returns every day to the charge with increase of courage, though not of strength, and practises all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays trains for a quibble;

he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old stories to present characters; he mistakes the question, that he may return a smart answer; he anticipates the argument, that he may plausibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the last words of his antagonist, then says—'Your humble servant,' and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

These mistakes I have honestly attempted to correct; but, what can be expected from reason, unsupported by fashion, splendour, or authority? He hears me, indeed, or appears to hear me, but is soon rescued from the lecture by more pleasing avocations; and flows, diversions, and careleses, drive my precepts from his remembrance.

He at last imagines himself qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his first sally, which I shall by your paper communicate to the publick. I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

NO CXCIV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

NE SCIT EQUO RUBENS OVIS AN ANTE—
 HERE RE INGENUUS EVES, ANO BUX
 VENANTIQUE TIMET; LUDER DOCTIO
 ELU GEMCO JUBRAI TACRO,
 BU MALIS VETITA LEGIBUS ALIA,
 NOR KNOWS OUR YOUTH, OF NOBLEST RACE,
 TOMOUNT THE MANAG'D STEED, OR URGE THE CHAIR;
 MORE SKILL'D IN THE MEAN ARTS OF VICE,
 THE WHIRLING TACQUE, OR LAW-FORBIDDEN DICE.

HOR.

FRANCIS

TO THE RAMBLER.

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curiosity: he that along delays a story, and suffers his auditor to torment himself with expectation, will seldom be able to recompense the uneasiness, or equal the hope which he suffers to be raised.

For this reason, I have already sent you the continuation of my pupil's history, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of use to young men who are in too much haste to trust their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection, before they are able to shift for themselves.

When he first settled in London, he was so much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, so confounded by incessant noise, and crowds, and hurry, and so terrified by rural narratives of the arts of sharpers, the rudeness of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to pass the streets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

He was therefore contented, for a time, that I should accompany him in all his excursions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with its objects; and the contempt to which his rusticity exposed him from such of his companions as had accidentally known the

the town longer, obliged him to dissemble his remaining terrors.

His desire of liberty made him now willing to spare me the trouble of observing his motions; but knowing how much his ignorance exposed him to mischief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went together every day to a coffee-house, where he met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtless as himself, with whom he had become acquainted at card-tables, and whom he considered as the only beings to be envied or admired. What were their topics of conversation I could never discover; for so much was their vivacity depressed by my intrusive seriousness, that they seldom proceeded beyond the exchange of nods and shrugs, an arch grin, or a broken hint; except when they could retire, while I was looking on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they seemed to disburden their imaginations, and commonly vented the superfluity of their sprightliness in a peal of laughter. When they had tittered themselves into negligence, I could sometimes overhear a few syllables, such as—'Solemn rascal;—'academical airs;—smoke the tutors;—'company for gentlemen!' and other broken phrases, by which I did not suffer my quiet to be disturbed, for they never proceeded to avowed indignities, but contented themselves to murmur in secret, and, whenever I turned my eye upon them, shrunk into stillness.

He was, however, desirous of withdrawing from the subjection which he could not venture to break, and made a secret appointment to assist his companions in the persecution of a play. His footman privately procured him a cat-cull, on which he practised in a back-garret for two hours in the afternoon. At the proper time a chair was called; he pretended an engagement at Lady Flutter's, and hastened to the place where his critical associates had assembled. They hurried away to the theatre, full of malignity and denunciations against a man whose name they had never heard, and a performance which they could not understand; for they were resolved to judge for themselves, and would not suffer the town to be imposed upon by scribblers. In the pit, they exerted themselves with great spirit and vivacity; called out for the tunes of obscene songs, and loudly at intervals of Shakspeare

and Johnson, played on their cat-cull a short prelude of terror, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and clapped with great dexterity at the first entrance of the players.

Two scenes they heard without attempting interruption; but being no longer able to restrain their impatience, they then began to exert themselves in groans and hisses, and pilled their cat-culls with incessant diligence; so that they were soon considered by the audience as disturbers of the house, and some who sat near them, either provoked at the obstruction of their entertainment, or desirous to preserve the author from the mortification of seeing his hopes destroyed by children, snatched away their instruments of criticism, and by the seasonable vibration of a stick, subdued them instantaneously to decency and silence.

To exhilarate themselves after this vexatious defeat, they retired to a tavern, where they recovered their alacrity; and after two hours of obstreperous jollity, burst out big with enterprize, and panting for some occasions to signalize their prowess. They proceeded vigorously through two streets, and with very little opposition dispersed a rabble of drunkards less daring than themselves, then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took shelter. At last it was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demolish them for standing on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both sides. At last the assailants were overpowered, and the chairmen, when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

The young gentleman, next morning, hung his head, and was so much ashamed of his outrages and defeat, that perhaps he might have been checked in his first follies, had not his mother, partly in pity of his dejection, and partly in approbation of his spirit, relieved him from his perplexity by paying the damages privately, and discouraging all animadversion and reproof.

This indulgence could not wholly preserve him from the remembrance of his disgrace, nor at once restore his confidence and elation. He was for three days silent, modest, and compliant, and thought himself better able to follow

fiction, nor too manly for restraint. But his levity overcame this salutary sorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of masquerades, taverns, and frolics; blustered when his wig was not combed with exactness; and threatened destruction to a tailor who had mistaken his directions about the pocket.

I knew that he was now rising again above controul, and that this inflation of spirits would burst out into some mischievous absurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a visit, he withdrew himself, unsuspected, while the company was engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiousness were soon missed, and his return impatiently expected; supper was delayed, and conversation suspended; every coach that rattled through the street was expected to bring him, and every servant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At last the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preserved from fits by spirits and cordials. The family was dispatched a thousand ways without success, and the house was filled with distraction, till, as we were deliberating what further measures to take, he returned from a petty gaming-table, with his coat torn, and his head broken; without his sword, snuff-box, sleeve-buttons, and watch.

Of this loss or robbery he gave little account; but, instead of sinking into

his former shame, endeavoured to support himself by surliness and asperity. He was not the first that had played away a few trifles, and of what use were birth and fortune if they would not admit some fallies and expences? His mamma was so much provoked by the cost of this prank, that she would neither palliate nor conceal it; and his father, after some threats of rustication which his fondness would not suffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profusion. This method would have succeeded in a place where there are no panders to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious consequences; for we have discovered a treaty with a broker, whose daughter he seems disposed to marry, on condition that he shall be supplied with present money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

There was now no time to be lost. A domestick consultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to pass two years in the country; but his mother, touched with his tears, declared, that she thought him too much of a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels to-morrow under a French governor.

I am, &c.

EUMATHIS.

Nº CXCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1752.

MULTA FERUNT ANNI VENIENTES COMMODA SECUM

MULTA RECEDENTES ADIUNGT

HOR.

THE BLESSINGS FLOWING IN WITH LIFE'S FULL TIDE,
DOWN WITH OUR IEB OF LIFE DECREASING GLIDE.

FRANCIS.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated several opinions, which, though he thought them evident and incontestable at his first entrance into the world, time and experience disposed him to change.

Whoever reviews the state of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to it's decline, and considers what he pursued or dreaded, slighted or esteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reason to imagine such changes of sentiment peculiar to any station or character. Every man, however careless and inat-

tentive, has conviction forced upon him; the lectures of time obtrude themselves upon the most unwilling or dissipated auditor; and, by comparing our past with our present thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot discover when the alteration happened, or by what causes it was produced.

This revolution of sentiments occasions a perpetual contest between the old and young. They who imagine themselves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are inclined to treat

treat the notions of those whose conduct they superintend with superciliousness and contempt, for want of considering that the future and the past have different appearances; that the disproportion will always be great between expectation and enjoyment, between new possession and satiety; that the truth of many maxims of age, gives too little pleasure to be allowed till it is felt; and that the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the same opinions as we carry from it.

We naturally indulge those ideas that please us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been suppressed by frequent disappointments. The youth has not yet discovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and when he is set free from the shackles of discipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he sees an elysian region open before him, so variegated with beauty, and so stored with pleasure, that his care is rather to accumulate good, than to shun evil; he stands distracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt, than which path to follow of those which all lead equally to the bowers of happiness.

He who has seen only the superficies of life believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely suspects that external splendor conceals any latent sorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatness without safety, affluence without content, jollity without friendship, and solitude without peace. He fancies himself permitted to cull the blessings of every condition, and to leave it's inconveniencies to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miserable but by his own fault, and seldom looks with much pity upon failings or miscarriages, because he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impossible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous sentiments and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openness and confidence his designs and expectations; because long life is possible, he considers it as certain, and therefore promises himself all the changes of happiness, and provides gratifications for every desire. He is, for a time, to give himself wholly to frolick and diversion, to range the world in search of pleasure, to de-

light every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleasing levities and solid attainments; his deep reflections, and his sparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the scattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addresses to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in business, to dissipate difficulty, and overpower opposition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatness; and reward all those who countenanced his rise, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At last he will retire in peace and honour, contract his views to domestic pleasures; form the manners of children like himself; observe how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his sons catch ardour from their father's history; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to posterity; and leave the world an example of wisdom and of happiness.

With hopes like these, he falls jocund into life; to little purpose is he told, that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happiness; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or disease; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applause; that whatever admiration and fondness may promise him, he must marry a wife like the wives of others, with some virtues and some faults, and be as often disgusted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he must expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as resolute as himself; that of his children, some may be deformed, and others vicious; some may disgrace him by their follies, some offend him by their insolence, and some exhaust him by their profusion. He hears all this with obstinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of misery.

Among other pleasing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can spare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himself, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a spy. He therefore considers

his

his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick sense of reputation. This it is that gives firmness and constancy, fidelity and disinterestedness; and it is this that kindles resentment for slight injuries, and dictates all the principles of sanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world, he soon discovers that he only shares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obscurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good or bad, soon gives way to new objects of regard. He then easily sets himself free from the anxieties of reputation, and considers praise or censure as a transient

breath, which, while he hears it, is passing away, without any lasting mischief or advantage.

In youth, it is common to measure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any measure but interest, and to lose frame without substituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan schemes, and regulate measures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

N^o CXCVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1752.

CUJUS VULTURIS HOC ERIT CADAVER?

MART.

SAY, TO WHAT VULTURE'S SHARE THIS CARCASS FALLS?

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I belong to an order of mankind, considerable at least for their number, to which your notice has never been formally extended, though equally entitled to regard with those triflers who have hitherto supplied you with topics of amusement or instruction. I am, Mr. Rambler, a legacy-hunter; and as every man is willing to think well of the tribe in which his name is registered, you will forgive my vanity if I remind you that the legacy-hunter, however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation in our barbarous language, was known, as I am told, in ancient Rome, by the sonorous titles of Captator and Heredipeta.

My father was an attorney in the country, who married his master's daughter in hopes of a fortune which he did not obtain, having been, as he afterwards discovered, chosen by her only because she had no better offer, and was afraid of service. I was the first offspring of a marriage thus reciprocally fraudulent, and therefore could not be expected to inherit much dignity or generosity; and if I had them not from nature, was not likely ever to attain them; for in the years which I spent at

home, I never heard any reason for action or forbearance, but that we should gain money or lose it; nor was taught any other style of commendation, than that Mr. Sneaker is a warm man, Mr. Gripe has done his business, and needs care for nobody.

My parents, though otherwise not great philosophers, knew the force of early education, and took care that the blank of my understanding should be filled with impressions of the value of money. My mother used, upon all occasions, to inculcate some salutary axioms, such as might incite me to keep what I had, and get what I could; she informed me that we were in a world, where all must catch that catch can; and as I grew up, stored my memory with deeper observations, restrained me from the usual puerile expences, by remarking that *many a little made a mickle*; and, when I envied the finery of any of my neighbours, told me, that *Brag was a good dog, but Holdfast was a better*.

I was soon sagacious enough to discover that I was not born to great wealth; and, having heard no other name for happiness, was sometimes inclined to resign at my condition. But my mother

always

always relieved me, by saying, that there was money enough in the family, that it *was good to be of kin to means*; that I had nothing to do but to please my friends, and I might come to hold up my head with the best squire in the country.

These splendid expectations arose from our alliance to three persons of considerable fortune. My mother's aunt had attended on a lady, who, when she died, rewarded her officiousness and fidelity with a large legacy. My father had two relations, of whom one had broken his indentures and run to sea, from whence, after an absence of thirty years, he returned with ten thousand pounds; and the other had lured an heiress out of a window, who, dying of her first child, had left him her estate, on which he lived without any other care than to collect his rents, and preserve from poachers that game which he could not kill himself.

These hoarders of money were visited and courted by all who had any pretence to approach them, and received presents and compliments from cousins who could scarcely tell the degree of their relation. But we had peculiar advantages which encouraged us to hope, that we should by degrees supplant our competitors. My father, by his profession, made himself necessary in their affairs; for the squire and the chambermaid, he inquired out mortgages and securities, and wrote bonds and contracts; and had endeared himself to the old woman, who once rashly lent an hundred pounds without consulting him, by informing her, that her debtor was on the point of bankruptcy, and posting so expeditiously with an execution, that all the other creditors were defrauded.

To the squire he was a kind of steward, and had distinguished himself in his office by his address in raising the rents, his inflexibility in distressing the tardy tenants, and his acuteness in setting the parish free from burthensome inhabitants, by shifting them off to some other settlement.

Business made frequent attendance necessary; trust soon produced intimacy; and success gave a claim to kindness; so that we had opportunity to practise all the arts of flattery and endearment. My mother, who could not support the thought of losing any thing, determined, that all their fortunes should con-

tre in me, and, in the prosecution of her schemes, took care to inform me that *nothing cost less than good words*, and that it is comfortable to leap into an estate which another has got.

She trained me by these precepts to the utmost ductility of obedience, and the closest attention to profit. At an age when other boys are sporting in the fields, or murmuring in the school, I was contriving some new method of paying my court; inquiring the age of my future benefactors; or considering how I should employ their legacies.

If our eagerness of money could have been satisfied with the possessions of any one of my relations, they might perhaps have been obtained; but as it was impossible to be always present with all three, our competitors were busy to efface any trace of affection which we might have left behind; and since there was not, on any part, such superiority of merit as could enforce a constant and unshaken preference, whoever was the last that flattered or obliged, had, for a time, the ascendant.

My relations maintained a regular exchange of courtesy, took care to miss no occasion of tenderness or congratulation, and sent presents at stated times, but had in their hearts not much esteem for one another. The squire looked with contempt upon the squire as a milk-sop and a landman, who had lived without knowing the points of the compass, or feeling any part of the world beyond the county-town; and whenever they met, would talk of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropics, would scarcely tell him the hour without some mention of the horizon and meridian, nor shew him the news without detecting his ignorance of the situation of other countries.

The squire considered the squire as a rude uncultivated savage, with less more of human than his form, and diverted himself with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs, when he could persuade him to go into the field, he always exposed him to the sportmen, by sending him to look for game in improper places; and once prevailed upon him to be present at the races, only that he might show the gentlemen how a falcon sat upon a horse. The old gentlewoman thought herself wiser than both; for she lived with no servant but a maid, and saved her money.

ney. The others were indeed sufficiently frugal; but the squire could not live without dogs and horses, and the sailor never suffered the day to pass but over a bowl of punch, to which, as he was not critical in the choice of his company, every man was welcome that could roar out a catch, or tell a story.

All these, however, I was to please; an arduous task; but what will not

youth and avarice undertake? I had an unresisting suppleness of temper, and an unfatiable wish for riches; I was perpetually instigated by the ambition of my parents, and assisted occasionally by their instructions. What these advantages enabled me to perform, shall be told in the next letter of,

Yours, &c.

CAPTATOR.

N^o CXCIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1752.

NIL MIHI DAS VIVUS, DICIS POST FATA DATURUM,
SI NON INANI, SCIS, MARO, QUID CUPIAM.

MALT.

YOU'VE TOLD ME, MARO, WHILET YOU LIVE,
YOU'D NOT A SINGLE PENNY GIVE;
BUT THAT WHEN'E'R YOU CHANCE TO DIE,
YOU'D LEAVE A HANDSOME LEGACY:
YOU MUST BE MAD BEYOND REDRESS,
IF MY NEXT WISH YOU CANNOT GUESS.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

YOU, who must have observed the inclination which almost every man, however unactive or insignificant, discovers of representing his life as distinguished by extraordinary events, will not wonder that Captator thinks his narrative important enough to be continued. Nothing is more common than for those to tease their companions with their history, who have neither done nor suffered any thing that can excite curiosity, or afford instruction.

As I was taught to flatter with the first essays of speech, and had very early lost every other passion in the desire of money, I began my pursuit with omens of success; for I divided my officiousness so judiciously among my relations, that I was equally the favourite of all. When any of them entered the door, I went to welcome him with raptures; when he went away, I hung down my head, and sometimes intreated to go with him with so much importunity, that I very narrowly escaped a consent which I dreaded in my heart. When at an annual entertainment they were all together, I had a harder task; but plied them so impartially with caresses, that none could charge me with neglect; and when they were wearied with my fond-

ness and civilities, I was always dismissed with money to buy playthings.

Life cannot be kept at a stand; the years of innocence and prattle were soon at an end, and other qualifications were necessary to recommend me to continuance of kindness. It luckily happened that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The sailor hated to see tall boys shut up in a school, when they might more properly be seeing the world, and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the first rules of arithmetick were known, all that was necessary to make a man complete might be learned on ship-board. The squire only insisted, that so much scholarship was indispensably necessary, as might confer ability to draw a lease and read the court-hand; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books; and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

To unite, as well as we could, all their systems, I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe, that I followed his directions, and I gained likewise, as my mother observed, this advantage, that I was always in the way; for she had known many favourite children sent to schools or academies; and forgotten.

As I grew fitter to be trusted to my

own discretion, I was often dispatched upon various pretences to visit my relations, with directions from my parents how to ingratiate myself, and drive away competitors.

I was, from my infancy, considered by the sailor as a promising genius, because I liked punch better than wine; and I took care to improve this prepossession by continual enquiries about the art of navigation, the degree of heat and cold in different climates, the profits of trade, and the dangers of shipwreck. I admired the courage of the seamen, and gained his heart by importing him for a recital of his adventures, and a sight of his foreign curiosities. I listened with an appearance of close attention to stories which I could already repeat, and at the close never failed to express my resolution to visit distant countries, and my contempt of the cowards and drones that spend all their lives in their native parishes; though I had in reality no desire of any thing but money, nor ever felt the stimulations of curiosity or ardour of adventure, but would contentedly have passed the years of Nestor in receiving rents, and lending upon mortgages.

The squire I was able to please with less hypocrisy, for I really thought it pleasant enough to kill the game and eat it. Some arts of falsehood, however, the *hunger of gold* persuaded me to practise, by which, though no other mischief was produced, the purity of my thoughts was vitiated, and the reverence for truth gradually destroyed. I sometimes purchased fish, and pretended to have caught them; I hired the countrymen to shew me partridges, and then gave my uncle intelligence of their haunt; I learned the seats of hares at night, and discovered them in the morning with a sagacity that raised the wonder and envy of old sportsmen. One only obstruction to the advancement of my reputation I could never fully surmount; I was naturally a coward, and was therefore always left shamefully behind, when there was a necessity to leap a hedge, to swim a river, or force the horses to their utmost speed; but as these exigencies did not frequently happen, I maintained my honour with sufficient success, and was never left out of a hunting party.

The old chambermaid was not so certainly, nor so easily pleased, for she had

no predominant passion but avarice, and was therefore cold and inaccessible. She had no conception of any virtue in a young man but that of saving his money. When she heard of my exploits in the field, she would shake her head, inquire how much I should be the richer for all my performances, and lament that such sums should be spent upon dogs and horses. If the sailor told her of my inclination to travel, she was sure there was no place like England, and could not imagine why any man that can live in his own country should leave it. This sullen and frigid being I found means however to propitiate by frequent commendations of frugality, and perpetual care to avoid expence.

From the sailor was our first and most considerable expectation; for he was richer than the chambermaid, and older than the squire. He was so awkward and bashful among women, that we concluded him secure from matrimony; and the noisy fondness with which he used to welcome me to his house, made us imagine that he would look out for no other heir, and that we had nothing to do but wait patiently for his death. But in the midst of our triumph, my uncle saluted us one morning with a cry of transport, and clapping his hand hard on my shoulder, told me, I was a happy fellow to have a friend like him in the world, for he came to fire me out for a voyage with one of his old acquaintances. I turned pale and trembled; my father told him, that he believed my constitution not fitted to the sea; and my mother bursting into tears, cried out, that her heart would break if she lost me. All this had no effect; the sailor was wholly insusceptive of the softer passions, and, without regard to tears or arguments, persisted in his resolution to make me a man.

We were obliged to comply in appearance, and preparations were accordingly made. I took leave of my friends with great alacrity, proclaimed the beneficence of my uncle with the highest strains of gratitude, and rejoiced at the opportunity now put into my hands of gratifying my thirst of knowledge. But a week before the day appointed for my departure, I fell sick by my mother's direction, and refused all food but what she privately brooght me; whenever my uncle visited me I was lethargick or delirious, but took care in my raving fits

to talk incessantly of travel and merchandize. The room was kept dark; the table was filled with vials and gallipots; my mother was with difficulty persuaded not to endanger her life with nocturnal attendance; my father lamented the loss of the profits of the voyage; and such superfluity of artifices was employed, as perhaps might have discovered the cheat to a man of penetration. But the sailor, unacquainted with subtleties and stratagems, was easily deluded; and as the ship could not stay for my recovery, sold the cargo, and left me to re-establish my health at leisure.

I was sent to regain my flesh in a purer air, lest it should appear never to have been wasted, and in two months returned to deplore my disappointment. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid me prepare myself against next year, for no land-lubber should touch his money.

A reprieve however was obtained, and perhaps some new stratagem might have succeeded another spring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who, to promote so advantageous a match, discovered the secret, with which only she had been in-

trusted. He stormed, and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his substance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

Cowardice is always scorned, and deceit universally detested. I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at least cooled in their affection; the squire, though he did not wholly discard me, was less fond, and often inquired when I would go to sea. I was obliged to bear his insults, and endeavoured to rekindle his kindness by assiduity and respect; but all my care was vain; he died without a will, and the estate devolved to the legal heir.

Thus has the folly of my parents condemned me to spend in flattery and attendance those years in which I might have been qualified to place myself above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood without any useful art or generous sentiment; and, if the old woman should likewise at last deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance.

I am, &c.

CAPTATOR.

Nº CXCIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1752.

DECOLOR, OBSCURUS, VILIS, NON ILLE REPTAM
CESARIEM REGUM, NEC CANDIDA VIRGINIA ORNAT
COLLA, NEC INSIGNI SPLENDET PER CINQUEA MORI;
SED NOVA II NIGRI VIDCAS MIRACULA SARI,
TUNC SUPERAT PULCHROS CULTUS, ET QVICQID FOI
INDUS LITTORIBUS RUBRA SCRUTATUR IN ALGA.

CLAUDIANUS.

OBSCURE, UNPRIS'D, AND DARK, THE MAGNET LIES,
NOR LURES THE SEARCH OF AVARICIOUS EYES,
NOR BINDS THE NECK, NOR SPARKLES IN THE HAIR,
NOR DIGNIFIES THE GREAT, NOR DECKS THE FAIR.
BUT SEARCH THE WONDERS OF THE DUSKY STONE,
AND OWN ALL GLORIES OF THE MINE OUTDONE,
EACH GRACE OF FORM, EACH ORNAMENT OF STATE,
THAT DECKS THE FAIR, OR DIGNIFIES THE GREAT.

TO THE RAMBLER.

THOUGH you have seldom digressed from moral subjects, I suppose you are not so rigorous or cynical as to deny the value or usefulness of natural philosophy; or to have lived in this age of inquiry and experiment, without any attention to the wonders every day produced by the powers of magne-

tism and the wheels of electricity. At least, I may be allowed to hope that, since nothing is more contrary to moral excellence than envy, you will not refuse to promote the happiness of others, merely because you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

In consideration, therefore, that your ignorance has not made you an enemy to knowledge, I offer you the honour of introducing to the notice of the publick

an adept, who having long laboured for the benefit of mankind, is not willing, like too many of his predecessors, to conceal his secrets in the grave.

Many have signalized themselves by melting their estates in crucibles. I was born to no fortune, and therefore had only my mind and body to devote to knowledge, and the gratitude of posterity will attest, that neither mind nor body have been spared. I have sat whole weeks without sleep by the side of an athanor, to watch the moment of projection; I have made the first experiment in nineteen diving engines of new construction; I have fallen eleven times speechless under the shock of electricity; I have twice dislocated my limbs, and once fractured my skull, in essaying to fly; and four times endangered my life by submitting to the transfusion of blood.

In the first period of my studies, I exerted the powers of my body more than those of my mind, and was not without hopes that fame might be purchased by a few broken bones without the toil of thinking; but having been shattered by some violent experiments, and constrained to confine myself to my books, I passed six and thirty years in searching the treasures of ancient wisdom, but am at last amply recompensed for all my perseverance.

The curiosity of the present race of philosophers having been long exercised upon electricity, has been lately transformed to magnetism; the qualities of the loadstone have been investigated, if not with much advantage, yet with great applause; and as the highest praise of art is to imitate nature, I hope no man will think the makers of artificial magnets celebrated or revered above their deserts.

I have for some time employed myself in the same practice, but with deeper knowledge and more extensive views. While my contemporaries were touching needles and raising weights, or busying themselves with inclination and variation, I have been examining those qualities of magnetism which may be applied to the accommodation and happiness of common life. I have left to inferior understandings the care of conducting the sailor through the hazards of the ocean, and reserved to myself the more difficult and illustrious province of preserving the connubial compact from

violation, and setting mankind free for ever from the danger of supposititious children, and the torments of fruitless vigilance and anxious suspicion.

To defraud any man of his due praise is unworthy of a philosopher; I shall therefore openly confess, that I owe the first hint of this inestimable secret to the Rabbi Abraham Ben Hannasse, who, in his treatise of precious stones, has left this account of the magnet: *מגנטון*, &c. 'The calamita, or loadstone that attracts iron, produces many bad fancies in man. Women fly from this stone. If therefore any husband be disturbed with jealousy, and fear lest his wife converses with other men, let him lay this stone upon her while she is asleep. If she be pure, she will, when she wakes, clasp her husband fondly in her arms; but if she be guilty, she will fall out of bed, and run away.'

When first I read this wonderful passage, I could not easily conceive why it had remained hitherto unregarded in such a zealous competition for magnetical fame. It would surely be unjust to suspect that any of the candidates are strangers to the name or works of Rabbi Abraham, or to conclude, from a late edict of the royal society in favour of the English language, that philosophy and literature are no longer to act in concert. Yet, how should a quality so useful escape promulgation but by the obscurity of the language in which it was delivered? Why are footmen and chambermaids paid on every side for keeping secrets which no caution nor expence could secure from the all-penetrating magnet? Or, why are so many witnesses summoned, and so many artifices practised, to discover what so easy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

Full of this perplexity, I read the lines of Abraham to a friend, who advised me not to expose my life by a mad indulgence of the love of fame; he warned me by the fate of Orpheus, that knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; assured me that neither the armour of Achilles, nor the antidote of Mithridates, would be able to preserve me; and counselled me, if I could not live without renown, to attempt the acquisition of universal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal, and the danger certainly be less.

I, a solitary student, pretend not to

much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it so generally corrupt, as that a scheme for the detection of incontinence should bring any danger upon it's inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myself with hopes of defence from the men, I shall certainly find myself deserted in the hour of danger. Of the young men; said he, some will be afraid of sharing the disgrace of their mothers, and some the danger of their mistresses; of those who are married, part are already convinced of the falsehood of their wives, and part shut their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever sought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almost every man is careless or timorous, and to trust is either safer than to examine.

These observations discouraged me till I began to consider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the three classes of maids, wives, and widows, and cannot but hope that I may obtain some countenance among them. The single ladies I suppose universally ready to patronize my method, by which connubial wickedness may be detected, since no woman marries with a previous design to be unfaithful to her husband. And to keep them steady in my cause, I promise never to sell one of my magnets to a man who steals a girl from school; marries a woman forty years younger than himself; or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own consent.

Among the married ladies, notwithstanding the insinuations of slander, I yet resolve to believe, that the greater part are my friends, and am at least convinced, that they who demand the test, and appear on my side, will supply, by their spirit, the deficiency of their numbers; and that their enemies will shrink and quake at the sight of a magnet, as the slaves of Scythia fled from the scourge.

The widows will be confederated in my favour by their curiosity, if not by

their virtue; for it may be observed, that women who have outlived their husbands, always think themselves entitled to superintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themselves in no danger from this magnetick trial, I shall expect them to be eminently and unanimously zealous in recommending it.

With these hopes I shall, in a short time, offer to sale magnets armed with a particular metallick composition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known that the efficacy of the magnet, in common operations, depends much upon it's armature, and it cannot be imagined that a stone, naked or cased only in the common manner, will discover the virtues ascribed to it by Rabbi Abraham. The secret of this metal I shall carefully conceal, and therefore am not afraid of imitators, nor shall trouble the offices with solicitation for a patent.

I shall sell them of different sizes, and various degrees of strength. I have some of a bulk proper to be hung at the bed's head, as scare-crows, and some so small that they may be easily concealed. Some I have ground into oval forms to be hung at watches; and some, for the curious, I have set in wedding-rings, that ladies may never want an attestation of their innocence. Some I can produce so sluggish and inert, that they will not act before the third failure; and others so vigorous and animated, that they exert their influence against unlawful wishes, if they have been willingly and deliberately indulged. As it is my practice honestly to tell my customers the properties of my magnets, I can judge by their choice of the delicacy of their sentiments. Many have been contented to spare cost by purchasing only the lowest degree of efficacy, and all have started with terror from those which operate upon the thoughts. One young lady only fitted on a ring of the strongest energy, and declared that she scorned to separate her wishes from her acts, or allow herself to think what she was forbidden to practise. I am, &c.

HERMETICUS.

N^o CC.

N^o CC. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1752.

NEMO PETIT MODICIS QUÆ MITTANTUR AMICIS.

A SENECA, QUÆ PISO BONUS, QUÆ COTTA SOLEMNITER.

LARGIRE, NEMPE ET TITULIS ET PATCIUS OLIM.

MAJOR HABEBATUR DONANDI GLORIA; SOLEM.

PUSCINUS UT COINES CIVILITER; HOC PACE, ET ESTO.

ESTO, UT NUNC MULTA, DIVES TIBI, PAUPER AMICIS.

JUV.

NO MAN EXPECTS (FOR WHO TO MUCH A LOT

WHO HAS THE TIMES HE LIVES IN SO FORGOT?)

WHAT SENECA, WHAT PISO US'D TO SEND,

TO RAISE, OR TO SUPPORT A SINKING FRIEND,

THOSE GODLIKE MEN, TO WANTING VIRTUE KIND,

BOUNTY WELL PLAC'D, PREFERR'D, AND WELL DESIGN'D,

TO ALL THEIR TITLES, ALL THAT HEIGHT OF POWER,

WHICH TURNS THE BRAINS OF FOOLS, AND FOOLS ALONE ADORE,

WHEN YOUR POOR CLIENT IS CONDEMN'D T' ATTEND,

'TIS ALL WE ASK, RECEIVE HIM AS A FRIEND:

DESCEND TO THIS, AND THEN WE ASK NO MORE;

RICH TO YOURSELF, TO ALL BESIDE BE POOR.

BOWLES.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

SUCH is the tenderness or infirmity of many minds, that when any affliction oppresses them, they have immediate recourse to lamentation and complaint; which, though it can only be allowed reasonable when evils admit of remedy, and then only when addressed to those from whom the remedy is expected, yet seems even in hopeless and incurable distresses to be natural, since those by whom it is not indulged, imagine that they give a proof of extraordinary fortitude by suppressing it.

I am one of those who, with the Sancho of Cervantes, leave to higher characters the merit of suffering in silence, and give vent without scruple to any sorrow that swells in my heart. It is therefore to me a severe aggravation of a calamity, when it is such as in the common opinion will not justify the acerbity of exclamation, or support the solemnity of vocal grief. Yet many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be persuaded to pity, and which, when they are separated from their peculiar and personal circumstances, will never be considered as important enough to claim attention, or deserve redress.

Of this kind will appear to gross and vulgar apprehensions, the miseries which I endured in a morning visit to Prospero, a man lately raised to wealth by a lucky

project, and too much intoxicated by sudden elevation, or too little polished by thought and conversation, to enjoy his present fortune with elegance and decency.

We set out in the world together; and for a long time mutually assisted each other in our exigencies, as either happened to have money or influence beyond his immediate necessities. You know that nothing generally endears men so much as participation of dangers and misfortunes; I therefore always considered Prospero as united with me in the strongest league of kindness; and imagined that our friendship was only to be broken by the hand of death. I felt at his sudden shoot of success an honest and disinterested joy; but as I want no part of his superfluities, am not willing to descend from that equality in which we hitherto have lived.

Our intimacy was regarded by me as a dispensation from ceremonial visits; and it was so long before I saw him at his new house, that he gently complained of my neglect, and obliged me to come on a day appointed. I kept my promise, but found that the impatience of my friend arose not from any desire to communicate his happiness, but to enjoy his superiority.

When I told my name at the door, the footman went to see if his master was at home, and, by the tardiness of his return, gave me reason to suspect that time

time was taken to deliberate. He then informed me, that Prospero desired my company, and showed the staircase carefully secured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The best apartments were ostentatiously set open, that I might have a distant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the insolence of condescension at the top of the stairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfasted when he had not great company.

On the floor where we sat lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which Prospero ordered his servant to lift up a corner, that I might contemplate the brightness of the colours, and the elegance of the texture; and asked me whether I had ever seen any thing so fine before. I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bade the footman let down the cloth.

We then sat down, and I began to hope that pride was glutted with perfection, when Prospero desired that I would give the servant leave to adjust the cover of my chair, which was slipped a little aside to show the damask; he informed me that he had bespoke ordinary chairs for common use, but had been disappointed by his tradesmen. I put the chair aside with my foot, and drew another so hastily, that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

Breakfast was at last set, and as I was not willing to indulge the peevishness that began to seize me, I commended the tea; Prospero then told me, that another time I should taste his finest sort, but that he had only a very small quantity remaining, and reserved it for those whom he thought himself obliged to treat with particular respect.

While we were conversing upon such subjects as imagination happened to suggest, he frequently digressed into directions to the servant that waited, or made a slight enquiry after the jeweller or silversmith; and once, as I was pursuing an argument with some degree of earnestness, he started from his posture of attention, and ordered that if Lord Lofly called on him that morning, he should be shewn into the best parlour.

My patience was not yet wholly subdued. I was willing to promote his satisfaction, and therefore observed, that the figures on the china were eminently

pretty. Prospero had now an opportunity of calling for his Dresden china, 'Which,' says he, 'I always associate with my chased tea-kettle.' The cups were brought; I once resolved not to have looked upon them, but my curiosity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, Prospero desired me to set them down, for they who were accustomed only to common dishes, seldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philosophy, when I tell you that I did not dash his baubles to the ground.

He was now so much elevated with his own greatness, that he thought some humility necessary to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me, with an air of soft composure, that I was not to estimate life by external appearance, that all these shining acquisitions had added little to his happiness, that he still remembered with pleasure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often, in the moment of reflection, been doubtful, whether he should lose much by changing his condition for mine.

I began now to be afraid lest his pride should, by silence and submission, be emboldened to insults that could not easily be borne, and therefore coolly considered, how I should repress it without such bitterness of reproof as I was yet unwilling to use. But he interrupted my meditation, by asking leave to be dressed, and told me, that he had promised to attend some ladies in the park, and, if I was going the same way, would take me in his chariot. I had no inclination to any other favours, and therefore left him without any intention of seeing him again, unless some misfortune should restore his understanding.

I am, &c. ASPER.

Though I am not wholly insensible of the provocations which my correspondent has received, I cannot altogether commend the keenness of his resentment, nor encourage him to persist in his resolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaintance. One of the golden precepts of Pythagoras directs, that a friend should not be hated for little faults; and surely, he upon whom nothing worse can be charged, than that he mats his stairs, and covers his carpet, and sets out his finery to show before those whom he does not admit to use

use it, has yet committed nothing that should exclude him from common degrees of kindness. Such improprieties often proceed rather from stupidity than malice. Those who thus shine only to dazzle, are influenced merely by custom and example, and neither examine nor are qualified to examine, the motives of their own practice, or to state the nice limits between elegance and ostentation. They are often innocent of the pain which their vanity produces, and insult others when they have no worse purpose than to please themselves.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet. Of those with whom nature and virtue oblige us to converse, some are ignorant of the arts of pleasing, and offend when they design to caress; some are negligent, and gratify themselves without regard to the quiet of another; some perhaps are malicious, and feel no greater satisfaction in prosperity, than that of raising envy and trampling in inferiority. But whatever be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it, for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.

N^o CCL. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1752.

SANCTUS HABERI

PROMISSIQUE TENAXDICTIS FACTISQUE MERERIS?

AGNOSCO PROCEDEM.

CONVINCE THE WORLD THAT YOU'RE DEVOUT AND TRUE,

BE JUST IN ALL YOU SAY, AND ALL YOU DO;

WHATSOEVER BE YOUR BIRTH, YOU'RE SURE TO BE

A PEER OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE TO ME.

JUV.

STEPNEY.

BOYLE has observed, that the excellency of manufactures, and the facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with some peculiar advantages, which though singly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

There are, in like manner, several moral excellencies distributed among the different classes of a community. It was said by Cujacius, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not instructed; and he that shall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will seldom find a man by whose example or sentiments he may not be improved.

Every profession has some essential and appropriate virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or success, and which, as it is more or less cultivated, confers within it a sphere of

activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the astrologers range the subdivisions of mankind under the planets which they suppose to influence their lives, the moralist may distribute them according to the virtues which they necessarily practise, and consider them as distinguished by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence settled by time and place, that men may be heard boasting in one street of that which they would anxiously conceal in another. The grounds of scorn and esteem, the topics of praise and satire, are varied according to the several virtues or vices which the course of life has disposed men to admire or abhor; but he who is solicitous for his own improvement must not be limited by local reputation, but select from every tribe of mortals their characteristic virtues, and constellate in himself the scattered graces which shine single in other men.

The chief praise to which a tradesman aspires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous observance of commercial engagements; nor is there any vice of which he so much dreads the imputation.

putation, as of negligence and instability. This is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness or attention of wit, scarcely requisite among men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at it's highest rate when it is sacrificed to a frolick or a jest.

Every man has daily occasion to remark what vexations arise from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have so long disdained the restraints of truth, that promises and appointments have lost their cogency, and both parties neglect their stipulations, because each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is first admitted in small affairs, and strengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by custom, ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himself bound by his word in cases of property or danger, though he allows himself to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable, if it could be restrained to the play-house, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is sufficiently troublesome, and darkens those moments with expectation, suspense, and resentment, which are set aside for pleasure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that suffers the slightest breach in his morality, can seldom tell what shall enter it, or how wide it shall be made; when a passage is open, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down opposition, and by slow degrees deluges the heart.

Alger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extensive views, and untainted principles. His curiosity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conversation; his elegance of address and fertility of ideas gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at least he found the general kindness of reception always shown to a young man whose birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly destroyed his privileges. Alger was pleased

with this general smile of mankind, and was industrious to preserve it by compliance and officiousness, but did not suffer his desire of pleasing to vitiate his integrity. It was his established maxim, that a promise is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once suffered himself to be drawn away from a festal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He spent the evening, as is usual in the rudiments of vice, in perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his disappointed friends in the morning with confusion and excuses. His companions, not accustomed to such scrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the same experiment upon another society, and found them equally ready to consider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickness and gaiety, till by degrees he began to think himself at liberty to follow the last invitation, and was no longer shocked at the turpitude of falsehood. He made no difficulty to promise his presence at distant places, and if listlessness happened to creep upon him, would sit at home with great tranquillity; and has often sunk to sleep in a chair, while he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he soon dismissed his attention as an useless incumbrance, and resigned himself to carelessness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others had no influence upon his conduct. He was in speculation completely just, but never kept his promise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived those friends whom he undertook to patronize or assist; he was prudent, but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed for want of regulating his accounts at stated times. He courted a young lady, and when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chests on shipboard, but delayed to follow them till he lost his passage. He

was summoned as an evidence in a cause of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was past. He is said, that when he had, with great expense, formed an interest in a borough, his opponent contrived, by some agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commission of a thousand crimes, which others less kind or civil would escape. His courtesy invites applications; his promises produce dependance; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends some time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of request, with which he purposes to

comply, but time slips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or busy; his friends lose their opportunities; and charge upon him their miseries and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Algeria*. They whose activity of imagination is often shifting, the scenes of expectation, are frequently subject to such falls of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value of their friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their virtues, and set them below the meanest of those that persist in their resolutions, execute what they design, and perform what they have promised.

Nº CCH. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1752.

Ποιητὴς Ἰνδιᾶ: ἑστὶν ἱστορὶ ἀπολύτως, καὶ ἡρωικὴ, καὶ ἀποστολική.

Οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἐκείνῳ ἀποδοτέον.

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AMONG those who have endeavoured to promote learning, and rectify judgment, it has been long customary to complain of the abuse of words, which are often admitted to signify things so different, that, instead of assisting the understanding as vehicles of knowledge, they produce error, distention, and perplexity, because what is affirmed in one sense is received in another.

If this ambiguity sometimes embarrasses the most solemn controversies, and obscures the demonstrations of science, it may well be expected to infest the pompous periods of declaimers, whose purpose is often only to amuse with fallacies, and change the colours of truth and falsehood; or the musical compositions of poets, whose style is professedly figurative, and whose art is imagined to consist in distorting words from their original meaning.

There are few words of which the reader believes himself better to know the import than of *poverty*; yet whoever studies either the poets or philosophers, will find such an account of the con-

dition expressed by that term as his experience or observation will not easily discover to be true. Instead of the meanness, distress, complaint, anxiety, and dependance, which have hitherto been combined in his ideas of poverty, he will read of content, innocence, and cheerfulness, of health and safety, tranquillity and freedom; of pleasures not known but to men unincumbered with possessions; and of sleep that sheds his balsamick anodynes only on the cottages. Such are the blessings to be obtained by the resignation of riches, that kings might descend from their thrones, and generals retire from a triumph, only to slumber undisturbed in the asylum of poverty.

If these authors do not deceive us, nothing can be more absurd than that perpetual contest for wealth which keeps the world in commotion; nor any complaints more justly censured than these which proceed from want of the gifts of fortune, which we are taught by the great masters of moral wisdom to consider as golden shackles, by which the wearer is at once disabled and adorned.

as luscious poisons which may for a time please the palate, but soon betray their malignity by languor and by pain.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physick, and secure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artists and attendants, of flatterers and spies.

But it will be found, upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happiness of poverty, do not mean the same state with those who deplore it's miseries. Poets have their imaginations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accustomed to contemplate the downfall of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentations for monarchs in distress, rank all the classes of mankind in a state of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor, in the epic language, is only not to command the wealth of nations, nor to have fleets and armies in pay.

Vanity has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of style. He that wishes to become a philosopher at a cheap rate, easily gratifies his ambition by submitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boasting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would show the extent of his views, and grandeur of his conceptions, or discover his acquaintance with splendor and magnificence, may talk like Cowley of an humble station and quiet obscurity, of the paucity of nature's wants, and the inconveniences of superfluity, and at last, like him, limit his desires to five hundred pounds a year; a fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expences of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes a philosopher to affix the name of poverty, since no man can, with any propriety, be termed poor who does not see the greater part of mankind richer than himself.

As little is the general condition of human life understood by the panegyrist and historians, who amuse us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and sages. Riches are of no value in themselves, their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unless by narrow understandings, which confound the means with the end, but for the sake of power, in-

fluence, and esteem; or by some of less elevated and refined sentiments, as necessary to sensual enjoyment.

The pleasures of luxury, many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to despise, even when affluence and idleness have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make consistent with innocence, has given no proof of eminent patience. Esteem and influence every man desires, but they are equally pleasing and equally valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of securing them without the help of money, ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, since he has all that riches can purchase to a wise man. Cincinnatus, though he lived upon a few acres, cultivated by his own hand, was sufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was such, that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take absolute command into his hand; nor was Diogenes much mortified by his residence in a tub, where he was honoured with the visit of Alexander the Great.

The same fallacy has contributed veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man, abdicating the hope of terrestrial possessions, and precluding himself by an irrevocable vow from the pursuit and acquisition of all that his fellow-beings consider as worthy of wishes and endeavours, we are immediately struck with the purity, abstraction, and firmness of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in securing the interests of futurity, and devoid of any other care than to gain at whatever price the surest passage to eternal rest.

Yet what can the votary be justly said to have lost of his present happiness? If he resides in a convent, he converses only with men whose condition is the same with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the necessities of life, and is safe from that disposition which Hooker declares to be such an impediment to virtue, as, till it be removed, suffers not the mind of man to admit any other care. All temptations to envy and competition are shut out from his retreat; he is not pained with the sight of unattainable dignity, nor insulted with the blus-

ter of insolence, or the smile of forced familiarity. If he wanders abroad, the sanctity of his character amply compensates all other distinctions; he is seldom seen but with reverence, nor heard but with submission.

It has been remarked, that death, though often desired in the field, seldom

fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of sickness in its natural horror; to poverty may easily be endured, while associated with dignity and reputation, but will always be shunned and dreaded when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

N^o CCIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1752.

CUM VOLET ILLA DIES, QUÆ NIL NISI CORPUS HOCUS

JUS HABET, INCERTI SPATII MINUS FINIST AVI.

COME, SOON OR LATE, DEATH'S UNDETERMIN'D DAY,

THIS MORTAL BEING ONLY CAN DECAY.

OVID.

WRITTEN:

IT seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, or wish, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose upon real facts, and certain experience. This is perhaps one reason, among many, why age delights in narratives.

But so full is the world of calamity, that every source of pleasure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity disturbed. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters, that we shrink from their remembrance, dread their intrusion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that pursue us with torture.

No man past the middle point of life can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth without finding the banquet imbibed by the cup of sorrow; he may revive lucky accidents, and pleasing extravagancies; many days of harmless frolick, or nights of honest festivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in scenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and vicissitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the

nobler pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, dangers resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated. Æneas properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a storm they have landed on an unknown and desolate country, with the hope that their miseries will be at some distant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

But this felicity is almost always abated by the reflection, that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it are now in the grave. A few years make such havock in human generations, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprise recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the close of the relation, to pay a sigh to the names of those that contributed to his success; he that passes his life among the gayest part of mankind, has his remembrance stored with remarks and repartees of wit, whose sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence; the trader, whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, repines in solitary plenty at the absence of companions with whom he had planned out amusements for his latter years; and the scholar, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, raises him from obscurity, looks round in vain

from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whose applause or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among Martial's requisites to happiness is, *Res non parata labore, sed relictâ*—an estate not gained by industry, but left by inheritance. It is necessary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the close of life, will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happiness has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or at least can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increase of self-esteem; what we acquire by bravery or science, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at last when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow it's happiness from the time to come. In youth we have nothing past to entertain us, and in age we derive little from retrospect but hopeless sorrow. Yet the future likewise has it's limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we see to be not far distant. The loss of our friends and companions impresses hourly upon us the necessity of our own departure: we know that the schemes of man are quickly at an end, that we must soon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, shall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the surface of the earth, and then like us be lost in the shades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material existence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almost every man indulges his imagination with something which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: some amuse themselves with entails and settlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the dissipation of the fortunes which it has been their business to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of distant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced posterity.

They whose souls are so chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a state in which they shall look upon them with less solicitude, are seldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and therefore may be called to reconsider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish, has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to so small a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little interest in the question. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or measure of renown. The necessary business of life, the immediate pleasures or pains of every condition, leave us not leisure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our present welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of some that must be thrust into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend it's view to new objects, by losing sight of those which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and disappears for ever; and if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to suppress; all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment hastening to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world that any ray of comfort can proceed to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has still it's prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease, and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

Nº CCIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1752.

NEMO TAM DIVES HABUIT PAVENTES,
CRASTINUM UT POSSIT SIBI POLLICERI.

SENICA.

OF HEAVEN'S PROTECTION WHO CAN BE
SO CONFIDENT TO UTTER THIS—
TO-MORROW I WILL SPEND IN BLISS?

F. LEWIS.

SEGED, Lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world: to the sons of *Presumption*, humility and fear; and to the daughters of *Sorrow*, content and acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile: 'At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end; thou hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy enemies. All who have offended thee, tremble in thy presence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasures overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy health is the health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not thou partake the blessings thou bestowest? Why shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy face be clouded with anxiety, when the meanest of those who call thee sovereign gives the day to festivity and the night to peace? At length, Seged, reflect and be wise. What is the gift of conquest but safety, why are riches collected but to purchase happiness?' Seged then ordered the house of plea-

sure, built in an island of the Lake Dambea, to be prepared for his reception.

'I will retire,' says he, 'for ten days, from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied.'

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be seated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them; their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Segel

Seged landing here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artifices of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. 'Such,' said Seged, sighing, 'is the longest day of human existence: before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end.'

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening; and after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with a dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court,

and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests, and laborious laughter; and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber, to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies; and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed: he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being whose quiet was

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 maintain a stable exchange rate
 since the introduction of the
 new currency. This has led to
 a loss of confidence in the
 government and a consequent
 fall in the value of the
 currency. The second is the
 fact that the government has
 been unable to maintain a
 stable level of inflation. This
 has led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent fall in the value
 of the currency. The third is
 the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable level of unemployment.
 This has led to a loss of
 confidence in the government
 and a consequent fall in the
 value of the currency.

The first of these is the fact that the king was not only a ruler but also a warrior. He was a man of action, and his deeds were recorded in the *Annals of the Kings of Ireland*. The second is that the king was a man of letters. He was a patron of the arts and sciences, and his court was a center of learning. The third is that the king was a man of faith. He was a devout Christian, and his faith was a source of strength and inspiration for him and his people.

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RAMBLER.

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to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and that to lose the

present in lamenting the past was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and Seged again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

N^o CCV. TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1752.

VOLAT AMBIGUIS
MORIBUS ALIS HORA, NEQUE ULLI
PRÆSTAT VELOX FORTUNA FIDEM.

SENeca:

ON FICKLE WINGS THE MINUTES HASTE,
AND FORTUNE'S FAVOURS NEVER LAST.

F. Lewis.

ON the fourth morning Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart—'This day shall be a day of pleasure.' The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment, and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: but having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention

was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be frightened away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantries, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antechamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind that is to be moved by the gentle

ventilations

ventilations of gaiety; must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had intitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. 'Behold here,' said Seged, 'the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others.' He then retired to meditate, and while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffus-

ed a general complacency through the whole court, and the emperor imagined that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring alone: 'What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him; a man whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shews to have the same weakness with ourselves.' This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting that what was spoken without intention to be heard was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goiana. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cause, was told that the Princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose, and calling the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narra-

tive he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say—'This day shall be a day of happiness.'

Nº CCVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1752.

PROPOSITI NONDUM PUDET, ATQUE EADEM EST MENS,
UT BONA SUMMA PUTES, ALIENA VIVERE QUADRA.

JUV.

BUT HARDEN'D BY AFFRONTS, AND STILL THE SAME,
LOST TO ALL SENSE OF HONOUR AND OF FAME,
THOU YET CAN'ST LOVE TO HAUNT THE GREAT MAN'S BOARD,
AND THINK NO SUPPER GOOD BUT WITH A LORD.

BOWLES.

WHEN Diogenes was once asked what kind of wine he liked best, he answered—'That which is drunk at the cost of others.'

Though the character of Diogenes has never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are many who resemble him in his taste of wine; many who are frugal, though not abstemious; whose appetites, though too powerful for reason, are kept under restraint by avarice; and to whom all delicacies lose their flavour when they cannot be obtained but at their own expence.

Nothing produces more singularity of manners and inconstancy of life, than the conflict of opposite vices in the same mind. He that uniformly pursues any purpose, whether good or bad, has a settled principle of action; and as he may always find associates who are travelling the same way, is countenanced by example, and sheltered in the multitude; but a man actuated at once by different desires, must move in a direction peculiar to himself, and suffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to bestow on those who deviate from the rest of the world, even without enquiring whether they are worse or better.

Yet this conflict of desires sometimes produces wonderful efforts. To riot in far-fetched dishes, or surfeit with unexhausted variety, and yet practise the most rigid economy, is surely an art which may justly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whose industry or judgment has enabled them to attain it. To him, indeed, who is content to break open the chests, or mortgage the manors of his ancestors, that he may hire the ministers of excess at the highest

price, gluttony is an easy science; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury boasting of the elegance which they owe to the taste of others, relating with rapture the succession of dishes with which their cooks and caterers supply them, and expecting their share of praise with the discoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations. But to shorten the way to convivial happiness, by eating without cost, is a secret hitherto in few hands, but certainly deserves the curiosity of those whose principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who see the sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this scheme of happiness, the greater part have been immediately obliged to desist; and some, whom their first attempts flattered with success, were reduced by degrees to a few tables, from which they were at last chased to make way for others; and having long habituated themselves to superfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in discontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine that they shall never want a welcome to that company whose ideas they can enlarge, or whose imaginations they can elevate, and believe themselves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion, they crowd with little invitation, wherever the smell of a feast allures them, but are seldom encouraged to repeat their visits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as disturbers of the company.

No man has been so happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houses as Gulofulus, who after thirty years of continual revelry, has now established, by uncontroverted prescription, his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whose presence they who aspire to the praise of a sumptuous table are careful to procure on a day of importance, by sending the invitation a fortnight before.

Gulofulus entered the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent houses where persons of rank resorted. By being often seen, he became in time known; and from sitting in the same room, was suffered to mix in idle conversation, or assisted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amusement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-house he was sometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuses the acquaintance of him whom he sees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with less difficulty found the way to more, till at last he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feast, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himself no inclination to retire from a life of so much pleasure, and therefore very seriously considered how he might continue it. Great qualities, or uncommon accomplishments, he did not find necessary; for he had already seen that merit rather enforces respect than attracts fondness; and as he thought no folly greater than that of losing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himself, that he had none of that disgusting excellence which impresses awe upon greatness, and condemns it's possessors to the society of those who are wise or brave, and indigent as themselves.

Gulofulus having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philosophy or politicks, and was not in danger of injuring his interest by dogmatical positions, or violent contradiction. If a dispute arose, he took care to listen with earnest attention; and when either speaker grew vehement and loud, turned towards him with eager quickness, and uttered a short phrase of admiration, as if sur-

prised by such cogeny of argument as he had never known before. By this silent concession, he generally preserved in either controvertist such a conviction of his own superiority; as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adversary, and prevented those outrages which are sometimes produced by the rage of defeat, or petulance of triumph.

Gulofulus was never embarrassed but when he was required to declare his sentiments before he had been able to discover to which side the master of the house inclined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of those that invited him.

It will sometimes happen that the inselence of wealth breaks into contemptuousness, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and Gulofulus seldom fails of being singled out on such emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be safely tried. Sometimes his lordship finds himself inclined to exhibit a specimen of raillery for the diversion of his guest, and Gulofulus always supplies him with a subject of merriment. But he has learned to consider rudeness and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom: he comforts himself, that those who treat and insult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jest.

His chief policy consists in selecting some dish from every course, and recommending it to the company, with an air so decisive, that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feast a kind of dictatorial authority; his taste becomes the standard of pickles and seasoning, and he is venerated by the professors of epicurism, as the only man who understands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new sauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary system, he procures the earliest intelligence, and the most authentick receipt; and by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of secrecy, gains a right of tasting his own dish whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whether his directions have been fully understood.

By this method of life Gulofulus has so impressed on his imagination the dignity of feasting, that he has no other topick of talk, or subject of meditation.

tion. His calendar is a bill of fare; he measures the year by successive dainties. The only common places of his memory are his meals; and if you ask him at what time an event happened, he considers whether he heard it after a dinner of turbot or venison. He knows, indeed, that those who value themselves upon sense, learning, or pi-

ety, speak of him with contempt; but he considers them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happiness, or wish to supplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully satisfied with his own conduct, since he has fed every day on twenty dishes, and yet doubled his estate.

Nº CCVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1752.

*SOLVE SENESCENTEM MATURE SANUS EQUUM; NE
PECCET AD EXTREMUM RIDENDUS.*

Hor.

THE VOICE OF REASON CRIES WITH WINNING FORCE,
LOOSE FROM THE RAPID CAR YOUR AGED HORSE,
LEST, IN THE RACE DERIDED, LEFT BEHIND,
HE DRAG HIS JADED LIMBS AND BURST HIS WIND.

FRANCIS.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage may be applied to every other course of life, that it's two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that awakens the fancy, till the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made, and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they

stand in *precincts* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to shew him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings it's task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are compelled to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of it's end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies; yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man

3 M 2

obtains

obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual refutation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change; if he has made his way by assiduity to publick employment, he talks among his friends of the delight of retreat; if by the necessity of solitary application he is secluded from the world, he listens with a beating heart to distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves to take hereafter his fill of diversions, or display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendent in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower add to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Thus unreasonable impatience of discontent may be partly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress those more whose toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which is now considered as within reach, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be withheld.

In some of the noblest compositions of wit, the conclusion falls below the vigour and spirit of the first books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the

imputation of human failings, the cause of this declension is commonly sought in the structure of the work, and plausible reasons are given why in the defective part less ornament was necessary, or less could be admitted. But, perhaps, the author would have confessed, that his fancy was tired, and his perseverance broken; that he knew his design to be unfinished, but that, when he saw the end so near, he could no longer refuse to be at rest.

Against the infillations of this frigid opiate, the heart should be secured by all the considerations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterprise. Whatever motive first incited action, has still greater force to stimulate perseverance; since he that might have lain still at first in blameless obscurity, cannot afterwards desert but with infamy and reproach. He whom a doubtful promise of distant good could encourage to set difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour, when he has almost obtained his recompence. To faint or loiter, when only the last efforts are required, is to steer the ship through tempests, and abandon it to the winds in sight of land; it is to break the ground and scatter the seed, and at last to neglect the harvest.

The masters of rhetoric direct, that the most forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, lest they should be effaced or perplexed by supervenient images. This precept may be justly extended to the series of life: nothing is ended with honour, which does not conclude better than it began. It is not sufficient to maintain the first vigour; for excellence loses its effect upon the mind by custom, as light after a time ceases to dazzle. Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it, and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.

We not only are most sensible of the last impressions, but such is the unwillingness of mankind to admit transcendent merit, that, though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of miscarriages by any subsequent achievement, however illustrious, yet the reputation raised by a long train of success may be finally ruined by a single failure; for weakness or error will be always remembered by that malice and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that disgrace, which

which lassitude and negligence may bring at last upon the greatest performances, it is necessary to proportion carefully our labour to our strength. If the design comprises many parts, equally essential, and therefore not to be separated, the only time for caution is before we engage; the powers of the mind must be then impartially estimated, and it must be remembered, that not to complete the plan, is not to have begun it; and that nothing is done, while any thing is omitted.

But, if the task consists in the repetition of single acts, no one of which derives it's efficacy from the rest, it may be attempted with less scruple, because

there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only, left we expect from the world the indulgence with which most are disposed to treat themselves; and in the hour of listlessness imagine, that the diligence of one day will atone for the idleness of another, and that applause begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the publick. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage till a general hiss commands him to depart.

Nº CCVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1752.

Ἡράκλειτος ἰὼν· τί μὲν ἂν καὶ τῶ ἱλαστ' ἀμύσει;
Ὀνὲς ὅ μιν ἰππῶν, τοῖς δὲ μ' ἐπισκευαμένοις
εἰς ἡμεῖς ἀνθρώπων τετραμήριον· οἱ δ' ἀναγνώριαι
Οἰδίσ· ταῦτ' αὖθις καὶ παρὰ Πιερίσφον·

DIOD. LACRT.

BE GONE, YE BLOCKHEADS, HERACLITUS CRIES,
AND LEAVE MY LABOURS TO THE LEARN'D AND WISE;
BY WIT, BY KNOWLEDGE, STUDIOUS TO BE READ,
I SCORN THE MULTITUDE, ALIVE OR DEAD.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labours of the Rambler. Having supported, for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my essays to four volumes, I have now determined to desist.

The reasons of this resolution it is of little importance to declare, since justification is unnecessary when no objection is made. I am far from supposing, that the cessation of my performances will raise any inquiry, for I have never been much a favourite of the publick, nor can boast that, in the progress of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent.

But I have no design to gratify pride by submission, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reasonable to complain of neglect from those whose regard I never solicited. If I have not been distinguished by the distributors of literary honours, I have seldom defended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have seen the meteors of fashion rise and fall,

without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the topic of the day; I have rarely exemplified my assertions by living characters; in my papers, no man could look for censures of his enemies, or praises of himself; and they only were expected to pursue them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by it's naked dignity.

To some, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for assistance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been such as would not suffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be soon dispatched. I can restore to all my correspondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loss of some pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other

other praise than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the second letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-seventh, and the hundredth papers, and the second letter in the hundred and seventh.

Having thus deprived myself of many excuses which candour might have admitted for the inequality of my compositions, being no longer able to allege the necessity of gratifying correspondents, the importunity with which publication was solicited, or obstinacy with which correction was rejected, I must remain accountable for all my faults, and submit, without subterfuge, to the censures of criticism, which, however, I shall not endeavour to soften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The supplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and, though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulness. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at last violate it by the confession of terrors which I do not feel: having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication.

The seeming vanity with which I have sometimes spoken of myself, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of those who have published essays before me, and by the privilege which every nameless writer has been hitherto allowed. 'A mask,' says Castiglione, 'confers a right of acting and speaking with less restraint, even when the wearer happens to be known.' He that is discovered without his own consent, may claim some indulgence, and cannot be rigorously called to justify those sallies or frolics which his disguise must prove him desirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious lest this offence should be frequently or grossly committed; for, as one of the philosophers directs us to live with a friend, as with one that is some time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author to write, as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that, by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. That all

are happily imagined, or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: he will labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms of philosophy by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the English tongue in its present extent, will be able to express his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the highest excellence is harmless merriment; but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain, that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved, and that he is driven by the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excursions of fancy are the disquisitions of criticism, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the subordinate and instrumental arts. Arbitrary decision and general exclamation I have carefully avoided, by asserting nothing without a reason, and establishing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been so studious of novelty or surprise,

as to depart wholly from all resemblance; a fault which writers deservedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raise, as the occasion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and some exaggeration to burlesque; but as they deviate further from reality, they become less useful, because their lessons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himself no likeness to the phantom before him; and though he laughs or rages, is not reformed.

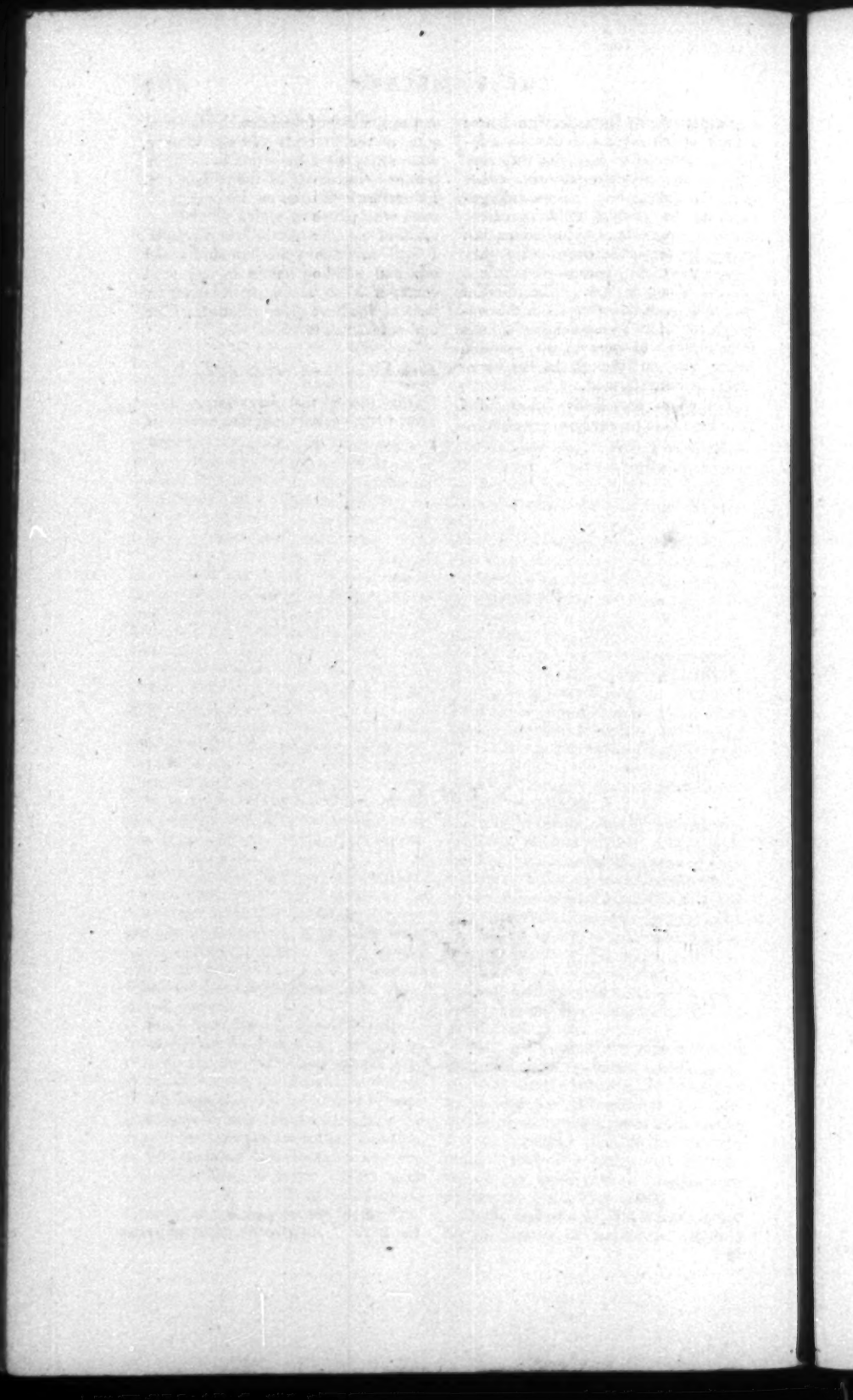
The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own in-

tentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Alto in mano per d'ora il tuo apostolo.

Celestial pow'rs! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their last reward.

FINIS.



HARRISON'S EDITION.



L E T T E R S

FROM A

PERSIAN IN ENGLAND,

TO HIS

FRIEND AT ISPAHAN.

BY GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.



NON ITA CERTANDI CUPIDUS, QUAM PROPTER ANOREM
QUOD TE IMITARI AVEO——



L O N D O N :

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TO THE BOOKSELLER.

SIR,

I Need not acquaint you by what accident these Letters were put into my hands, and what pains I have taken in translating them; I will only say that, having been long a scholar to the late most learned Mr. Dadichy, interpreter of the Oriental languages, I have acquired skill enough in the Persian tongue to be able to give the sense of them pretty justly; though I must acknowledge my translation far inferior to the Eastern sublimity of the original, which no English expression can come up to, and which no English reader would admire.

I am aware that some people may suspect that the character of a Persian is *fictionous*, as many such counterfeits have appeared both in France and England. But whoever reads them with attention will be convinced, that they are certainly the work of a perfect stranger. The observations are so *foreign and out of the way*, such *remote hints* and *imperfect notions* are taken up, *our present happy condition* is in all respects *so ill understood*, that it is hardly possible any Englishman should be the author.

Yet as there is a pleasure in knowing how things *here* affect a foreigner, though his conceptions of them be ever so extravagant, I think you may venture to expose them to the eyes of the world; the rather, because it is plain the man who wrote them is a lover of liberty, and must be supposed more impartial than our countrymen when they speak of their own admired customs and favourite opinions.

I have nothing further to add, but that it is a *great pity* they are not recommended to the publick by a dedication to *some great man about the court*, who would have patronized them *for the freedom with which they are written*; but the translator not having the honour to be acquainted with any body *there*, they must want that inestimable advantage, and trust entirely to the candour of the reader.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

PERSIAN



FRSIAN LETTERS

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I always find time to think of my friends. I hope to hear from you soon. I am your affectionate friend, John Doe.



PERSIAN LETTERS.

LETTER I.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THOU knowest, my dearest Mirza, the reasons that moved me to leave my country, and visit England; thou wast thyself, in a great measure, the cause of it. The relations we received from our friend Usbec, of those parts of Europe which he had seen, raised in us an ardent desire to know the rest, and particularly *this famous Island*, of which, not having been there himself, he could give us but imperfect accounts.

By his persuasion we determined to travel *thither*; but when we were just ready to set out, the sublime orders of the Sophi our master detained thee at the feet of his sacred throne.

Unwilling as I was to go alone, I yielded to thy importunities, and was content to live single among strangers and enemies to the faith; that I might be able to gratify thy thirst of knowledge.

My voyage was prosperous; and I find this country well worthy our curiosity. The recommendations given me by Usbec to some English he knew at Paris, are a great advantage to me; and I have taken such pains to learn the lan-

guage, that I am already more capable of conversation than a great many foreigners I meet with here, who have resided much longer in this country, especially the French, who seem to value themselves upon speaking no tongue but their own.

I shall apply myself principally to study *the English government*, so different from that of Persia, and of which Usbec has conceived at a distance so great an idea.

Whatever in the manners of this people appears to me to be *singular and fantastical*, I will also give thee some account of; and, if I may judge by what I have seen already, this is a subject which will not easily be exhausted.

Communicate my letters to Usbec, and he will explain such difficulties to thee as may happen to occur; but if any thing should seem to you both to be *unaccountable*, do not therefore immediately conclude it *false*; for the *habits* and *reasonings* of men are so very different, that what appears the excess of *folly* in one country, may in another be esteemed the highest *wisdom*.

LETTER II.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE first objects of a stranger's curiosity are the public spectacles. I was carried last night to one they call an *opera*, which is a concert of musick

brought from Italy, and in every respect *foreign* to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the resplendent palace of our emperor,

peror, and as full of handsome women as his seraglio: they had no eunuchs among them, but there was one who sung upon the stage, and by the luxurious tenderness of his airs, seemed fitter to make them wanton than keep them chaste.

Instead of the habit proper to such creatures, he wore a suit of armour, and called himself Julius Cæsar.

I asked who Julius Cæsar was, and whether he had been famous for *singing*.

They told me, he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to express my admiration at seeing him so properly represented, when I heard two ladies who sat nigh me, cry out as it were in an extasy—'O that dear creature! *I am dying for love of him.*'

At the same time I heard a gentleman say aloud, that both the musick and singers were detestable.

'You must not mind him,' said my friend, 'he is of the *other party*, and comes here only as a *spy*.'

'How,' said I, 'have you parties in musick?'—'Yes,' replied he; 'it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our senses and understanding, but to hear, and see, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged.'

'I hope,' said I, 'that a stranger may be neutral in these divisions; and, to say the truth, your musick is very far from inflaming me to a spirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me asleep. Ours in Persia sets us all a dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this.'

'Do but fancy it *moving*,' returned my friend, 'and you will soon be *moved* as much as others: it is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains; we have most of us learnt it in our turns.'

LETTER III.

SHELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I WAS this morning present at a diversion extremely different from the opera, of which I have given thee a description, and they tell me it is peculiar to this country. The spectators were placed in galleries of an open circus; below them was an area filled, not with eunuchs and musicians, but with bulls and bears, and dogs and fighting-men. The pleasure was to see the animals worry and gore one another, and the men give and receive many wounds, which the delighted beholders rewarded with showers of money, greater or less in proportion as the combatants were more or less hurt. I had some compassion for the poor beasts, which were forcibly incensed against each other; but the *human brutes*, who, unexcited by any rage or sense of injury, could spill the blood of others, and lose their own, seemed to me to deserve no pity. However, I looked upon it as a proof of the martial genius of this people, and imagined I could discover in that ferocity a spirit of freedom. A Frenchman who sat near me was much offended at the barbarity of the sight, and reproached my friend who brought me thither with the sanguinary disposition of the English, in delighting in such spectacles. My

friend agreed with him in general, and allowed that it ought not to be encouraged in a civilized state: but a gentleman who was placed just above them cast a very sour look at both, and did not seem at all of their opinion. He was dressed in a short black wig, had his boots on, and held in his hand a long whip, which, when the fellow fought feutly, he would crack very loud by way of approbation. One would have thought by his aspect that he had fought some prizes himself, or at least that he had received a good part of his education in this place. His discourse was as rough as his figure, but did not appear to me to want sense. 'I suppose, Sir,' said he to my friend, 'that you have been bred at court, and therefore I am not surprized that you do not relish the Bear-garden: but let me tell you, that if more people came hither, and fewer loitered in the drawing-room, it would not be worse for Old England: we are indeed a *civilized state*, as you are pleased to call it; but I could wish, upon certain occasions, we were not quite so *civil*. This gentleness and effeminacy in our manners will soften us by degrees into slaves, and we shall grow to hate fighting in earnest when we do not love to see

' see it in jest. You fine gentlemen are
' for the taste of modern Rome, squeak-
' ing eunuchs and corruption; but I am
' for that of ancient Rome, gladiators
' and liberty. And as for the barbari-
' ty which the foreigner there upbraids
' us with, I can tell him of a French
' king whom their nation is very proud

' of, that acted much more barbarous-
' ly; for he shed the blood of millions
' of his subjects out of downright wan-
' tonness, and butchered his innocent
' neighbours without any cause of quar-
' rel, only to have the glory of being
' esteemed the greatest prize-fighter in
' Europe.'

LETTER IV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

IT is the law of England, that when
a debtor is insolvent, his creditors
may shut him up in prison, and keep
him there if they please for all his life,
unless he pays the whole of what he
owes. My curiosity led me the other
day to one of those prisons: my heart is
still heavy with the remembrance of the
objects I saw there. Among the var-
ious causes of their undoing, some are
of so extraordinary a kind, that I can-
not help relating them to thee. One of
the prisoners, who carried in his looks
the most settled melancholy, told me he
had been master of an easy fortune, and
lived very happily a good while, till he
became acquainted with a lawyer, who
in looking over some old writings of his
family, unluckily discovered certain
parchments that gave him a right to an
estate in the possession of one of his
neighbours: upon which he was per-
suaded to go to law; and, after prosecut-
ing his suit for twenty years with a vexa-
tion that had almost turned his brain,
he made the lawyer's fortune, reduced
his neighbour to beggary, and had no
sooner gained his cause, but his credi-
tors seized on both estates, and sent
him to enjoy his victory in a gaol.

A second informed me that he was a
citizen, and born to a considerable estate;
but, being covetous to improve it, had
married a very rich heiress, who was so
vastly *genteel* in her expences, and
found so many ways of *doing credit*
to herself and her husband, that she quick-
ly sent him from his new house near the
court, to the lodgings in which I found
him. 'Why did not you divorce her,'
said I to him, 'when you found that
' her extravagance would be your ruin?'
— 'Ah, Sir!' replied he, 'I should
' have been a happy man if I could have
' caught her with a gallant; I might

' then have got rid of her by law; but,
' to my sorrow, she was virtuous as well
' as ugly; her only passions were equi-
' page and gaming.' I was infinitely
surprized that a man should wish to find
his wife an adulteress, or that he should
be obliged to keep her to his undoing
only because she was not one.

Another said he was a gentleman of
a good family, and having a mind to
rise in the state, spent so much money
to purchase a seat in parliament, that
though he succeeded pretty well in his
views at court, the salary did not pay
the debt; and being unable to get him-
self chose again at the next election, he
lost his place and his liberty both to-
gether.

The next that I spoke to was reputed
the best scholar in Europe; he under-
stood the Oriental languages, and talked
to me in very good Arabick.

I asked how it was possible that so
learned a man should be in want; and
whether all the books he had read could
not keep him out of gaol. 'Sir,' said
he, 'those books are the very things
' that brought me hither. Would to
' God I had been bred a cobbler! I should
' then have possessed some useful know-
' ledge, and might have kept my fa-
' mily from starving: but the world
' which I read of, and that I lived in,
' were so very different, that I was un-
' done by the force of speculation.'

There was another who had been
bred to merchandize, but, being of too
lively an imagination for the dulness of
trade, he applied himself to poetry, and
neglecting his other business, was soon
reduced to the state I saw him in: but he
assured me he should not be long there,
for his lucky confinement having given
him more leisure for study, he had quit-
ted poetry, and taken to the mathema-
tics,

ticks, by the means of which he had found out the longitude, and expected to obtain a great reward which the government promised to the discoverer. I perceived he was not in his perfect senses, and pitied such an odd sort of phrenzy; but my compassion was infinitely greater for some unhappy people who were shut up in that miserable place, by having lost their fortunes in the publick funds, or in private projects, of which this age and country have been very fruitful, and which, under the fallacious notion of great advantage, drew in the unwary to their destruction. I asked in what *dungeon*

they were confined, who had been the undoers of these wretched men? but, to my great surprise, was informed that the *contrivers* of such wicked projects had less reason than most men in England to be afraid of a gaol. 'Good Heaven!' said I, 'can it be possible that, in a country governed by laws, the innocent who are cheated out of all should be put in prison, and the villains who cheat them left at liberty?' With this reflection I ended my enquiries, and wished myself safe out of a land where such a mockery of justice is carried on.

LETTER V.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was the other day in a house where I saw a sight very strange to a Persian; there was a number of tables in the room, round which were placed several sets of men and women: they seemed wonderfully intent upon some bits of *painted paper* which they held in their hands. I imagined at first that they were performing some magical ceremony, and that the figures I saw traced on the bits of paper were a mystical talisman or charm: what more confirmed me in this belief was the grimaces and distortions of their countenances, much like those of our magicians in the act of conjuring. But enquiring of the gentleman that introduced me, I was told they were at *play*, and that *this* was the favourite diversion of both sexes.

'We have quite another way of diverting ourselves with the women in Persia,' answered I. 'But I see no signs of mirth among them: if they are merry, why don't they laugh or sing, or jump about? If I may judge of their hearts by their looks, half of these *revellers* are ready to hang themselves!' 'That may be,' said my friend; 'for very likely they are losing more than they are worth.' 'How!' said I, 'do you call that *play*?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'they never are thoroughly pleased unless their whole fortunes are at stake: those *cards* you see them hold are to decide whether he who is now a *man of quality* shall be a *beggar*, or another

who is now a *beggar*, and has but just enough to furnish out one night's play, shall be a *man of quality*.'

'The *last*,' said I, 'is in the right; for he ventures nothing: but what excuse can be thought on for the *former*? Are the nobility in England so indifferent to wealth and honour, to expose them without the least necessity? I must believe that they are generally *sure of winning*, and that those they play with *have the odds against them*.' 'If the chance was only *equal*,' answered he, 'it would be tolerable; but their adversaries engage them at *great advantage*, and are too wise to leave any thing to Fortune.'

'This comes,' said I, 'of your being allowed the use of wine. If these gentlemen and ladies were not quite *intoxicated* with that cursed liquor, they could not possibly act so absurdly. But why does not the government take care of them when they are in that condition? Methinks the fellows that rob them in this manner should be brought to justice.'

'Alas,' answered he, '*these cheats* are an innocent sort of people; they only prey upon the *riches* and *luxury* of a few particulars: but there are others who raise estates by the *miseries* and *ruin* of their country; who game not with their *own* money, but with that of the *publick*, and securely play away the substance of the *orphan* and the

' the widow, of the husbandman and the
' trader. Till justice is done upon these,
' the others have a right to impunity;

' and it is no scandal to see gamesters
' live like gentlemen, where stock-job-
' bers live like princess.'

LETTER VI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THOU wouldst be astonished to hear some women in this country talk of love; their discourses about it are as refined as their notions of Paradise, and they exclude the pleasure of the senses out of both. But however satisfied they may be in the world to come with such visionary joys, it is my opinion, that the nicest of them all, if she were to enjoy her paradise here, would make it a Mahometan one. I had lately a conversation on this subject with one of these *Platonicks*, for that is the title they affect: in answer to all her pretty reasonings, I told her the following tale of a fair lady who was a *Platonick* like herself.

THE LOVES OF LUDOVICO AND HONORIA.

THE city of Genoa has been always famed above any town in Europe for the refinement of it's gallantry. It is common there for a gentleman to profess himself the humble servant of a handsome woman, and wait upon her to every publick place for twenty years together, without ever seeing her in private, or being entitled to any greater favours than a kind look or a touch of her fair hand. Of all this fighting tribe, the most enamoured, the most constant, and the most respectful, was Signor Ludovico.

His mistress, Honoria Grimaldi, only daughter to a senator of that name, was the greatest beauty of the age in which she lived, and at the same time the coyest and most reserved. So great was her nicety in the point of love; that although she could not be insensible to the addresses of Signor Ludovico, yet she could not bring herself to think of marrying her lover, which, she said, was admitting him to freedoms entirely inconsistent with the respect that character requires. In vain did he tell her of the violence of his passion for her: she answered, that her's for him was no less violent; but it was his mind she loved, and could enjoy that without

going to bed to him. Ludovico was ready to despair at these discourses of his mistress: he could not but admire such fine sentiments, yet he wished she had not been quite so perfect. He writ her a very melancholy letter, and she returned him one in verse full of sublime expressions about love, but not a word that tended to satisfy the poor man's impatience. At last he applied himself to her father; and, to engage him to make use of his authority, offered to take Honoria without a portion. The father, who was a plain man, was mightily pleased with this proposal, and made no difficulty to promise him success. Accordingly he very roundly told his daughter, that she must be married the next day, or go to a nunnery. This dilemma startled her very much. In spite of all her repugnance to the marriage bed, she found something about her still more averse to the idea of a cloister. An absolute separation from Ludovico was what she could not bear: it was even worse than an absolute conjunction. In this distress she did not know what to do: she turned over above a hundred romances to search for precedents; and, after many struggles with herself, resolved to surrender upon terms. She therefore told her lover that she consented to be his wife, provided she might be so by degrees; and that, after the ceremony was over, he would not pretend at once to all the rights and privileges of a husband, but allow her modesty leisure to make a gradual and decent retreat. Ludovico did not like such a capitulation; but, rather than not have her, he was content to pay this last compliment to her caprice. They were married, and at the end of the first month he was very happy to find himself arrived at the full enjoyment of her lips.

While he was thus gaining ground inch by inch, his father died, and left him a great estate in the island of Corsica. His presence was necessary there; but he could not think of parting from Honoria.

They

They embarked together; and Ludovico had good hopes, that he should not only take possession of his estate, but of his wife, too, at his arrival. Whether it was, that Venus, who is said to be born out of the sea, was more powerful there than at land, or from the freedom which is usual aboard a ship, it is sure, that, during the voyage, he was indulged in greater liberties than ever he had presumed to take before: nay, it is confidently asserted, that they were such liberties as have a natural and irresistible tendency to overcome all scruples whatsoever. But, while he was sailing on with a fair wind, and almost in the port, Fortune, who took a pleasure to persecute him, brought an African corsair in their way, that quickly put an end to their dalliance, by making them his slaves.

Who can express the affliction and despair of this loving couple, at so sudden and ill-timed a captivity! Ludovico saw himself deprived of his virgin-bride, on the very point of obtaining all his wishes; and Honoria had reason to apprehend, that she was fallen into rougher hands than his, and such as no considerations could restrain. But the martyrdom she looked for in that instant was unexpectedly deferred till they came to Tunis. The corsair, seeing her so beautiful, thought her a mistress worthy of his prince; and to him he presented her at their landing, in spite of her own and her husband's tears.—O unfortunate end of all her pure and heroic sentiments! Was it for this that her favours were so long and so obstinately denied to the tender Ludovico, to have them ravished in a moment by a rude barbarian, who did not so much as thank her for them? But let us leave her in the seraglio of the Dey, and see what became of Ludovico after this cruel separation.

The corsair finding him unfit for any labour, made use of him to teach his children musick, in which he was perfectly well skilled. This service would not have been very painful, if it had not been for the remembrance of Honoria, and the thought of the brutalities she was exposed to: these were always in his head night and day, and he imagined that she had by this time killed herself rather than submit to so gross a violation. But while he was thus tormenting himself for one woman, he

gave equal uneasiness to another. His master's wife saw him often from her window, and fell violently in love with him. The African ladies are utter strangers to delicacy and refinement. She made no scruple to acquaint him with her desires, and sent her favourite slave to introduce him by night into her chamber. Ludovico would fain have been excused, being ashamed to commit such an infidelity to his dear Honoria; but the slave informed him, that if he hoped to live an hour, he must comply with her lady's inclinations; for that in Africk refusals of that kind were always revenged with sword or poison. No constancy could be strong enough to resist so terrible a menace: he therefore went to the rendezvous at the time appointed, where he found a mistress infinitely more complying than his fantastical Italian. But in the midst of their endearments they heard the corsair at the door of his wife's apartment. Upon the alarm of his coming, the frightened lover made the best of his way out of the window; which, not being very high, he had the good fortune to get off unhurt. The corsair did not see him; but, by the confusion his wife was in, he suspected that somebody had been with her. His jealousy directed him to Ludovico; and though he had no other proof than bare suspicion, he was determined to punish him severely, and at the same time secure himself for the future. He therefore gave orders to his eunuchs to put him in the same condition with themselves, which inhuman command was performed with a Turkish rigour far more desperate and compleat than any such thing had been ever practised in Italy. But the change this operation wrought upon him so improved his voice, that he became the finest singer in all Africk. His reputation was so great, that the Dey of Tunis sent to beg him of his master, and preferred him to a place in his own seraglio. He had now a free access to his Honoria, and an opportunity of contriving her escape: to that end he secretly hired a ship to be ready to carry them off, and did not doubt but he should find her very willing to accompany his flight. It was not long before he saw her, and you may imagine the excess of her joy, at so strange and agreeable a surprise.

'Can it be possible,' cried she, 'can it be possible that I see you in this place!'
'O my





PERSIAN LETTERS.

Plate L.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co April 14 1816



I have been very busy lately, but I have not been able to write to you for some time. I am sorry about that. I have been very busy lately, but I have not been able to write to you for some time. I am sorry about that.

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[illegible]

1. The first of these is the fact that the
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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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‘O my dear Ludovico! I shall expire in the pleasure of your embraces. But by what magick could you get in, and deceive the vigilance of my tyrant and his guards?’

‘My habit will inform you,’ answered he in a softer tone of voice than she had been used to. ‘I am now happy in the loss which I have sustained, since it furnishes me with the means of your delivery. Trust yourself to me, my dear Honoria, and I will take you out of the power of this barbarian, who has so little regard to your delicacy. You may now be happier with me than you was before, as I shall not trouble you with those coarse solicitations which gave you so much uneasiness. We will love with the purity of angels, and leave sensual enjoyments to the vulgar, who have not a relish for higher pleasures.’

‘How!’ said Honoria, ‘are you really no man?’—‘No,’ replied he; ‘but I have often heard you say, that your love was only to my mind; and that, I do assure you, is still the same.’—‘Alas,’ said she, ‘I am sorry mine is altered; but, since my being here, I am turned Mahometan, and my religion will not suffer me to run away with an unbeliever. My new husband has taught me certain doctrines unknown to me before, in the practice of which I am resolved to live and die. Adieu! I tell thee, my conscience will not permit me to have a longer conversation with such an infidel.’

Thus ended the loves of Ludovico and Honoria.

LETTER VII.

SERIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Have received thy answers to my letters with a pleasure which the distance I am at from my friends and country rendered greater than thou wouldst believe: I find thee very impatient to be informed of the government and policy of this country, which I promised to send thee some account of: but though I have been diligent in my enquiries, and lost no time since my arrival here, I am unable to answer the questions thou demandest of me, otherwise than by acknowledging my ignorance.

I have, for instance, been often assured that the English parliament is a check to the king’s authority; and yet I am well informed, that the only way to advancement at court, is to gain a seat in parliament.

The house of commons is the representative of the nation; nevertheless there are many great towns which send no deputies thither, and many hamlets almost uninhabited that have a right of sending two. Several members have never seen their electors, and several are elected by the parliament who were rejected by the people. All the electors swear not to sell their voices, yet many of the candidates are undone by the expence of buying them. This whole affair is involved in deep mystery and inexplicable difficulties.

Thou askest if commerce be as flourishing as formerly. Some whom I have consulted on that head say, it is now in it’s meridian; and there is really an appearance of it’s being so, for luxury is prodigiously increased, and it is hard to imagine how it can be supported without an inexhaustible trade: but others pretend, that this very luxury is a proof of it’s decline; and they add, that the frauds and villainies in all the trading companies are so many inward poisons, which, if not speedily expelled, will destroy it entirely in a little time.

Thou wouldst know if property be so safely guarded as is generally believed. It is certain that the whole power of a king of England cannot force an acre of land from the weakest of his subjects; but a knavish attorney will take away his whole estate by those very laws which were designed for it’s security. Nay, if I am not misinformed, even those who are chosen by the people to be the great guardians of property, have sometimes taken more from them in one session of parliament for the most useless expences, than the most absolute monarch could venture to raise upon the most urgent occasions.

These, Mirza, are the contradictions that perplex me. My judgment is bewildered in uncertainty; I doubt my own observations, and distrust the relations

tions of others. More time and better information may, perhaps, clear them up to me; till then, modesty forbids me to impose my conjectures upon thee, af-

ter the manner of Christian travellers, whose prompt decisions are the effect rather of folly than penetration.

LETTER VIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

AS I now understand English pretty well, I went last night with some friends to see a play. The principal character was a young fellow, who, in the space of three or four hours that the action lasted, cuckolds two or three husbands, and debauches as many virgins. I had heard that the English theatre was famous for killing people upon the stage, but this author was more for *propagating* than *destroying*.

There were a great many ladies at the representation of this modest performance; and though they sometimes hid their faces with their fans, (I suppose for fear of shewing that they did not

blush) yet in general they seemed to be much delighted with the *five gentleman's* heroical exploits. 'I must confess,' said I, 'this entertainment is far more *natural* than the opera; and I do not wonder that the ladies are *amused* at it;' but if in Persia we allowed our women to be present at such spectacles as these, what would signify our bolts, our bars, our eunuchs? Though we should double our jealousy and care, they would soon get the better of all restraint, and put in practice those lessons of the stage which it is so much pleasanter to ACT than to BEHOLD.

LETTER IX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

A Friend carried me lately to an assembly of the *beau monde*, which is a meeting of men and women of the first fashion. The crowd was so very great, that the two sexes promiscuously pressed one another in a manner that seemed very extraordinary to Oriental eyes. I observed a young man and a beautiful young woman sitting in a window together, and whispering one another with so much earnestness, that neither the great noise in the room, nor number of passers who rubbed by them continually, gave them the least disturbance; they looked at one another with the most animated tenderness; the lady especially had in her eyes such a mixture of *sensibility* and *desire*, that I expected every moment to see them *withdrawn*, in order to satisfy their mutual impatience, in a manner that even the *European liberty* would not admit of in so public a place. I made my friend take notice of them, and asked him *how long they had been married?* He smiled at my mistake, and told me, they were not

married; that the *lady*, indeed, had been married about a year and a half to a man that stood at a little distance; but that the *gentleman* was an unmarried man of quality, who made it his business to corrupt other men's wives. That he had begun the winter with this lady; and that this was her *first affair* of that sort, her husband and she having married *for love*.

As I had heard of many employed in the same manner, and could not perceive that they did any thing else, I asked my friend if there was any *seminary*, any *public foundation*, for educating young men of quality to this *profession*; and whether they could carry on the business without frequent interruptions from the respective husbands. 'I will explain the whole matter to you,' said he. 'There is indeed no public foundation or academy for this purpose; but it depends upon the private care of their several parents, who, if I may use the expression, *negatively* breed them up to this business, by making them en-
tirely

‘tirely unfit for *any other*: for, lest
 ‘their sons should be diverted from the
 ‘profession of *gallantry* by a dull ap-
 ‘plication to *graver studies*, they give
 ‘them a very superficial tincture of
 ‘learning, but take care to instruct
 ‘them thoroughly in the more shewish
 ‘parts of education, such as musick,
 ‘dressing, dancing, &c. by which
 ‘means, when they come to be men,
 ‘they naturally prefer the gay and easy
 ‘conversation of the fair-sex, and are
 ‘well received by them. As for the hus-
 ‘bands, they are the people in the world
 ‘who give them the least disturbance;
 ‘but, on the contrary, generally live in
 ‘the strictest intimacy with those who
 ‘intend them the *favours of cuckoldom*.
 ‘The marriage contract being here per-
 ‘petual, though the causes of it are of
 ‘short duration, the most sensible men
 ‘are desirous of having some assistance
 ‘to support the *burdensome perpetuity*.
 ‘For instance, every man marries ei-
 ‘ther *for money*, or *for love*. In the
 ‘first case the money becomes his own
 ‘as soon as the wife does; so that, hav-
 ‘ing had what *he wanted* from her,

‘he is very willing she should have
 ‘what *she wanted* from *any body* rather
 ‘than from him. He is quiet at home,
 ‘and fears no *reproaches*.

‘In the latter case, *the beauty* he
 ‘married soon grows familiar by unin-
 ‘terrupted possession: his own greed-
 ‘iness surfeited him; he is ashamed of his
 ‘disgust, or at least of his indifference,
 ‘after all the transports of his first de-
 ‘fire; and gladly accepts terms of do-
 ‘mestick peace through the *mediation*
 ‘of a *lover*.

‘There are, indeed, some excep-
 ‘tions: some husbands, who, prefer-
 ‘ring an old mistaken point of honour
 ‘to real peace and quiet at home, dis-
 ‘turb their wives pleasures; but they
 ‘are very few, and are very ill looked
 ‘upon.

‘I thanked my friend for explaining
 ‘to me so extraordinary a piece of *do-
 mestick economy*; but could not help
 ‘telling him, that, in my mind, *our*
 ‘Persian *method* was more reasonable,
 ‘of having *several wives* under the
 ‘care of *one eunuch*; rather than *one*
 ‘wife under the care of *several lovers*.

LETTER X.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

WE have often read together, and
 admired the little history of the
 Troglodytes, related by our country-
 man Usbec*, with a spirit peculiar to
 his writings. Unequal as I am to the
 imitation of so excellent an author, I
 have a mind, in a continuation of that
 story, to shew thee by what steps, and
 through what changes, the original
 good of society is overturned, and
 mankind become wicked and more
 miserable in a state of government, than
 they were when left in a state of nature.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY
OF THE TROGLODYTES.

THE Troglodytes were so affected
 with the virtue of the good old
 man who refused the crown which they
 had offered, that they determined to re-
 main without a king. The love of the

publick was so strong in every particular,
 that there was no need of authority
 to enforce obedience. The law of nature
 and uncorrupted reason was engraven
 on their hearts; by that alone they go-
 verned all their actions, and on that
 alone they established all their happiness.
 But the most perfect felicity of mortal
 men is subject to continual disturbance.
 Those barbarians, whom they had de-
 feated some time before, stirred up by a
 desire of revenge, invaded them again
 with greater forces. They fell upon
 them unawares, carried off their flocks
 and herds, burnt their houses, and led
 their women captive: every thing was
 in confusion, and the want of order
 made them incapable of defence. They
 soon found the necessity of uniting un-
 der a single chief. As the danger re-
 quired vigour and alacrity, they pitched
 upon a young man of distinguished

*Viz Monrequeiro's Persian Letters from Paris. Vol. I. Letter 270. and 271.

C a

courage,

courage, and placed him at their head. He led them on with so much spirit and good conduct, that he soon forced the enemy to retire, and recovered all the spoil.

The Troglodytes strewed flowers in his way; and, to reward the service he had done them, presented him with the most beautiful of the virgins he had delivered from captivity. But, animated by his fortune, and unwilling to part with his command, he advised them to make themselves amends for the losses they had sustained, by carrying the war into the enemy's country; which, he said, would not be able to resist their victorious arms. Desirous to punish those wicked men, they very gladly came into his proposal. But an old Troglodyte, standing up in the assembly, endeavoured to persuade them to gentler councils. 'The goodness of God,' said he, 'O my countrymen! has given us strength to repulse our enemies, and they have paid very dearly for molesting us. What more do you desire from your victory than peace and security to yourselves, repentance and shame to your invaders? It is proposed to invade them in your turn, and you are told it will be easy to subdue them. But to what end would you subdue them, when they are no

' longer in a condition to hurt you? Do you desire to tyrannize over them? Have a care that, in learning to be tyrants, you do not also learn to be slaves. If you know how to value liberty as you ought, you will not deprive others of it; who, though unjust, are men like yourselves, and should not be oppressed.'

This wise remonstrance was not heeded, in the temper the people was then in. The sight of the desolations that had been caused by the late irruption, made them resolve on a violent revenge. Besides, they were now grown fond of war, and the young men especially were eager of a new occasion to signalize their valour. Greater powers were therefore given to the general; and the event was answerable to his promises, for in a short time he subdued all the nations that had joined in the league against the Troglodytes. The merit of this success so endeared him to that grateful people, that, in the heat and riot of their joy, they unanimously chose him for their king, without prescribing any bounds to his authority. They were too innocent to suspect any abuse of such a generous trust; and thought that, when virtue was on the throne, the most absolute government was the best.

LETTER XI.

BELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE first act of the new king was to dispose of the conquered lands. One share of them, by general consent, he allotted to himself, and the rest he divided among those who were companions of his victory. Distinction of rank and inequality of condition were then first introduced among the Troglodytes: some grew rich, and immediately comparison made others poor. From this single root sprung up a thousand mischiefs; pride, envy, avarice, discontent, deceit, and violence. Unheard-of disorders were committed; nor was any regard paid to the decisions of ancient custom, or the dictates of natural justice. Particulars could no longer be allowed to judge of rights; it became necessary to determine it by stated laws. The whole

nation applied to the prince to make those laws, and take care of their execution. But the prince, unequal alone to such a difficult task, was obliged to have recourse to the oldest and wisest of his subjects for assistance. He had not yet so forgot himself, by being seated on a new-erected throne, as to imagine that he was become all-sufficient, or that he was placed there to govern by his caprice. It was therefore his greatest care how to supply his own defects by the counsels of those who were most famed for their knowledge and abilities.

Thus a senate was formed, which, with the king, composed the legislature; and thus the people freely bound themselves, by consenting to such regulations as the king and senate should decree.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE institution of laws among the Troglodytes was attended with this inevitable ill effect, that they began to think every thing was right which was not legally declared to be a crime. It seemed as if the natural obligations to virtue were destroyed, by the foreign influence of human authority; and vice was not shunned as a real evil, but grew to be thought a forbidden good.

One Troglodyte said to himself—‘I have made advantage of the simplicity of my neighbour, to over-reach him in a bargain; he may reproach me perhaps, but he cannot punish me; for the law allows me to rob him with his own consent.’

Another was asked by his friend for a sum of money, which he had lent him some years before.

‘Have you any thing to shew for it?’ answered he.

A third was implored to remit part of his tenant’s rent, because the man, by unavoidable misfortunes, was become very poor. ‘Do not you see,’ replied he, ‘that he has still enough to maintain his family? By starving them he may find money to pay me, and the law requires him so to do.’

Thus the hearts of the Troglodytes were hardened. But a greater mischief still ensued; the laws, in their first framing, were few and plain, so that any man could easily understand them, and plead his own cause without an advocate.

Some inconveniences were found to

flow from this; the rules were too general and loose; too much was left to the equity of the judge; and many particular cases seemed to remain undetermined and unprovided for. It was therefore proposed, in the great council of the nation, to specify all those several exceptions; to tie the judges down to certain forms; to explain, correct, add to, and reserve, whatsoever might seem capable of any doubtful or different interpretations. While the matter was yet in deliberation, a wise old senator spoke thus.

‘You are endeavouring, O Troglodytes, to amend what is defective in your laws; but know that, by multiplying laws, you will certainly multiply defects. Every new explanation will produce a new objection, and at last the very principles will be lost on which they were originally formed. Mankind may be governed, and well governed, under any laws that are fixed by ancient use: besides their being known and understood, they have a sanctity attending them which commands obedience; but every variation, as it discovers a weakness in them, so it lessens the respect by which alone they can be effectually maintained. If subtleties and distinctions are admitted to constitute right, they will equally be made use of to evade it; and if justice is turned into a science, injustice will soon be made a trade.’

LETTER XIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

AS the old man foretold, it came to pass. The laws were explained into contradictions, and digested into confusion. Men could no longer tell what was their right, and what was not. A set of Troglodytes undertook to find it out for all the rest: but they were far from doing it out of pure benevo-

lence; their opinions were sold at no little price; and, how false soever they might prove, in the event of the cause, the money was never to be returned: nay, the longer the dispute could be protracted, the more the parties concerned were to pay. This point being once well established, causes that before were dispatched in half

half an hour, now lasted half a century. There were three courts placed one above another: on the *door* of the lowest was writ, '*Lâzu*;' on that of the second, '*Equity*;' and on the highest, '*Common Sense*.' These courts had no connection with one another, and a quite different method of proceeding. No man could go to the last without passing through one of the former; and the journey was so tedious, that very few could support the fatigue or

the expence. But there was one particular, more strange than all the rest. It was very seldom that a man could read a word of the parchment by which he held his estate; and they made their wills in a language which neither they nor their heirs could understand.

Such were the refinements of the Troglodytes, when they had quitted the simplicity of nature; and so bewildered were they in the labyrinth of their own laying out.

LETTER XIV.

SALIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE religion of the Troglodytes had been hitherto as simple as their manners. They loved God as the author of their happiness; they feared him as the avenger of injustice; and they sought to please him by doing good. But their morals being corrupted, their religion could not long continue pure: superstition found means to introduce itself, and complicated their depravation. Their first king, who had been a conqueror, and a law-giver, died, after a long reign, extremely regretted and revered by his subjects. His son succeeded, not by any claim of hereditary right, but the free election of the people, who loved a family that had done them so many services. As he was sensible that he owed his crown to their veneration for the memory of his father, he endeavoured to carry that veneration as high as possible. He built a tomb for him, which he planted round with laurels, and caused verses to be solemnly recited in praise of his achievements. When he perceived that these honours were well received in the opinion of the publick, he thought he might venture to go farther. He got it to be proposed in the senate, that the dead monarch should be deified, after the example of many nations round about them, who had paid the same compliment to their kings. The senators were become too good courtiers, not to give into so agreeable a piece of flattery, especially as their own honour was concerned in raising the character of their founder; and the people, seduced by their gratitude, thought that those virtues, which had rendered him the protector and father of his

country, very justly entitled him to a subordinate share of divinity.

It is not to be conceived how many evils this alteration produced.

Then first the Troglodytes were made to believe that their God was to be gained by rich donations, or that his glory was concerned in the worldly pomp and power of his priests. 'A temple, said those priests, 'is like a court; you must gain the favour of the ministers, or your petitions will not be received.' As the people remembered that their new deity had once been a king, this doctrine seemed plausible enough, and the priests grew absolute on the strength of it. They procured for themselves excessive wealth, exemptions from all publick burdens, and almost a total independence upon the civil authority. That the comparison between the temple and the court might hold the better, a great number of ceremonies were invented, and a magnificence of dress was added to them as essential to holiness. The women came warmly into this, and were still more zealous than the men in their attachment to the exterior part of devotion. By degrees the *invisible God*, whom their fathers had worshipped alone, was wholly forgot; and all the vows of the people were paid to the idol, whose superstitious worship was better adapted to human passions, and to the gain of the priests. Expiations,ustrations, sacrifices, processions, and pilgrimages, made up the whole of religion. Thus the piety of the Troglodytes was turned aside from reality to form; and it was no longer a consequence, that a very religious man was a very honest man.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

SERIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

IN my last letter I told thee how much the Troglodytes were deprived in their notions, and in their manners, from their idolatry. By the arts of the priesthood, their corruption increased every day: and *virtue*, instead of being assisted, was overturned by *religion itself*. It was common for a Troglodyte to say—
‘I will plunder my neighbour or the publick: for the anger of our God may be appeased by an offering made out of the spoil.’

Another quieted his conscience in this manner: ‘I am, indeed, a very great villain, and have injured my benefactor; but I am a constant attender on all processions, and have crawled thrice round the temple upon my knees.’

A third confessed to a priest, that he had defrauded his ward of an estate. ‘Give half of it to our order,’ said the confessor, ‘and we will freely endow you with the rest.’

But the mischief did not stop even here. From sanctifying trifles, they proceeded to quarrel about them: and the peace of the society was disturbed, to know which impertinence should be

preferred. This was the work of the priests, who took upon them to declare what was most agreeable to their god; and declared it differently, as it happened that their passions or interests required. But how slight soever the foundation was, a dispute of this nature never failed to be warmly carried on. Nobody concerned himself about the morals of another; but every man’s opinions were enquired into with the utmost rigour: and woe to those who held any that were disliked by the ruling party; for though neither side could tell the reason why they differed, the difference was never to be forgiven. An aged Troglodyte endeavoured to put a stop to this pious fury, by representing to them, that their ancestors, who were better men, had no disputes about religion; but served their God in the only unity required by him, an unity of affection. All the poor man got by this admonition was, to be called an atheist by all the contending sects; and, after suffering a thousand persecutions, compelled to take refuge in another land.

LETTER XVI.

SERIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE court had a deeper interest in the establishment of the idolatrous priesthood among the Troglodytes, than was at first attended to; or foreseen. The very nature of their office particularly attached them to the crown. They were servants of a deified king; and it was no very great stretch of their function, to deify the living monarch also. Accordingly they preached to all the people, with an extraordinary warmth of zeal; that the family then reigning was *divine*; that they held the crown, not by the will of the society, but by a pre-eminence of nature; that to resist their pleasure, was resisting God; and that every man enjoyed his life and estate by their grace; and at their disposal. In consequence of these doc-

trines, his sacred majesty did just what he thought fit. He was of a martial genius, and had a strong ambition to enlarge his territories. To this end he raised a mighty army, and fell upon his neighbours without a quarrel.

The Troglodytes lost their blood, and spent their substance, to make their prince triumphant in a war which could not possibly turn to their advantage; for the power and pride of their tyrant increased with his success. His temper, too, became fiercer and more severe, by being accustomed to slaughter and devastation; so that his government grew odious to his subjects. Yet the dazzling glory of his victories, and the divinity they were taught to find about him, kept them in awe, and supported his authority.

authority. But Providence would not suffer him any longer to vex mankind: he perished, with a great part of his army, by the united valour of many nations, who had allied themselves against his encroachments. Content with having punished the aggressor and author of the war, they immediately

offered a peace to the Troglodytes, upon condition, that all should be restored which had been taken from them in the former wars. That nation, humbled by their defeat, very willingly parted with their conquests to purchase their repose.

LETTER XVII.

BELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

UNDER their third king, who succeeded to his father upon a new notion of hereditary and divine right, the spirit of the government was wholly changed. He was young, and of a temper much addicted to ease and pleasure; yet bred up with high conceits of kingly power, and a royal disregard to his people's good. There was a mixture of bigotry in his disposition, which gave the priests a great advantage over him; and as his predecessor had governed by them, they now governed by him. The people, too, in imitation of their prince, soon contracted another character; they began to polish and soften all their manners. The young Troglodytes were sent to travel into Persia; they came back with new dresses, new refinements, new follies, and new vices. Like a plague imported from a foreign country, luxury spread itself from these travellers over all the nation. A thousand wants were created every day, which nature neither suggested nor could supply. A thousand un-

easinesses were felt, which were as unnatural as the pleasures that occasioned them. When the minds of the Troglodytes were thus relaxed, their bodies became weak. They now complained that the summer was too hot, and the winter too cold. They lost the use of their limbs, and were carried about on the shoulders of their slaves. The women brought their children with more pain, and even thought themselves too delicate to nurse them: they lost their beauty much sooner than before, and vainly strove to repair it by the help of art. Then first physicians were called in from foreign lands, to contend with a variety of new distempers, which intemperance produced: they came; and the only advantage was, that those who had learned to live at a great expence, now found the secret of dying at a greater.

Such was the condition of the Troglodytes, when, by the benefit of a lasting peace, they tasted the sweets of plenty, and grew *polite*.

LETTER XVIII.

BELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE ancient Troglodytes were too busy in the duties and cares of society, to employ much of their thoughts in speculation. They were skilful in mechanicks and agriculture, the only sciences for which they had any use.

Experience taught them the properties of many medicinal herbs, roots, and plants, with which they cured the few ailments that they were subject to in their serene and temperate life.

At their leisure they amused themselves with musick and poetry, and sung the

praises of the Divine Being, the beauties of nature, the virtues of their countrymen, and their own loves. They shewed a wonderful force of imagination in a great number of fables which they invented, under most of which was concealed some moral sentiment; but for history, they contented themselves with some short accounts of publick transactions, drawn from the memory of the oldest men among them, and written without any art; having no party disputes, no seditions, no plots, no intrigues.

trigues of state, to record. The alteration of their government and manners produced a change also in this respect. A great many people withdrew themselves entirely from the offices of life, and became a burden to their family and country, under a notion of study and meditation. One set of them very modestly undertook to explain all the secrets of nature, and account for her operations. Another left nature quite behind, and fell to reason about immaterial substances and the properties of spirits. A third professed to teach reason by a rule; and invented arguments to confute common sense*. These philosophers (for so they styled themselves) were to be known from all mankind by a certain air made up of bashfulness and presumption. To distinguish themselves from the vulgar, they forgot how to say or do one common thing like other men.

This rendered their behaviour very awkward, and they were conscious of it; for which reason they came little into company; yet in private their pride swelled to such a pitch, that they imagined they were arrived at the very top of human merit, and looked down with contempt on the greatest generals and best servants of the state. Among the various speculations that this modern fashion of philosophizing produced; there were two more pernicious than the rest,

and which greatly contributed to the corruption and ruin of the people. One was, that vice and virtue were in themselves indifferent things, and depended only on the laws of every country; the other, that there was neither reward nor punishment after this life. It has already been observed how many defects the Troglodytes found in their laws, and how many quibbles were invented to elude them. But still there was some restraint upon their actions, while a sense of guilt was attended with remorse, and the apprehension of suffering in another state. But by these two doctrines men were left at perfect liberty to sin out of the reach of the law; and virtue was deprived of glory here, or the hopes of recompence hereafter. There was a third notion, less impious indeed, but of very ill consequence to society, which placed all goodness and religion in a *recluse and contemplative way of life*.

The effect of this was, to draw off many of the best and worthiest men from the service of the publick, and administration of the commonwealth, at a time when their labours were most wanted to put a stop to the general corruption. It is hard to say, which was most destructive; an opinion that, like the former, emboldened vice; or such a one as rendered virtue impotent and useless to mankind.

LETTER XIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISFAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

WHILE the principles of the people were thus depraved, and their understandings taken off from their proper objects, the court became the centre of immorality, and every kind of folly. Though flattery had been always busy there, yet the former kings, who were frequently at war, had been used to a certain military freedom; and there were not wanting men about them who had courage to tell them truth; but the effeminacy of the present set of courtiers took from them all spirit as

well as virtue; and they were as ready to suffer the basest things, as to act the most unjust. The king, wholly devoted to his pleasures, thought it sufficient for him to wear the crown, without troubling himself with any of the cares and duties belonging to it. The whole exercise and power of the government was lodged in the hands of a grand vizir, the first of that title which the Troglodytes had ever known. It seemed very strange to them at the beginning to see the royalty transferred to

* This passage is not to be understood as designing any reflection upon men of true learning; but as a censure of the different kinds of *false learning*; such as the subtilties of metaphysics and logick, and the natural philosophy of Descartes and others, who presume to explain and account for all things by *systems* drawn out of their own imagination.

their fellow subject, and many thought it was debasing it too much. The priests themselves were at a loss how to make out that this sort of monarchy was divine; however, they found at last that the grand vizir was a god by office, though not by birth. If this distinction did not satisfy the people, the court and the priests were not much concerned about it. But a prime minister was not the only novelty these times produced.

The Troglodytes had always been remarkable for the manner in which they used their women. They had a greater esteem for them than any other of the eastern nations: they admitted them to a constant share in their conversation, and even entrusted them with their private affairs; but they never suspected that they had a genius for public business; and that not only their own families, but the state itself, might be governed by their direction. They were now convinced of their mistake. Several ladies appeared together at the helm; the king's mistress, the mistress of the vizir, two or three mistresses of the vizir's favourite officers, joined in

a political confederacy, and managed all matters as they pleased. Their lovers gave nothing, and acted nothing but by their recommendation and advice. Sometimes, indeed, they differed among themselves, which occasioned great confusions in the state; but, by the pacifick labours of good subjects and the king's intercession, such unhappy divisions were composed, and business went quietly on again. If there was any defect in the politics of these female rulers, it was, that they could never comprehend any other point or purpose in the art of government but so much *profit to themselves*.

The history of the Troglodytes has recorded some of their wise and witty sayings.

One of them was told that, by the great decay of trade, the principal bank of the city would be broke. 'What care I?' said she; 'I have laid my money out in land.'

Another was warned, that if better measures were not taken, the Troglodytes threatened to revolt. 'I am glad to hear it,' replied she; 'for if we beat them, there will some rich confiscations fall to me.'

LETTER XX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

PAINFUL experience had, by this time, taught the Troglodytes what their fathers were too happy to suspect, that human nature was not perfect enough to be trusted with unlimited power: they saw an evident necessity of restraining that which had been given to their kings; as well for the dignity of the crown itself, as for the good of the commonwealth.

The whole nation unanimously concurred in this resolution, and that unanimity could not be resisted; they therefore considered by what means to reform their government, and did it with equal vigour and moderation. It was decreed that the crown should be preserved to the prince then reigning, out of respect to the family he was of; but that he should wear it under certain limitations which divided his authority with the senate.

To prevent the mischiefs that might arise from evil ministers, and the too great power of any favourite, they de-

clared, that the ministers of the king were the servants of the people, and could not be protected by the court, if they were found disloyal to the nation.

Under these wise regulations, the shattered state recovered itself again; their affairs were managed with more discretion, and many public grievances were redressed. They thought that, in limiting their monarchy, they had cut the root of all their evils, and flattered themselves with a permanent felicity. But they quickly discovered that this new system was not without its inconveniences. Very favourable opportunities were sometimes lost by the unavoidable slowness of their councils, and it was often necessary to trust more people with the secret of public business than could be relied on with security. There were many evils which the nature of their government obliged them to connive at, and which grew as it were out of the very root of it. The abuse of liberty was inseparable, in many

many points, from liberty itself, and degenerated into a shameless licentiousness. But the principal mischief attending on this change, was the division of the senate into parties. Different judgments, different interests and passions, were perpetually clashing with one another, and by the unequal motion of it's wheels the whole machine went but heavily along.

Yet one advantage arose from this disorder, that the people were kept

alert, and upon their guard. The animosities and emulation of particulars secured the commonwealth; as, in a *seraglio*, the honour of the husband is preserved by the malice of the eunuchs, and mutual jealousies of the women.

Upon the whole, the Troglodytes might have been happy in the liberty they had gained, if the same publick spirit which established, could have continued to maintain it.

LETTER XXI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE was in the senate a certain man of great natural cunning and penetration, factious, enterprising, versed in business, and, above all, very knowing in the disposition of the times in which he lived. This man came secretly to the king, and entertained him with the following discourse.

"I perceive, Sir, you are very much cast down with the bounds that have been set to your authority; but perhaps you have not lost so much as you imagine. The people are very proud of their own work, and look with great satisfaction on the outside of their new-erected government; but those who can see the inside too, find every thing too rotten and superficial to last very long."

"The two things in nature the most repugnant and inconsistent with each other, are the love of liberty, and the love of money: the last is so strong among your subjects, that it is impossible the former can subsist. I say, Sir, they are not *HONEST* enough to be *FREE*. Look round the nation, and see whether their manners agree with their constitution. Is there a virtue which

"want does not disgrace, or a vice which riches cannot dignify? Has not luxury infected all degrees of men amongst them? Which way is that luxury to be supported? It must necessarily create a dependence which will soon put an end to this dream of liberty. Have you a mind to fix your power on a sure and lasting basis? Fix it on the vices of mankind: set up private interest against publick; apply to the wants and vanities of particulars; shew those who lead the people, that they may better find their account in betraying than defending them. This, Sir, is a short plan of such a conduct as would make you really superior to all restraint, without breaking in upon those *nominal securities*, which the Troglodytes are more attached to a great deal than they are to the things themselves. If you please to trust the management to me, I shall not be afraid of being obnoxious to the *spirit of liberty*, for in a little while I will extinguish every spark of it; nor of being liable to the *justice* of the nation, for my *crime* itself shall be my *protection*."

LETTER XXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is a very pretty, fair-complexioned girl, who lodges in a house over-against me. She was always staring at me from her window, and seemed to solicit my regards by a

thousand little airs that I cannot describe, but which touched me still more than all her beauty: at last I became so enamoured of her, that I resolved to demand her in marriage. Accordingly, I

went to visit her in form, and was received by her mother, a widow gentleman, who desired very civilly to know my business.

'Madam,' said I, 'I have a garden at Ispahan adorned with the finest flowers in the east; I have the Persian jessmine, the Indian rose, the violet of Media, and the tulip of Candahar: but I have lately beheld an English lily more fair than all these, and far more sweet, which I desire to transplant into my garden. This lily, Madam, is now in your possession; and I come a suppliant to you, that I may obtain it.'

The old lady, not conceiving what I meant, began to assure me very faithfully that I was mistaken, for she had neither lily nor rose belonging to her.

'The lily,' returned I, 'is your lovely daughter, whom I come to ask of you for my wife.'

'What do you propose to settle on her?' replied she. 'That is the first point to be considered.'

'I will do by her very handsomely,' answered I; 'I will settle upon her—two black *runuchs*, an expert old midwife, and six or seven very adroit female slaves.'

'Two blacks,' answered she, 'are well enough; but I should think two French footmen would be gentler.'

'However, Sir, we will not quarrel about her *equipage*. The question is, what provision you think of making.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that,' returned I; 'she shall have meat enough, I warrant you; plenty of rice, and the best *sherbet* in all Persia.'

'Do not tell me of rice and *sherbet*,' said the old woman; 'I ask what *jointure* you will give her?'

This word stopped me short, for I did

not know what a *jointure* signified. At last she explained herself by demanding of me how her daughter was to live if I should die.

'I have an Indian wife,' answered I, 'that intends to burn herself as soon as I expire; but I would not recommend that method to your daughter.'

'How!' said she, 'you are married then already!'—'Yes,' said I; 'in Persia we are allowed to take as many women as we can keep: and some, I am sure, of the most fashionable men in England, do the same, only leaving out the ceremony.'

'It is a very wicked practice,' answered she; 'but since it is your religion so to do, and that my daughter's fortune is too small to get a husband among Christians, I am not much averse to give her to you upon reasonable terms, because I am told you are very rich.'

She had scarce spoke these words, when my little mistress, who had been listening to our discourse behind the screen, came out from her concealment, and told her mother, that if so many women were to live together, she was sure there would be no peace in the family, and therefore she desired her to insist on a good *pin-money*, (that is to say, as the term was explained to me, a great independent allowance) in case her husband and she should disagree.

'What,' said I, 'young lady, do you think already of separating your interests from mine? And must I be obliged to pay my wife for living ill with me, as much as I should for living well?'

'No, by Hali! I will never wed a woman who is so determined to rebel against her husband, that she artickes for it in the very contract of her marriage!'

LETTER XXIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is at London a native of Aleppo, who has resided here some years as a private agent for some merchants of that city, and passes for a Jew: they call him Zabulon, but his true name is Abdallah, the son of Abderamen. He has revealed himself to me, and I have recontracted a great intimacy with him.

There never was an honest, more friendly, or more valuable man: but he is as much a bigot to all the eastern notions, and as much a stranger to every thing in England, as he was the first hour of his arrival. For my part, Mirza, I set out with a resolution to give up my hereditary prejudices; and

form

form my mind to bear different opinions, as my body to suffer different climates. Nay, if I may say so, I began my travels a good while before I went abroad, by reading, enquiring, and reasoning, about the manners and institutions of other countries. I had lived long enough under the yoke of an arbitrary government to see the misery of it, and value liberty: I am now come into an island where that liberty is happily established, and where I may learn to know it by its effects. This, Mirza, is the study that I pursue; and it demands the utmost attention I can give. In absolute monarchies all depends on the character of the prince, or of his ministers; and when that is

known, you have little more to learn: but in mixed governments the machine is more complex, and it requires a nicer observation to understand how the springs of it are disposed, or how they mutually check and assist each other.

When I talk to Abdallah on this subject, he tells me it is not worth my while to trouble myself about it; for that any form of government is good if it be well administered. But the question is, which is *most likely* to be well administered; that is, which has *best secured* itself, by wholesome provisions and restraints, against the danger of a *bad administration*.

LETTER XXIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

AS I was walking in the fields near this city the other morning, a disband'd soldier, somewhat in years, explored my charity; and, to excite my compassion, bared his bosom, on which were the scars of many wounds all received in the service of his country. I gladly relieved his wants; and, being desirous to inform myself of every thing, fell into discourse with him on the war in which he had served. He told me he had been present at the taking of ten or twelve strong towns, and had a share in the danger and glory of almost as many victories. 'How then,' said I, 'comes it to pass that thou art laid aside? Thy strength is indeed in it's decline, but not yet wasted; and I should think that experience would well supply the loss of youth.'—'Alas! Sir,' answered he, 'I have a good heart, and tolerable limbs, but I want three inches more of stature: I am brave and able enough, thank God, but not quite handsome enough for a soldier.'

'How then didst thou serve so long?'

returned I. 'In Flanders, Sir,' said he, 'there were some thousands of such ill-looking fellows, who did very well in a day of battle, but would make no figure at a review. Besides, I have no vote for any county, city, or borough, in England; and therefore could not hope for preferment in the army were I ever so well made.' This last objection appeared to me very odd; but of all the novelties I have met with in Europe, none ever surprized me so much, as that a qualification for military service should be supposed to consist in *snug* looks and a certain degree of tallness, more than experienced courage and hardy strength.

If women were to raise and employ troops, I should not, indeed, much wonder at such a choice: but God grant our invincible sultan an army of veteran soldiers, though there were not a man among them above five feet high, or a face that would not frighten an enemy with the very looks of it!

LETTER XXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is a set of people in this country, whose activity is more useless than the idleness of a monk. They are like those troublesome dreams which often agitate and perplex us in our sleep, but leave no impression be-

hind them when we wake. I have sent thee an epitaph made for one of these *men of business*, who ended his life and labours not long ago.

'Here lies ———, who lived three-score and ten years in a continual hurry.'

'He

He had the honour of sitting in six parliaments, of being chairman in twenty-five committees, and of making three hundred and fifty speeches. He attended constantly twice a week at the levees of twelve different ministers of state; and writ for and against them one thousand papers. He composed fifty new projects for the better government of the church and state. He left behind

him memoirs of his own life in five volumes, in folio.

Reader, if thou shouldst be moved to drop a tear for the loss of so CONSIDERABLE A PERSON, it will be a SINGULAR favour to the deceased; for nobody else concerns himself about it, or remembers that such a man was ever born.

LETTER XXVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Went with my friend the other day to a great hall, where all the courts of law were sitting together. 'Behold,' said he, 'the temple of justice, the sanctuary of privilege and right, which our mightiest monarchs have not been able to violate with impunity. Behold the lowest of our commons contending here with the highest of our nobles, unawed by their dignity or power. See those venerable sages on the bench, whose ears are deaf to solicitation, and their hands untainted with corruption. See also those twelve men, whom we call the jury, the great bulwark of our property and freedom. But then cast your eyes on those men in black that swarm on every side: these are the priests of the temple, who, like most other priests, have turned their ministry into a trade; they have perplexed, confounded, and encumbered law, in order to make themselves more necessary, and to drain the purses of the people. — I have heard,' said I, 'that the laws of England are wisely framed and impartially administered.' — The old Gothic pile we are now in,' replied my friend, 'will give you a just idea of their structure: the

foundations of it are deep and very lasting; it has stood many ages, and with good repairs may stand many more; but the architecture is loaded with a multiplicity of idle and useless parts: when you examine it critically, many faults and imperfections will appear; yet upon the whole it has a mighty awful air, and strikes you with reverence. Then as to the administration of our laws, the difference between us and other countries is little more than this; that there they sell justice *à la gros*, and here we sell it *by retail*. In Persia the radi passes sentence for a round sum of money; in England the judge indeed takes nothing; but the attorney, the advocate, every officer and retainer on the court, raise treble that sum upon the client. The condition of justice is like that of many women of quality; they themselves are above being bought, but every *servant* about them must be *sed*, or there is no getting at them. The disinterested spirit of the lady is of no advantage to the suitor; he is undone by the rapine of her dependants.

LETTER XXVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Told thee, in my last letter, a conversation I had with my friend upon the practice of law in this country. What is peculiar to us,' continued he, 'in judicial proceedings, is, that no discretionary power is lodged either in the judge or the jury; but they are to direct and determine altogether by the letter of the law. In France, and other parts of Europe, the judge is trusted with such a

power to vary from the law in certain points, according to the dictates of his conscience, and the reason of the case. But in England, conscience, reason, right, and justice, are confined to the words of the law, and the established meaning thereof. No doubt this is productive of many hardships; particulars must often suffer by it; yet in the main it is a wholesome restraint, and beneficial to liberty: for it is generally

generally found; that in other countries, where they are not so strictly tied down, the judge's conscience is apt to depend too much on the king's, and the rule of equity is a very uncertain measure, which passion, prejudice, or interest, can easily change.

These latter times have, indeed, a good deal departed from the ancient methods of judicature in matters of property, by encouraging applications to the *Chancery*, which is a court of equity, where he who presides in it judges alone, without any jury, and with a much greater latitude than other courts: but whether more evil than good does not attend on this practice, may well be questioned. Thus much is certain, that causes are not shortened by it, though one might have expected that *advantage* from it, at least. — 'I have been told,' said I, 'that whatever time they may take in passing through *that court*, they have often a further journey to make before they come to a final decision.' — 'It is true,' replied he, 'they may be carried from thence by an appeal to the House of Lords, who judge in the last resort. And if the constitution had not lodged there a judicature superior to that of the *chancellor*, so much of the property of the subject would entirely depend upon his opinion, that the par-

liament would have reason to put in a claim their claim to a right which they demanded in the reign of Edward III. of *nominating this officer themselves*.'

'When an appeal,' said I, 'is made to the lords, by what rules do they judge? If by no other than those of natural equity, I can then understand, that every lord who has common sense may be supposed to be capable of such a judicature: but if they proceed by the rules of the courts below, and according to principles, usages, and determinations established *there*, that is a science of which few are capable; and in that sense they cannot be *judges boni*. Two or three, at most, of their body, would then have competent knowledge for the performing a duty, which the constitution of England expects from *all*. And when *so few* are to judge, their being too much *divided* in affection or interest, at some junctures of time, at others, their being too much *united*, might, I should think, have very bad consequences. But what if the chancellor himself should ever be *the only lord in the house* enough possessed of *that knowledge* to lead the rest, where would be then the use of appealing from his decrees?'

To this my friend answered nothing: and I thought that his silence wanted no explanation.

LETTER XXVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN,

FROM LONDON.

A French gentleman was boasting the other day, in a company where I was, of the academies founded by the late king for the support and reward of arts and sciences.

'You have a pleasant way,' said he, 'here in England, of encouraging a man of wit. When he is dead, you build him a fine tomb, and lay him among your kings; but while he is alive, he is as ill received at court, as if he came with a petition against the ministry. Would not the money you have laid out upon the monuments of two or three of your poets, have been better bestowed in giving them bread when they were living, and wanted it? — This might have been formerly the case,' replied the Englishman; 'but it is not so now. A man of true genius is at present so much favoured by the publick, which is the best of all

patrons, his works are so greedily bought up, and such regard is shewn him every way, that he has no need to depend upon a court for protection, or for subsistence.

And, let me add, that the honours which are paid to a deceased man of wit have something in them more generous and disinterested than pensions bestowed on slavish terms, and at the price of continual panegyric.

We have a *very great poet now alive*, who may boast of one glory to which no member of the French academy can pretend; viz. that he never flattered any man *in power*; but has bestowed immortal praises upon *those* whom, for fear of offending men *in power*, if they had lived in France under the same circumstances, no poet there would have dared to praise.'

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISFAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is a *Christian* doctor, who at my first arrival here took the trouble to visit me very often, with no other view, as I could find, but merely to make a *Christian* of me, in which design he has been single hitherto, such a seal being very much out of fashion.

But, what is most extraordinary, I was told the other day, that his *preferment in the church* had been lately *stopped* at the instance of the *mufsi* of this city, on a supposition of his being turned Mahometan, and that all the proof brought against him was the commerce he formerly had with me.

When I heard this, I waited on the *mufsi*, and offered to testify that the doctor was a *Christian*, as far as I could judge by all I saw of him, during the

time of our acquaintance: but he refused to admit my testimony in this case, because, as he said, I was myself a *misbeliever*; and insisted on the doctor's supposed *apostacy*, as an undoubted fact, which *shocked* him beyond measure.

'If he is a *Mussulman*,' said I, 'he must be *circumcised*: there is a *visible* mark of orthodoxy in our religion; but I should be glad to know what is the *visible* mark of yours. If it be *meekness*, or *charity*, or *justice*, or *temperance*, or *piety*, all these are most conspicuous in the doctors: but I find that none of these can prove him to be a *Christian*. What, therefore, is the *characteristic* of his *accuser*? And how do they prove themselves to be *Christians*?'

LETTER XXX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISFAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE principles and practice of toleration prevail very strongly in this country: I myself have felt the effects of it very much to my advantage. The better sort of people are no more offended at the difference of my faith from theirs, than at the difference of my dress: the mob, indeed, seem surprized at me for both; and cannot comprehend how it is possible to make such mistakes; but they rather condemn than hate me for them; and I have yet been affronted by nobody but a drunken priest, who denounced damnation against me, for refusing to pledge him; to the prosperity of the Church of England, in a liquor forbidden by our law.

This has not always been the temper

of the English. They have formerly waged war against Mahometans, only because they were so; they have kindled fires against heretics, though what was heresy in one age has been orthodoxy in another; nay, they have involved their country in all the miseries of civil discord, upon points of no greater moment than whether a table ought to be placed in the middle of the church, or at one end of it.

I must own to thee, Mirza, there is nothing I abhor so much as persecution: it seems to me no less ridiculous in its principles, than dreadful in its effects. One would think, that the great diversity of opinions among mankind should incline men a little to suspect that their

* It is supposed this letter alludes to the objections made to the promotion of the late Doctor Rundle. [Dr. Thomas Rundle, prebendary of Durham, and archdeacon of Wilts, being recommended to the king by Lord Chancellor Talbot, to whom he was chaplain, for the bishoprick of Gloucester, on the death of Bishop Sydal, his appointment was strenuously opposed by Bishop Gibson, from a notion of the doctor's being a deist. In consequence of this opposition, the Lord Chancellor was at length induced to withdraw his recommendation; Dr. Benson was promoted to the English bishoprick, and Dr. Rundle to the bishoprick of Derry in Ireland. He died April 14. 1743.]

own may possibly be wrong, especially in disputes not very essential; but to pursue all others with rage and violence, instead of pity or persuasion, is such a strain of pride and folly as can scarce be accounted for from enthusiasm itself. I have read in a Spanish author of a certain madman who rambled about Spain with sword and lance; and whomsoever he met with in his way, he required to acknowledge and believe, that his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso was the handsomest woman in the world. It was in vain for the other to reply, that he had no knowledge at all of Dulcinea, or had a particular fancy to another woman; the madman made no allowances for ignorance or prejudice, but instantly knocked him down, and never left beating him till he promised to maintain the perfections of the said lady above all her rivals. Such has been the conduct of many priests and priest-ridden princes in propagating their *spiritual inclinations*: each had his several Dulcinea, and resolved that every body should admire her as much as himself; but as this was not easily brought about, the controversy was determined by force of arms: nay, though it happened that all admired the same, they would even quarrel about the fashion of her cloaths, and most

bloody battles have been fought to decide which colour became her best. Alas, Mirza! how absurd is all this! The beauty of true religion is sufficiently shewn by it's proper lustre; it needs no knight-errant to combat for it; nor is any thing so contrary to the nature of affection as constraint. Whoever is compelled to profess a faith without conviction, though it was but indifferent to him before, must grow to think it odious; as men who are forced to marry where they do not approve, soon change dislike into aversion. I will end this subject with putting thee in mind of a ceremony which is celebrated once a year by the common people of Persia, in honour of our prophet Ali. There are two bulls brought forth before the crowd, the strongest of which is called Ali, and the weaker Omar: they are made to fight, and as Ali is very sure to get the better, the spectators go away highly satisfied with this happy decision of the dispute between us and the heretical Turks.

Just in this light I regard all religious wars. Whether the combatants are two bulls or two bishops, the case is exactly the same, and the determination just as absurd.

LETTER XXXI.

SELEMI, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is nothing more astonishing to a Mussulman than many particulars relating to the state of matrimony, as it is managed in Europe; our practice of it is so totally different, that we can hardly think it possible for men to do or suffer such things as happen here every day.

The following story, which was given me for a true one, will set this in a very full light: I wish thou mayest find it as entertaining as I am sure thou wilt find it new.

In the reign of Charles the First, King of England, lived two gentlemen, whose true names I will conceal under the feigned ones of Acasto and Septimius. They were neighbours, their estates lay together, and they had a friendship for each other, which had grown up from their earliest youth.

Acasto had an only son, whom we will

call Polydore; and Septimius an only daughter, named Emilia. Though the boy was but fourteen years old, and the girl but twelve, the parents were so desirous of contracting an alliance between their families, and of uniting the two bordering estates, that they married them before either was of age to consummate the marriage, or even to understand the nature of their contract. As soon as the ceremony was performed, they sent the young gentleman abroad, to finish his education.

After four years, which he had spent in France and Italy, he was recalled by the news of his father's death, which made it necessary for him to return to England.

Emilia, who was now about sixteen, began to think he had been absent long enough, and received him with a great deal of satisfaction. She had heard a

fine character of him from those who knew him in his travels; and when she saw him, his person was so improved, that she thought herself the happiest of women in being his wife.

But his sentiments for her were very different.

There was in his temper a spirit of contradiction, which could not bear to have a wife imposed upon him. He complained, that his father had taken advantage of his tender age, to draw him into an engagement in which his judgment could possibly have no part. He confessed that he had no objections to the person or character of Emilia; but insisted on a liberty of choice, and declared that he looked upon his marriage to be forced and null. In short, he absolutely refused to consummate, in spite of all the endeavours of their friends, and the conjugal affection of the poor young lady, who did her utmost to vanquish his aversion. When she found that all her kindness was thrown away, the natural pride of her sex made her desire to be separated from him, and she joined with him in a petition for a divorce. The first parliament of the year forty was then sitting: the affair was brought before them, and it was believed that a divorce would have easily been obtained at their mutual demand. But the bishops opposed it with great violence, as a breach of the law of God, which they said would admit of no divorce, but in cases of adultery. They were answered, that the marriage was not *complete*; and that the ceremonious part, which was all that had passed between them, might as properly be dispensed with by the legislature, as any other form of law: that the young gentleman's aversion was *invincible*, and inconsistent with the obligation laid upon him; that therefore it would not well become the fathers of the church to put him under a manifest temptation of committing adultery; and that nothing could be imagined more unjust, than to condemn the lady to perpetual virginity, under the notion of a marriage, which, it was plain, was a mere illusion. These arguments seemed convincing to all the world except the bishops; but they persisted in their *usual unanimity*, and were so powerful by the *favour* of the *court*, that they carried their point in the House of Lords; and the unfortunate Polydore and Emilia were declared to be *one flesh*,

though no union had ever been between them, either in body or in mind. The husband immediately paid back his wife's portion to her father; and firmly resolved that from that time forwards he would never see her more. His natural obstinacy was irritated by the constraint that was put upon him; and he took a pride to shew the world that there was no power, ecclesiastical or civil, which could oblige him to act like a married man against his inclination. The poor lady retired to a seat of her father's in the country, and endeavoured, by long absence from her husband, to forget that he had ever pleased or offended her. Two years afterwards the civil war broke out between the king and parliament. Polydore was so enraged against the bishops for obstructing his divorce, that it determined him in the chusing of his party, and made him take up arms against the king. Septimius, the father of Emilia, was as zealous a royalist, to which his hatred of Polydore contributed as much as any thing; for it was hardly possible that two such bitter enemies should be of the same side. In the course of the war, the king being worsted, the estates of many of his party were confiscated; and Septimius having been one of the most active, was also one of those that suffered most. He was compelled to retire into France with what he could save out of the wreck of his estate; and carried with him his daughter, who was quite abandoned by her husband and his family.

In the mean while, the army of the parliament began to form itself into different factions. Cromwell, at the head of the Independents, acquired by degrees such an influence; that the Presbyterians were no longer a match for him: Polydore, who was devoted to that sect, threw up his commission in discontent; and, happily for his reputation, had no share in those violent proceedings, which ended in the destruction of the king, and the ancient constitution.

He continued quite unactive for some years; but at last growing weary of a life that agreed so ill with his vivacity, he determined to go and serve in the Low Countries under the great Prince of Condé, who, in the year 1654, commanded the armies of Spain against his country. Two reasons inclined Polydore to this party; first, the desire he had to learn his trade under a general of so great reputation; and secondly, because Cromwell

Cromwell had refused to enter into an alliance with that prince, though most agreeable to the interests of England. He found his highness employed in besieging Arras, and was received by him with high marks of esteem. During the siege he often signalized his courage, and supported the opinion that was spread all over Europe of the valour of the parliament officers. But the Marshal Turenne, with La Ferté and Hoquincourt, having attacked the besiegers in their lines, relieved Arras, and would have destroyed the Spanish army if the Prince of Condé had not saved it by a retreat, which was one of the greatest actions of his life. In this battle, Polydore was taken prisoner, and sent to Paris with many other Spanish officers, to continue there till they should be ransomed or exchanged. In the journey, he contracted a great intimacy with the Count d'Aguilar, brigadier under the Count de Fuenaldagna; and one of the first gentlemen in Spain. As they travelled together several days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal incidents of their lives. Polydore related to Aguilar the whole story of his marriage with Emilia, and declaimed with great heat against the folly of tying two people thus together; who wished nothing so much as to be loose.

No doubt, said the count, it is most absurd; but, to say the truth, I find nothing very reasonable in the whole affair of marriage as we have made it. I do not know what it may be to other men, but to me it seems horribly unnatural to be confined to any single woman, let her be ever so agreeable.

If I had chosen a woman freely, answered Polydore, I could be always constant to her with pleasure; but to have a companion for life forced upon me, I had rather row in the galleys than submit to it.

You are mistaken, my dear Polydore, replied the count, in fancying it so easy to be constant even to a wife of one's own choosing. I have had some experience of that kind, and know that the first choice is only good till we have made a second.

To prove this to you, I need only give you the history of my amours. That you may not think I am telling you a romance, I will begin where romances always end, with the article

of my marriage. I was married at four and twenty to a lady, whom I chose for her beauty and good sense, without troubling myself about her fortune, which was but small. The three or four first years that we lived together, was the happiest period of my life: I preserved all the ardour of a lover, with the freedom and tenderness of a husband. She loved me still more fondly than I did her; and if I had not left her till she gave me occasion, I believe I should have been constant to this day. But I was not able to hold out any longer; all her charms were become so familiar to me, that they could not make the least impression; and I went regularly to her bed, as I did to supper, with an appetite quite pallied by too much plenty. In this dull way I drudged on for a tedious twelvemonth, till the sight of a relation of my wife's, who came opportunely to lodge in my own house, roused me out of my lethargy. She was a beautiful creature of eighteen, just taken out of a convent to be married. She knew nothing of the world, but had a natural quickness that went farther than experience. However, as there was something a little awkward in her exterior carriage, the Countess d'Aguilar thought it proper to keep her with her for some time before her marriage, till she had instructed her how to behave herself in public. I thought my instructions might be of use to her as well as my wife's; to teach her how to behave herself in private; and had the good fortune to make them more agreeable.

She liked me better and better every lesson; and in proportion as her passion increased for me, she conceived a stronger aversion for the man who was designed to be her husband: and indeed she had no great reason to be fond of him, for he was a peevish, stupid, bigotted old fellow, who did nothing day or night but pray and scold. Her friends pressed the conclusion of her marriage; and, as unwilling as she was to come into it, she could not resist their importunities. Yet, to comfort me, she very fairly let me know, that she would give her virginity to me in spite of all their threats; and moreover, that I should have it on the wedding night. I represented to her the improbability of

her performing such a promise at such a time; but she bid me trust to her management, and I should be satisfied.

The wedding night came; and when the company was retired, the bridegroom was surprized to see the bride dissolved in tears. He begged to know the cause of her affliction; but she would not tell him, except he swore that, when he knew it, he would do his utmost to remove it.

The poor man, in the vehemence of his love, assured her that he would do any thing to make her easy, that was not contrary to the honour of a cavalier, or the injunctions of our holy mother church.

"No," said she; "the thing I require of you will recommend you extremely to the church, as it is only to give me leave to accomplish a vow I made to the Blessed Virgin, in a fit of sickness, when my life was in great danger."

"Heaven forbid, my pretty child," replied the Don, "that I should hinder you from performing a sacred vow, to the hazard of your soul!"

"Well then," said she, "I will own to you that, in my fright, I vowed, that if I could but get well again, and live to be married, I would consecrate my wedding night to the Blessed Virgin, by passing it in the bed of my waiting-woman the virtuous Isabella. And this very morning, while I slept, our Lady appeared to me in a dream, and threatened me with another fit of sickness, if I did not keep my word."

"If it be so," replied the husband, "there is no doubt but the Virgin must be served before me; and so, my dear, I wish you a good night."

Now you must know, that the virtuous Isabella was trusted with all the secrets of her mistress, and had gone between us through the whole course of our amour.

Accordingly, Madam went to bed to her waiting-woman, who had taken care to inform me of this design, and concealed me in a closet within her chamber; from whence, as soon as every body was asleep, I was admitted to the place of Isabella, and received the full acquittance of a promise I little expected to see performed.

The singularity of this adventure so

delighted me, that I could not help, in the vanity of my heart, discovering it to the Duke del Infantado, the most intimate of my friends. He was very thankful for the confidence I reposed in him; and, to reward me for it, betrayed it instantly to my wife, whom, it seems, he had long made love to without success. As he thought that the greatest obstacle to his desires was her fondness for me, he hoped to remove it by convincing her of my falseness; but though the news of it had like to have broke her heart, it was not able to change it.

She reproached me in a manner that made my fault appear much more inexcusable. "I might complain," said she, "of the affront you have done my honour in debauching my relation; but, alas! I am only sensible to the injury you have done my love. You are grown weary of me; and I know it is impossible to regain your heart, since the single reason of your dislike must still continue, which is, that I am your wife. If any part of my behaviour had offended you, I might have changed it to your satisfaction; but this is a fault which, in spite of all my care, will grow worse every day." I endeavoured to pacify her, by assurances of my future fidelity; and, really, I was so affected by her behaviour, that I seriously meant to keep my word. But our inclinations are very little in our power; my resolution soon yielded to the charms of the Countess Altamira, one of the handsomest women about the court, but the vainest, the most interested, and the most abandoned. She made it a point of honour to seduce me, out of a desire to mortify my wife, with whom she had quarrelled upon some female competition of precedence or dress.

Her avarice was equal to her pride, and she made me pay dearly for her favours, though her husband was one of the richest men in Spain. I hardly ever went to her without a present of some kind or other, and my fortune began to suffer by my expence; yet I was so bewitched to her, that, though I heartily despised her, I could not help loving her to madness.

One day, when I came to see her after an absence that had raised my desires to the highest pitch, she receiv-

ed me with a fullness and ill-humour that tortured me beyond expression. I conjured her to acquaint me with the cause of it; and she told me, that the last time she was at court, she had seen the Countess d'Aguilar with a diamond-necklace on, which I had given her the day before: that my making such presents to another woman, in the midst of our intrigue, was an insult she was determined not to bear; and that, since I was grown so fond a husband, she could not but make a conscience of disturbing our conjugal felicity.

I offered her any satisfaction she would ask; and the malicious devil had the impudence to tell me, that nothing could satisfy her, but my taking away that necklace from my wife, and giving it her. I entreated her to accept of another of twice it's value; but she replied, that her honour was concerned; and in short she would have that, and that alone. Overcome with her importunities, I went home, and stole it for her; but made her promise me solemnly to be very cautious that my wife should never see it in her possession.

About three days after, word was brought me, that the Countess d'Aguilar had fainted away in the antichamber of the queen, and was gone home in great disorder to her mother's the Countess of Pacheco.

I went immediately thither in such a fright, as convinced me I loved her better than I thought I did: but imagine my confusion, when she informed me, that she had fainted at the sight of her own diamonds on the neck of the Countess Altamiral. She added, that it was no mystery to her, nor to any body else, how that lady came by them; and that, to save herself the mortification of any more such publick affronts, she would no longer live with me as my wife, but leave me at full liberty to please myself, as my licentious inclination should direct.

I used my utmost eloquence to prevail on her to come home to me again; but she remained inflexible, and said no more to all my protestations, but that if her past conduct had not been able to fix my heart, she despaired of doing it for the future.

After living without her half a year, I was ordered to my regiment in Flan-

ders, and was very glad of an occasion to leave Madrid, where the regret of her separation was such a pain to me, that it entirely sunk my spirits. Since my arrival in the army, I have writ to her three or four letters, but she disdained to make me any answer; and I have reason to believe, that her high spirit has by this time got the better of her love.

For my part, I endeavour to amuse myself the best I can with other women: and I desire, my dear Polydore, that we may be always reciprocal confidants of every intrigue that we engage in during our stay in France.

Polydore thanked him, and assured him that, on his part, he should meet with no reserve. When they came to Paris, his first care was to enquire what was become of Septimius and Emilia, whom he had heard no account of for many years. He was informed, that Septimius was dead, and his daughter gone from Paris. His curiosity made him write to his friends in England, to ask if she was there. They answered him, that every body believed she was dead in France, having received no news of her a great while. Polydore was mightily pleased with this account, and fancied himself very happy in being a widower, though he had given himself no trouble to support the character of a husband. The two friends had not resided long at Paris before they were exchanged for some French officers who were taken prisoners by the Prince of Condé. They returned to the army; but the season not permitting them to come to any action, they agreed to pass the winter at Brussels, in the court of the archduke. They had not been there above a month, before Aguilar acquainted his English friend that he had begun an intrigue with a French lady, who lived in a very retired manner, which he believed was owing to her circumstances; that he had seen her two or three times, by means of a woman at whose house she lodged, whose good offices he had secured by a handsome bribe. He added, that he would carry Polydore to see her the next visit that he made. Accordingly, they went together to Mademoiselle Dalincourt, for that was the name of Aguilar's new mistress. At their coming in, Dalincourt seemed much surprized, changed colour, and was not able to speak a word.

word. The count, alarmed at her disorder, suspected some lover had been with her; and told her, with an air of discontent, that he was sorry he came at so wrong a time. She endeavoured to shake off her confusion, and replied, that he was always very welcome; but that the gentleman he brought with him had so much resemblance of a brother of hers, who was killed in Flanders, that at first sight she could not help being struck with it in the manner they had seen. She added, that if the gentleman was as like her brother in mind, as he was in form, she should be mightily pleased with his acquaintance. She spoke this with such an air of sincerity, that the count began to think his jealousy was without foundation.

After some general discourse, she applied to Polydore, and asked him how long he had been engaged in the Spanish service; with many other more particular enquiries, which seemed to intimate a desire to know him better. Polydore was very glad of it, in hopes to serve his friend; and the count, who had no suspicions on that side, did his utmost to engage them in a friendship which he imagined would turn to his advantage.

At night, when the two gentlemen went home together, Aguilar asked his companion, what he thought of Dalincourt's person and understanding. 'Better of the last than the first,' answered he, 'though both are certainly agreeable. I cannot help thinking,' continued he, 'that her person is not quite new to me; but I cannot recollect where I met with her, except it was at Paris when I was there a boy.'

'You will do well to improve your acquaintance now,' replied the count;

'and, to give you an opportunity of doing it, I will send you there to-morrow, to make my excuses for being obliged to hunt with the archduke, instead of waiting upon her, as I intended. I know my dear Polydore will employ all his wit and eloquence to set his friend's passion in the best light; and while he is with her, I shall have less uneasiness in being away.' Polydore promised him all the services he could do him; but said, he wished he had got a mistress too, to make the party even.

The next day he went to her, and said a great deal in praise of Aguilar, to discover what she thought of him.

She answered him with terms of a cold esteem, but nothing that gave him the least encouragement to believe she was in love. He then endeavoured to persuade her of the violence of the count's passion for her; but she assured him, that this was the only subject she did not care to hear him talk of. He returned to his friend, quite discouraged at her manner of proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hoped for. The count shewed him a letter he had just received from his confidante, the lady of the house; which advised him not to think of gaining Dalincourt by a timorous respect; but to offer her at once a handsome settlement, which the straitness of her fortune would make her listen to much more kindly than she did to his fine speeches.

'This indeed may do something,' said Polydore; 'for I found, by her discourse, that she had been reduced, by a series of misfortunes, to a condition very much beneath her birth.' In conclusion, they agreed to make a trial, whether she was to be bought or not; and Polydore was made the bearer of a letter which contained a very liberal proposal. She read it, looked at Polydore some time without saying a word, and at last burst out into a flood tears.

'I thought,' said she, recovering her voice, 'that it had not been in the power of my ill destiny to make me more unhappy: but I now find that my misfortunes have sunk me lower than I ever was aware of; since two gentlemen, whose esteem I wished to gain, think so meanly of me, as to imagine me a proper person to receive such a letter. But know, Sir, that

I am as much a stranger to infamy, as I am to happiness; and have a spirit superior to all the wrongs that your insolent sex can put upon me. Had not you disgraced yourself by the scandalous employment of endeavouring to seduce me with a dirty bribe, I should have been happy in seeing you often here; but must now devote you to trouble me no more, and to tell your friend, as my answer to his letter, that I would sooner give myself to a footman, than sell myself to a prince.'

Polydore was infinitely struck with this reception: every word she uttered pierced him to the heart; and he looked upon her as a miracle of virtue; such as

She answered him with terms of a cold scorn, but nothing that gave him the least encouragement to believe that she was the first understood to feel his passion for the violence of the count's passion for her, but she allowed him, that she was the only friend he had, and more to put him back of. He returned to his friend, quite discouraged at her manner of speaking, and told him there was nothing to be hoped for. The count showed him a letter he had just received from his wife, the lady of the castle, which advised him not to think of gaining this count by a marriage, but to offer her some other kind of compensation, which the friends of the house would make her like to have more freely than she did to his

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After some general discussion, the speaker's testimony was rendered in a most interesting and touching manner. He was especially pleased with the recognition which the people give with their aid to the cause of the colored people. He declared that the colored people are not only being helped, but are also being helped by the colored people. He declared that the colored people are not only being helped, but are also being helped by the colored people. He declared that the colored people are not only being helped, but are also being helped by the colored people.

long to Polytone, and asked him how long he had been engaged in the specialty. With many other interesting particulars, which seemed to indicate a desire to know him better, Polytone was very kind of it in hopes to have his friends, and the count who had no illusions on that but did his utmost to enlighten them in a friendship which he imagined would do him no harm.

At night, when the two gentlemen went home together, Agulles asked his companion what he thought of Dotti's countenance and understanding. "He is not in the least an artist," answered I, "though both are certainly deceiving. I cannot help thinking, however, that his reason is not so much as mine but I cannot reproach him with that, except it was, in that when I was once a boy, I too well do well to mislead you."

The next day he went to buy and sold a great deal in praise of Allah and showed him the strength of him.



he never had any notion of before. He returned to the count in great confusion, and acquainted him with the ill success of his commission. Aguilar, more in love with her than ever, writ a most submissive letter to beg her pardon, but she instantly sent it back unopened. When he found all his courtship was ineffectual, he left Brussels in despair, and retired to a villa of one of his friends, where he resolved to stay till the opening of the campaign. In the mean while, Polydore, who continued still at Brussels, was in a situation little easier than his friend. Mademoiselle Dalincourt took up all his thoughts; he repeated to himself a thousand times the last words he heard her speak, and admired the spirit that appeared in them to a degree of adoration.

Not being able to bear her absence any longer, he sent to beg that he might see her once again, upon a business wholly relating to himself. She admitted him, and began the conversation, by strictly forbidding him to name the count in any thing he had to say to her. 'I have no inclination to name him,' replied he; 'for I would willingly forget that I ever knew him. I am sensible that I wrong him, in declaring to you, that I love you more than life; yet, as his passion is quite destitute of hope, why should not I solicit you for a heart to which he has no pretensions? But, be my conduct right or not in regard to him, to you, Madam, it shall ever be most honourable. I come to offer you my whole fortune upon such terms as your virtue need not blush at. I am a widower, and free to marry whom I please; my estate is sufficient for us both, and I am happy to think it in my power to raise you to that rank which you were born to. This, Madam, is the only reparation by which I can atone for the affront I did your character; and, if you refuse to accept of it, my despair will be equal to my love.'

The lady answered him, with blushes, that she was highly sensible of the sentiments he expressed for her; that she liked his person, and admired his understanding; but that, to her misfortune, she was married already; and therefore could say nothing to his proposal. 'Good Heaven,' cried Polydore, 'you are married! And who then is your

husband?'—'The most unworthy of mankind,' answered she; 'one who has abandoned me to the malice of my fortune, and does not know at this time what is become of me, nor troubles himself about it.'—'He is indeed unworthy,' replied the lover, 'who is possessed of such a treasure, and can neglect it. But, Madam, employ me in your revenge: command my sword to pierce the monster's heart, and tear it from his bosom!'—'No,' said she; 'your safety is more dear to me than the desire of revenge. All I ask of you is, to swear that you will never be like that husband; but continue to love me equally when you know me better: upon this condition, I will grant you all the favours which my duty will allow; and, perhaps, your future conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all restraint.'

The happy Polydore swore every thing she desired, and she permitted him to see her when he pleased; but, being informed by him of the treachery of her friend at whose house she lodged, they agreed to make their appointments at another place.

They continued this commerce for some time without any interruption, till the Count d'Aguilar had notice of it from his confidante, who perceived it in spite of all their caution.

Never was rage equal to his at this discovery. He writ to Polydore, reproaching him with his breach of friendship in the bitterest terms; and required him to meet him with his sword, behind the walls of a nunnery that was situated about two leagues out of Brussels. Polydore accepted of the challenge, and met him at the place appointed: he attempted to justify himself; but the count had not the patience to hear him out; they fought with great fury a good while, till the fortune of Polydore prevailed, and the count fainted away with the loss of blood from two or three wounds which he had received. The other seeing him fall, thought him dead, and made off with the utmost precipitation.

Just at that instant came by a coach and six, which was driving towards the nunnery: a lady who was in it seeing a gentleman lying weltering in his blood, stopped her coach, and went to try if she could assist him. At the sight of

of the face, she fetched a scream, and fell upon the body in a swoon. Her servants concluding it to be some one she was much concerned for, carried them both into the nunnery, where the lady soon came to herself, and the count also began to shew signs of life, his spirits being agitated by the motion. He was immediately put to bed, and a surgeon sent for, who declared his wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continued uncertain of his cure, the lady who brought him into the nunnery waited constantly day and night at his bedside, and nursed him with a care that would not yield to a moment of repose. As her face was always covered with a veil, he took her to be one of the nuns, and was astonished at a charity so officious. When he grew better, his curiosity increased, and he ardently pressed her to let him know to whom he owed such great obligations. "Are you a nun, Madam?" said he: "I hope you are not; for it would afflict me infinitely if I was never to see you more, after leaving a house where you have done me so many favours." The lady for whom you fought," answered she, "will make you soon forget the loss of me; and, though I am not a nun, you will never see me out of the limits of these walls." How, Madam! said he, "was you not out of them when you found me on the ground, and saved my life?" Yes," replied she; "I was returning from a visit to a convent in the town; but I will take care not to stir from hence while you are at Brussels, because you are the only man in the world I would avoid."

This speech so surprised him, that for some time he was not able to make her any answer. At last he told her, that her actions and her words entirely disagreed, and that he could not think himself so hateful to her as she said, when he reflected how kindly she had used him.

"These riddles shall be cleared to you," answered she, "when you are perfectly recovered: till then content yourself with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determined to avoid you as if I could."

Thus ended a conversation which left the count in a perplexity not to be described.

He saw her no more for a few days;

but when she heard that his strength was quite returned, she came to him one morning, and spoke thus:

"If you will know who she is that was so afflicted when your life was in danger; that nursed you so carefully in your illness; and is resolved to quit you for ever when you are well; think of your former gallantries at Madrid, of your present passion for a mistress that despises you, and your ingratitude to a wife that always loved you; think of all this, and you will not wonder any longer at my actions or my words. Yes, Aguilar, I am that wife, whose fate it is to be acquainted with all your infidelities, and to smart at all your follies."

As she said this, she lifted up her veil, and shewed the astonished count a well known face, which he little expected to have seen in Flanders. All the passions that can agitate the heart of man, shame, remorse, love, gratitude, invaded his in that moment. He threw himself at her feet, and with many tears implored her to forgive him.

She raised him, and assured him of her pardon; nay more, of her affection: "But my person," said she, "I am determined shall be ever separated from you. I have had too many proofs of your inconstancy to hope that any obligations can engage you: you will never be faithful to me alone, and I disdain to share you with another. It is happiness enough for me that I have been the instrument of preserving your life, though you risked it for the sake of another woman; and all the return I ask of you is, to think of me sometimes with kindness, but never to attempt to see me more."

Aguilar was on the rack to hear her talk in so resolute a stile; but he flattered himself it was owing to her jealousy of Mademoiselle Dalincourt. Being impatient to make her easy on that head, he dispatched one of his servants with a letter to acquaint that lady with his recovery. He begged her earnestly to come to him at the nunnery; and, if possible, to bring her lover with her. Polydore had absconded a few days, till he heard that the count was out of danger, after which he continued very publicly his addresses to Dalincourt.

While the messenger was bringing them to the nunnery, Aguilar demanded

of his wife by what accident she came into Flanders.

'You know,' said she, 'that after my discovery of your amour with the Countess Altamira, I retired to my mother's house, and remained there till your departure for the army.'

'Soon afterwards I had the misfortune to lose my mother; and what particularly aggravated my grief, was the knowledge that her concern at your ill usage of me had hastened her death.'

'These afflictions made Madrid so uneasy to me, that I could not bear to stay in it any longer. Luckily, about that time I received a letter from my cousin Eugenia Donna de Montalegre, a religious of this house, to inform me of her being elected abbess; it instantly occurred to me that no place could be more proper for my retreat than a monastery, of which she was the head: so, as soon as I could settle my affairs, I left Spain, and put myself into a pension under the government of Donna Eugenia; in which manner I have lived ever since.'

She had scarce finished this account, when they were interrupted by the arrival of Polydore and Dalincourt. Madame d'Aguilar changed colour at the sight of her; but her husband embracing Polydore, assured him that he no longer looked upon him as a rival, but was glad to resign his mistress to a friend who so well deserved her. Then he related to him the manner in which his wife had tended and preserved him; and expressed so much gratitude, so much love, that if any thing could have shaken her resolution, this would certainly have done it. Mademoiselle Dalincourt seemed much affected at this relation, and told the countess she was infinitely concerned that she had been the innocent cause of her husband's danger; but that she hoped this accident would be a means of making them happy for the future, and put an end to his infidelities, and her resentment.

'My happiness too,' added she, 'is now at stake; and I have need of your friendship to support me in a discovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in justice to my honour, I am obliged to delay no longer.'

At these words she knelt down, and taking hold of Polydore's hand, — 'Behold,' said she, 'my dear husband, in

that Dalincourt, whom you have sworn to love eternally, behold your wife Emilia; that Emilia whom you left a bride and a virgin at sixteen; whom you imagined dead; and who will not live a moment if you refuse to acknowledge and receive her!'

'You cannot now complain that I am a wife imposed upon you; you chuse me freely out of pure inclination; our parents had nothing to do in it; love only engaged us; and from love alone I desire to possess you. This is my claim; and if you are willing to allow it, I am blessed to the height of all my wishes.'

Polydore gazed on her with a silent admiration; he examined every feature over and over; then throwing his arms round her neck, and almost kissing her with kisses — 'Are you really Emilia?' cried he; 'and have I confirmed my former marriage by a *free choice*, by a choice which I never will depart from, and which makes me the happiest of men? O my angel, what wonders do you tell me! How is it possible that I find you here at Brussels, when I thought you in your grave? Explain all this to me; and let me know how much I wronged you formerly, that I may try to repair it all by my future conduct.'

Count Aguilar and his lady joining with him in a desire to know her history, she related it as follows.

THE HISTORY OF POLYDORE AND EMILIA.

YOU may remember, Polydore, that as soon as we were parted, I went to live in the country with my father, being ashamed to appear in publick after the affront your capricious aversion had put upon me.

My pride was deeply wounded, but, with shame I own it, my love was the passion that suffered most. I was bred up to consider you as my husband; I had learned to love you from a child; and your person was so wonderfully agreeable, that I could not look upon you with indifference. Nay, such was my partiality in your favour, that I could not help admiring you for your spirit in asserting the freedom of your choice; and justified you in my heart for a proceeding which openly I was obliged

to disapprove. In this wretched state of mind I remained some years, till the unfortunate event of the civil war deprived my father of his estate, and drove him out to seek refuge in a foreign country. We settled at Paris, where, with three or four thousand pounds, which we found means to carry off, part in money, and the rest of it in jewels, we maintained ourselves well enough in a private way, which pleased my melancholy better than any other. In this retreat, where we saw no company, but two or three French women that lodged in the house with us, I amused myself with learning the French tongue, which I had some knowledge of before I came to France; and by speaking nothing else for three or four years, I became so very perfect in it, that it was difficult to discover by my accent that I was not born at Paris. I mention this, because it has since been of use to me, in making me pass more easily upon you for the French woman I personated. The third year of our residence at Paris, my father became acquainted with a widow-lady, the true Madame Dalincourt, whose name has since made me full amends for many injuries I have to charge her with in the sequel of my story. This woman was a native of Brabant, but married a French gentleman, who dying young, left her in very narrow circumstances. She had a sister much younger than herself, but not so handsome, who had lived with her at Paris.

My father was at that time near three-score, and the widow turned of forty; yet her charms were still powerful enough to engage him in a passion for her, which nothing but dotage could excuse. It went so far, that she drew him in to marry her, and to settle upon her three thousand pounds, leaving me no more than the worth of my own jewels, which scarce amounted to a thousand. But her avarice was not satisfied with all this. There was a French nobleman who had long courted me for a mistress, and not finding me so complying as he wished, thought the best way was to buy me of my mother-in-law, whom he knew to be capable of such a bargain. He offered her a present of two thousand crowns to introduce him by night to my apartment. The wicked creature accepted of his bribe; and, taking her opportunity when my father was gone into the country, brought him late one

night into my chamber, where she imagined he would find me fast asleep. But it happened that I and Mademoiselle du Fresne, the sister of Dalincourt, had been engaged in reading a romance, which kept us up beyond our usual hour; and as her room was on the other side of the house, not to disturb the family in passing through, she went to bed to me. The romance ran so strongly in my head, that I could not sleep for thinking of it; and, perceiving that the moon shone very brightly, I got up, slipped on a night-gown, and went out to take a walk in a little garden that lay contiguous to my chamber. I had not been there above half an hour, before I heard Du Fresne call out for help; and, coming in to her assistance, saw my lover struggling with her at such advantage, that I was almost afraid I came too late. I joined my cries to her's, and the noise we made so alarmed the marquis, that he thought it best to retire as soon as possible; especially when he discovered his mistake, and that my infamous mother-in-law had put him to bed to her own ugly sister instead of me.

But, to be revenged of her for what he took to be a design of imposing upon him, he revealed to us the part she had in this affair; and bid me tell her, that he did not think the enjoyment of Mademoiselle Du Fresne worth a quarter of the money he had given her. After making this confession, he went off; and was hardly got safe out of the house, when two or three of our servants came in to us, to know what was the matter. The story soon reached my father's ears; and I was so angry at my stepmother for her intention against my honour, that in the heat of my passion I told him all that the marquis had revealed; and Du Fresne confirmed it; which imprudence we had both reason to repent of. My father was so shocked and afflicted at it, that it threw him into a fever which proved mortal. He was no sooner dead, but his loving widow turned her sister and me out of doors, and it was with great difficulty that I carried off my money and necessary apparel. In this distress, which was the greatest I ever knew, Du Fresne proposed to me to go with her to Brussels, where she had an old aunt whom she expected something from, and that would be willing to receive us. I gladly accepted her proposal, my spirit being too high to re-

turn to England in the condition I was reduced to. When we came to Brussels, we found that her aunt was dead, but had left her the best part of what she had, which amounted to a reasonable subsistence. We agreed that I should board with her under the name of Mademoiselle Dalincourt, and pretend I was a relation of her former brother-in-law; she not caring to say any thing of the last alliance, which had been attended with such ill consequences to us both. Upon this foot I lived with her very quietly, till the Count d'Aguiar found me out; and, by corrupting my mercenary friend, obtained more frequent access to me than I desired.

You remember the disorder I was in when he brought you first to see me: I knew you instantly; for my love had traced your image too strongly in my mind to be effaced by any length of time; whereas your indifference quickly made you lose all memory of me, and the alteration of almost fifteen years had changed my person entirely from what it was when you saw me last. I thought I should have died with the surprise; and was going, as soon as I could speak, to discover myself to you; but perceiving that you did not remember me, I checked myself, and invented a pretence to cover my confusion. It struck me, that I might possibly make some advantage of the disguise in which you saw me; at least, I was sure of the satisfaction of conversing with you freely, and knowing what had happened to you since our parting. When you came to me again as the confidant of the Count d'Aguiar, it was no small revenge and pleasure to me, to see you ignorantly helping another man to debauch your own wife; and I could have found in my heart to have let you succeed in your friendly mediation, as a punishment for the injuries you had done me: but my virtue soon rejected that temptation, and I thought of nothing but how to gain your esteem.

When you brought me the base proposal of Count Aguiar, it appeared to me such a mark of your contempt, that I fully resolved not to see you any more. But when you expressed a repentance of that fault, and declared a respectful passion for me, even to the offering me marriage, I yielded to the

dictates of my love, and admitted you to all freedoms but one; that I told you your future conduct might obtain; and I believe (said she blushing) you will hardly now have the same reluctance to accept it as you had formerly. But though I had thus engaged you by your promise, and still more by your inclination, my happiness was far from being fixed. While the name of Emilia was concealed, I could not tell how the knowledge of it might affect you. It was still in your power to make me miserable, by being angry with my innocent deceit; but since you have been so good to approve it, and acknowledge me for your wife, I shall make it my whole study and ambition to deserve that title, and never think of my past misfortunes, but to enhance my present happiness.

Thus Emilia ended her narration; and received the compliments of Count Aguiar and his lady, who both expressed the highest joy at her good fortune.

Polydore, on his side, endeavoured to persuade the countess to follow the example of Emilia, and be reconciled to her husband. She answered him coldly, That she had too much experience of the temper of the count to trust to a sudden fit of fondness; which would wear itself out in a few months: That she was neither so young, nor so handsome now, as before their separation; how then could she flatter herself, that he would like her better when she was really less amiable; that what she had done for him might secure her his esteem, but she had received abundant proof that his esteem could but ill secure his love. 'I know,' said she, 'the weakness of my heart: were I to live with him again, I should be jealous of him, even though he did not give me cause; and that would certainly make us both unhappy. It is better for me to leave him to his pleasures, and endeavour to secure my own tranquillity, by retiring from a world which I am unfit for.'

Polydore, finding it in vain to argue with her, and admiring the greatness of her mind, took his leave of the count, and returned to Brussels, where his marriage with Emilia was consummated almost twenty years after it was contracted!

LETTER XXXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Went yesterday with one of my acquaintance to see a friend of his who has a house about twenty miles from London. He had formerly been a citizen and tradesman, but growing rich on a sudden by some lucky hit in the more profitable trade of stock-jobbing, he as suddenly set up for a judge in architecture, painting, and all the arts which men of quality would be thought to understand, and built this house as a specimen of his learning. When we came in, though it was in the midst of winter, we were carried into a room without a fire-place; and which looked, if possible, still colder than it felt. 'I suppose,' said I, 'this *stone-vault* that we are in is designed to be the *burying-place* of the family: but I should be glad to see the rooms in which they *live*, for the chiliness of these walls is insupportable to a Persian constitution.'

'I see,' said my companion, 'that you have *no taste*, or else you could not be cold in a *saloon* so beautiful as this.'

Before I had time to make him any answer, the master of the house came in; but, instead of carrying us to a fire, as I hoped he would, he walked us about all his vast apartments, then down into the offices under ground, and last into a garden, where a north-east wind, that blew very keen from off a *heath* to which it was laid open, finished what the *saloon* had begun, and gave me a cold, which took away my voice in the very instant that I was going to complain of what he made me suffer. At length we ended our observations, and sat down to dinner in a room where, by good fortune, the rules of architecture allowed us to be warm: but when the meat was served, I was in great confusion not to know how to ask for any dish of all I saw before me; for it seems the gentleman ate in the *French way*, and nothing came up to his table in its natural form: my uneasiness was still greater when, upon tasting of five or six different compositions, I found they were all mixed with the flesh of larded hogs, which I could not touch without pollution.

After losing my dinner in this man-

ner, I was entertained all the evening with a conversation between the gentleman of the house and another man, (who they told me was an architect) so stuffed with hard words and terms of art, that I could not understand one part in five of it. They talked much of certain men called *virtuosi*, whom, by the near relation their title bore to *virtue*, I took at first to be a *sett of rigid moralists*: but, upon enquiry, I discovered that they were a company of *fiddlers, eunuchs, painters, builders, gardeners*, and, above all, gentlemen that had *travelled into Italy*, who immediately came home perfect *virtuosi*, though they went out the *dullest fellows* in the world. This order of men, which is pretty numerous, (as I could collect from the discourse of *these two adepts*) assume a sort of *legislative authority* over the body of their countrymen: they bid one man pull down his house, and build another, which he can neither pay for nor inhabit; they take a dislike to the furniture of a second, and command him to change it for a different one more expensive and less commodious; they order a third to go and languish at an *opera*, when he had rather be hallooing in a bear-garden: it is even feared they will take upon them to decide what sort of woman every man shall be in *love with*, and prescribe a particular colour of eyes and hair for the only object of *universal inclination*.

I desired to be informed whether this *jurisdiction* had been *ancient* in this kingdom, having met with no traces of it in history.

'No,' said he, 'it is so *modern*, that all the laws of it are changed once in every seven years; and that which before was the only thing *right*, becomes at once a *big crime and misdemeanour*.'

Upon the whole, it appears to me to be a kind of *epidemical madness*; and I am afraid to return to my own country, for fear I should carry it with me thither, as those who have been in Italy bring the infection along with them into England.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is a lady's house where I often pass my time, though I have very little intimacy with her, because it is really being in a *publick place*, and making a visit to half the town. The first time I went thither, I congratulated her on the prodigious number of her friends; and told her that she must certainly be possessed of most extraordinary perfections to attract such a variety of people, and please them all alike. But I soon found that, in all that crowd of visitants, there was hardly one who came thither on her account; but that their reason for coming was the same as her's for receiving them, because they had nothing else to do.

The last time I was there, I met a gentleman, whose character I was still a stranger to, though I was very well acquainted with his face.

'I want to know,' said I to a lady who sat next me, 'what is the merit of that gentleman over-against us, which recommends him so much to all the world? It seems to me that he does nothing, says nothing, means nothing, and is nothing; yet I always see him in good company!'

'His character,' said she, 'may be comprehended in very few words; he is a *good-natured man*.'

'I am mighty glad to hear it,' returned I; 'for I want such a man very much: there is a friend of mine in great distress, and it lies in his power to do him service.'

'No,' said she, 'he is of too indolent a temper to give himself the trouble of serving any body.'

'Then what signifies his *good-nature*?' answered I; 'or, how do you know that he *has any*?'

During this dialogue between us, the rest of the company had turned their discourse wholly upon scandals; and few reputations were spared by them, that were good enough to be thought *worth attacking*.

The *good-natured man* sat silently attentive, and with great humanity let them abuse his absent friends as much as they thought fit.

When that was over, he began to entertain us with his sorrow for the death of a noble person, who, he said, had been his patron and benefactor: but, methought, he talked of it mightily *at his ease*; and the lady who had given me his character, whispered me, that notwithstanding his obligations and love to *the deceased*, he was now making court to his worst enemy, as obsequiously as he ever had to *him*.

At that instant there came in a certain colonel, who, as soon as he saw my gentleman, ran up to him; and, embracing him very tenderly—'My dear Jack,' said he, 'thou shalt be *drunk* with me to-night!'

'You know I have been ill,' said the other gently; 'and *drinking* does not agree with me.'

'No matter for that,' replied the colonel; 'you must positively be drunk before you sleep, for I am disappointed of my company, and will not be reduced either to drink by myself, or to go to bed sober.'

The *good-natured man* could not resist such obliging solicitations: he kindly agreed to the proposal; and all the room expressed their apprehensions, that his *good-nature* would be the death of him some time or other.

LETTER XXXIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Had last night so extraordinary a dream, and it made such an impression on my mind, that I cannot forbear writing thee an account of it.

I thought I was transported, on a sudden, to the palace of Isphahan. Our mighty lord was sitting on a throne, the splendor of which my eyes could hardly bear;

bears; at the foot of it were his emirs, and great officers, all prostrate on the ground in adorations, and expecting their fate from his commands. Around him stood a multitude of his guards, ready to execute any orders he should give, and striking terror into the hearts of all his subjects. My soul was awed with the majesty of the scene; and I said to myself—'Can a king of England compare himself to this? Can he whose authority is confined within the narrow bounds of law, pretend to an equality with a monarch whose power has no limits but his will?'

I had scarce made this reflection, when, turning my eyes a second time towards the throne, instead of the *sopbi*, I saw an *eunuch* seated there, who seemed to govern more despotically than he. The *eunuch* was soon changed into a woman; who also took the *tiara* and the sword; to her succeeded another, and then a third: but before she was well established in her seat, the captain of

the guards that stood around us marched up to the throne, and seized upon it. In that moment I looked, and beheld the *sopbi* lying strangled on the floor with his *vizir*, and three of his *sultanas*, Struck with horror at the spectacle, I left the palace; and, going out into the city, saw it abandoned to the fury of the soldiers, who pillaged all it's riches, and cut the throats of the defenceless inhabitants. From thence I made my escape into the country, which was a waste, uncultivated desert, where I found nothing but idleness and want.

'O,' said I, 'how much happier is England, and how much greater are it's kings! Their throne is established upon justice, and therefore cannot be overturned. They are guarded by the affections of their people, and have no military violence to fear. They are the most to be honoured of all princes, because their government is best framed to make their subjects rich, happy, and safe.'

LETTER XXXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Had some discourse to-day with an English gentleman, who has an affection of being thought a great *philosopher*: his pretensions to it consist in nothing else but refining away all the happiness of his life. By a great force of reasoning, he is arrived at a total *dislike of himself*, and as compleat an *indifference to others*. 'I am quite weary of living,' said he to me. 'I have gone through every thing that bears the name of pleasure, and am absolutely disgusted with it all. I have no taste for the common amusements of wine, women, or play, because I have experienced the folly of pursuing them; and as for business, it appears

to me to be more *ridiculous* than any of the three. The bustle of the town disturbs my quiet, and in the country I am dying of the spleen. I believe I shall go with you into Persia, only to change the scene a little; and when I am tired of being there, take a dose of *opium*, and remove to the other world.'

I hope, Mirza, that thou and I shall never know what it is to be *so wise*; but make the best of those comforts and delights which nature has kindly bestowed upon us, and endeavour to diffuse them as wide as possible, by the practice of those virtues from which they flow.

LETTER XXXVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is another gentleman of my acquaintance, who is a *philosopher*, but of a species very different from him I described to thee in my last.

He is possessed of a considerable estate, which his friends are as much masters of as he: his children love him out of a principle of *gratitude*, by far more endearing

dearing than that of duty; and his servants consider him as a *father*, whom it would be *unnatural* for them not to *obey*.

His tenants are never hurt by drought or rain, because the goodness of their lord makes amends for the inclemency of the sky.

The whole country looks *gay* about his dwelling, and you may trace all his footsteps by his bounties.

'Is it not strange, I have often heard him say, 'that men should be so delicate as not to bear a *disagreeable picture* in their houses, and yet force every *face* they see about them to wear a *cloud* of uneasiness and discontent?'

'Is there any object so pleasing to the eye, as the sight of a man whom you have obliged? or any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor?'

He has also a deep sense of religion; which is so far from casting a gloom over

his mind, that it is to that chiefly he owes his constant serenity. 'Were there no reward,' said he to me in our last conversation, 'for virtue after this life, a wise man would practise it for its own beauty and reasonableness *here*; yet the wisest man, in that case, might be unhappy from the perversity of accidents: but he who adds to the pleasures of virtue the hopes of religion, has no excuse for sinking under any misfortune; and, without the extravagance of philosophical pride, may always find a resource in his mind, as much superior to all human events, as the infinite extent of eternity is beyond the short bounds of human duration.'

Such are the notions of this man concerning *happiness*; and it is probable they are not very *wrong*, for he himself is never *out of humour*, nor is it possible to be so in his company.

LETTER XXXVII.

SERIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Went last night with my friend to see a lady whose house is the favourite resort of the most agreeable people of both sexes. The lady herself received me with a good breeding, which I found was the result of good sense: she treated me as a *stranger* that came to see, not like a *monster* that came to be seen; and seemed more desirous to appear in a good light herself to me, though a Persian, than to set me in a ridiculous one to her company. The conversation turned upon various subjects, in all which she bore a considerable, but not a petulant or over-bearing part; and with modesty shewed herself a mistress of most of the living languages, and not unacquainted with ancient and modern history.

The rest of the company had their due share of the conversation, which was carried on with spirit and good manners. One gentleman in particular distinguished himself by the superiority of his wit, accompanied with so much delicacy and politeness, that none who heard him felt

themselves hurt by that *pre-eminence* which he alone seemed not to be conscious of.

His wit was all founded on good sense; it was wit which a Persian could comprehend as easily as an Englishman; whereas most that I have met with from other men, who are ambitious of being admired for that accomplishment, is confined not only to the taste of their own countrymen, but to that of their own peculiar set of friends. When this gentleman had entertained us for an hour or two, with the justest, as well as liveliest remarks, both on persons and things, that I ever heard, he went away; and, to comfort us for losing him, there came in the man of great good-nature, whom I described to thee in one of my former letters.

This courteous person hearing all of us very warm in praise of the other's wit, joined in with us, but ended his panegyrick with a plain, though indirect insinuation, that there was a *satirical turn* in it, which rendered it very

* This is evidently the portrait of our noble author's father.

dangerous,

dangerous, and that the gentleman could not possibly be so witty but at the expense of his good-nature.

I could not help being quite angry at so impertinent and ill-grounded a reflection, on a man for whom I had conceived a great esteem, and desired to know why he supposed him to be *ill-natured*, only because he was not *dull*. 'Has he abused,' said I, 'any worthy man? has he defamed any woman of good character? If all the edge of his wit is turned on those who are justly the objects of ridicule, his wit is as great a benefit to *private life*, as the sword of the magistrate is to the public.' 'lick.'

My gentleman, fearing to be drawn into a dispute which he could not carry on without exposing the secret envy of his heart, changed the discourse; and for the rest of his stay among us, which was not very long, kept a most strict silence, and gave no other indications of life, but that of laughing whenever any body laughed, and nods and gestures of approbation to whoever spoke.

The moment he was gone, I told my friend, that I did not much wonder to see that gentleman in *mixed company*, where it was enough that he gave no offence; but that, in a select society, as this was, he should be received only from a general notion of his *good-nature*, which was supported by no one action of his life, seemed to me entirely unaccountable. For, even allowing his pretensions to that title, I was surprized that such a character should be so *scarce*, as to make it so very valuable.

'I can easily conceive,' continued I, 'that the notorious reverse of that virtue would be a good reason to turn a man out of company; but I cannot think that the possession of that virtue, destitute of all others, is a reason for letting him into it.'

'If you will keep my secret,' replied my friend, 'I will tell you the whole truth; but if you discover me, I shall pass for *ill-natured* myself. You must know then, that there are about this town ten thousand such fellows

as this, who, without a grain of sense or merit, make their way by reciprocally complimenting one another. Their numbers make them formidable, especially supported, as they are, by the fair-sex. They sneak into good company, like *dogs*, after some man of sense, whom they seem to be long to; where they neither *bark* nor *bite*, but *cringe* and *fawn*; so that neither good manners nor humanity will allow one to kick them out, till at last they acquire a sort of *right by sufferance*. They preserve their character by having no will of their own, which in reality is owing to their having no distinguishing judgment: they are all possessed of some degree of cunning; and their passions are too low and dull to break in upon it, or hurry them into the indiscretions of men of parts. Besides, they know that they are in a constant state of probation, where the least transgression damns them; they carry no compensation about them; for *active* faults will not be borne, where there are at best but *negative* virtues. The small number of people of sense are forced to submit in this, as in many other silly customs, to a tyrannical majority, and lavishly undervalue the valuable character of good-nature, to avoid being as unjustly branded with that of ill-nature themselves.'

'Might not another reason be given for it?' answered I. 'Are not *vanity* and *self-love* the great causes of, not only the toleration, but the privileges these people enjoy? and does not security from censure, certainty of applause, or the discovery of an eminent superiority, prevail with those of the best parts to really like, what they only pretend to suffer, the conversation of those of the worst?'—'Very possibly,' replied my friend: 'at least the *vanity* of the wisest is certainly the comfort of the weakest, and seems to be given as an allay to superior understandings, like cares to superior stations, to preserve a certain degree of equality that Providence intended among mankind.'

LETTER XXXVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Had yesterday the pleasure of a spectacle, than which nothing is more striking to a foreigner, because he can have a right idea of it no where else: I saw the three estates of the kingdom assembled in parliament. The king was on his throne in all his majesty; around him sat the peers in their different robes; at the bar stood the speaker of the commons, attended by the house. Accustomed as I am to the sublime court of our great emperor, I beheld this scene with much more reverence, but it was reverence mixed with love. Now, and never till now, did I see a true image of *civil government*, the support and perfection of human society. A tyrant's court is no more worthy to be compared with this assembly, than a lion's den with a temple. Here such laws as, after mature and free deliberation, have obtained the concurrence of the *nobles and commons*, receive the *royal assent*;

nor can any bind the people, which have not the authority of that *triple sanction*. A gentleman who came with me made me observe, that when the commons sent up the subsidies granted to the king, he *thanked them* for them, as an acknowledgment that he had no power to raise them without their consent. 'Anciently,' added he, 'supplies of money and redress of grievances went together; but such is the present happiness of our condition, that we have more money than ever to bestow, and no grievances at all to be redressed.' 'I have heard,' said I, 'that when these gifts are most liberal, they have a natural tendency, like plentiful exhalations drawn from the earth, to fall again upon the place from whence they came.'

He was going to answer me, when the house rose, and put an end to my enquiries.

LETTER XXXIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THIS morning I received a visit from the gentleman under whose conduct I had been at the house of lords. After some general discourse upon that subject, he asked me what I thought of their nobility.

'I am too great a stranger,' answered I, 'to have formed a right opinion of what they are; but, if you please, I will tell you freely what I think they should be.'

'An English nobleman should be a strenuous asserter of the privileges of the people, because he is perpetually entrusted with the care of them; and at the same time desirous to preserve the just rights of the crown, because it is the source from which his honour is derived.'

'He should have an estate that might set him above dependance; and employ the superfluities, if such there were,

'not in improving luxury, but in extending charity.'

'He should make his dignity easy to his inferiors by the modesty and simplicity of his behaviour; nor ever think himself too great for the lowest offices of friendship and humanity.'

'He should claim no *privilege* that might exempt him from the strictest rules of justice; and afford his *protection*, not to men *obnoxious to the law*, but to every modest virtue and useful art.'

'The character you have drawn,' replied my friend, 'though it be *rare*, yet is not *imaginary*: some there are to whom still it may belong; and it eminently exists in a young nobleman, *grandson and heir* to a late illustrious commander*, whose name, even in Persia, is not unknown.'

* Duke of Marlborough,

LETTER XL.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE English are blest with some privileges which no other nation now in the world enjoys in so high a degree. One is, that they cannot be long deprived of their liberty upon suspicion of any crime, not even of treason itself, without being brought to a trial: another is, that they cannot be *tortured*, either to force a confession of what is laid to their charge, or a discovery of their accomplices. It is a wonderful thing, that even in many free states, these two essential rights of human nature have not been secured: for can any thing be more repugnant to natural justice, than to punish without proof of a crime? Or is there a greater punishment than long imprisonment and the infliction of violent pain, either of which is worse than death to an innocent man? From both these evils the English are guarded by their excellent laws; which have also provided, that none shall undergo the vexation and shame of a trial in a criminal cause without the consent of twelve of their countrymen, who are called the *grand jury*; nor can sentence be passed upon them, but by the unanimous voice of twelve more of their equals, with as strong provisions (in trials for treason especially) against any influence of fear or corruption, as human laws are able to frame. To these glorious privileges is added the right of being taxed by none but their represen-

tatives, of advising the king in a parliamentary manner upon all matters of government, of enquiring into the conduct of ministers, of arraigning the guilty, and taking them out of the shelter of the throne, liberty of speech in parliament, and liberty of writing and publishing with all decent freedom what every man thinks upon publick affairs.

When I consider all these advantages, and reflect on the state I am in when in my own country, exposed upon the lightest suspicion to be shut up in a prison, to be tortured there, and, if ever brought out from thence, to be tried by a partial judge, possibly by my accuser himself, to have my estate taken from me at the emperor's pleasure, having no means of redress against him or his ministers, and deprived of the power even to complain; when I reflect on all this, I cannot but look upon the lowest subject of England with envy, and with respect, as I should on a being of an order superior to mine.

But, on the other hand, were there an Englishman wicked and foolish enough, to give up the least of these rights for any temptation of fortune or power, I should look down upon him, however exalted by titles or wealth, with more contempt than upon the lowest slave in my seraglio: for, if *unwilling slavery* be the worst of misfortunes, *voluntary servitude* is the basest of crimes.

LETTER XLI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

ABOUT a fortnight ago, I went, in company with one of my acquaintances, to see a place in this city, called the *Exchange*, which is the general rendezvous of all the merchants, not only of England, but the whole trading world. I never yet came into an assembly with so much respect as into this. 'These,' said I to my friend, 'are the most useful, and therefore the most honourable, of mankind. They are

'met here to carry on the common happiness; their gains are the advantage of the publick; and their labour makes the ease of human life.'

I had scarce spoke these words, when he carried me out into a neighbouring alley, where I also saw some busy faces, but which looked, methought, very different from the others. 'These,' said he, 'are a sort of traders, whose whole business is confined within the com-

pals

'past of this alley, where they create a
'kind of ebb and flow, which they
'know how to turn to good account;
'but which is destructive to all trade,
'except *their own*. Nay, they have
'sometimes raised such violent *tempests*
'*here*, that half the wealth of the nation
'has been sunk by it.'

'They are then a sort of *magicians*,'
answered I.

'A most *diabolical one* truly,' repli-
ed he; 'and, what is most wonderful,
'the *masters of the art* have the secret to
'render themselves *invisible*: though

'they are always *virtually present here*,
'they never appear to vulgar eyes;
'but some of their *imps* are frequently
'discovered, and by their motions the
'skilful in this traffick steer their course
'and regulate their ventures.'

While he was saying this to me, there
came up to us an ill-looking fellow,
and asked if we had any *stock* to sell.

My friend whispered me in the ear,
that this was an *imp*: I started; called
on Mahomet to protect me, and made
the best of my way out of the alley.

LETTER XLII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISFAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THAT Abdallah, whom I men-
tioned in a former letter, is gone
from England. Thou wilt be affected
with the virtue of the man, when I tell
thee the cause of his departure. He sent
last week to desire I would come to him;
I came, and found him oppressed with
the deepest sorrow. 'Ah, Selim,' said
he to me, 'I must leave thee: I must
go, and discharge my duty to the best
of fathers; I must give my all for him
to whom I owe it.' At these words,
he put a letter into my hand, which he
had just received the day before: I found
by it, that his father, who was a mer-
chant, in a voyage from Grand Cairo
to Aleppo, was taken by a cruizer of
the isle of Malta; and, being unable
himself to pay his ransom, had written
to his son to do it for him. 'Thou
knowest,' said he to me, 'that I am
not rich; to raise the sum demanded
for my father's liberty, I must sell all
my effects, and leave myself without
the means of a subsistence, except
what my labour can procure me. But
my own distress is not what concerns
me most; the fear of poverty cannot
fright me from my duty; I only grieve
for the fate of my poor wife, whom
the ruin of my fortune will expose to
indigence and shame. It is for her
sake that I have sent for you; and I
conjure you, by all our friendship, by
the prophet and the God whom we
adore, not to refuse me the first favour
I ever asked. When he had said
this, he opened the door of another

room, where I saw a beautiful woman
in the Turkish habit, who, with a mo-
desty peculiar to our eastern ladies, en-
deavoured to conceal herself from my re-
gards. 'Come hither, Zells,' said my
friend, 'and see the man whom I have
chosen to protect you: see him who
must shortly be your husband, in the
room of the unfortunate Abdallah.' Then, turning to me, and weeping bit-
terly—'This,' cried he, 'O Selim! is
the grace for which I am a suppliant:
permit me to give her to a man who I
know will cherish well; I am resolved
to divorce her this very instant, ac-
cording to the power allowed me by
our law, if you will consent to take
her for your wife; nor could the sophi
himself make you a present of greater
value. If the charms of her person
are not sufficient to recommend her to
you, know that her mind is still fairer
and more accomplished. I brought
her with me into England three years
ago, in all which time she has hardly
stirred out of my house, nor desired
any company but mine. It is impos-
sible to be happier with a wife than I
have been with her; nothing should
ever have prevailed on me to part with
her, but the desire to separate her from
my misfortunes, and to procure her a
maintenance agreeable to her birth and
merit, which I am no longer able to
provide for her myself.'

He had scarce ended, when the lady,
tearing her hair, and beating the whitest
breast I ever saw, implored him not to

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think of a separation, more painful to her than any misery that poverty could reduce her to.

After many passionate expressions of her love, she declared that she would accompany him to Malta, and beg her bread with him afterwards if it was necessary, rather than stay behind in the most affluent condition. But he positively refused to let her go, and insisted upon giving her to me, as the only expedient to make him easy. 'To carry her with me,' said he, 'would be exposing her to such dangers and wants, as I cannot endure even to think of: but let's can I bear the thought of leaving her here, in a nation of infidels, among women *who have given up modesty*, and men who profess to *make war upon it* wherever it is to be found. Your house is the only asylum to which her virtue can safely retire. As your wife, she will be protected from any insult, even in this land of *licentiousness*.' To these words of Abdallah, Zelis replied with many arguments, but with more tears. I continued some time a silent witness of this extraordinary dispute; but at

last, seeing him determined to divorce her, I told him, I would accept her as a treasure committed to my hands, not for my own use, but to secure it for my friend: that she should remain with me under the character of my wife, but I would always be a stranger to her bed; and if at his return he found himself in circumstances sufficient to maintain her, I would restore her back again to him untouched; or, in case they should mutually desire it, carry her with me to my seraglio in the east. They were both much comforted with this assurance; and Zelis consented to stay with me, since Abdallah commanded it. The poor man embarked for Malta the following week, with his whole fortune on board for his father's ransom, and left me so touched at his filial piety, that I made an offer to pay part of it myself; but he told me I had done enough for him in taking care of what was dearest to him upon earth, and refused any further succour from me.

N. B. This story is resumed in Letter LXXVI.

LETTER XLIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Lately fell into discourse with an Englishman, who has well examined the constitution of his country. I begged him to tell me what he thought of the present state of it. 'Two principal evils,' answered he, 'are making way for arbitrary power, if the court should ever be inclined to take advantage of them, viz. the abuse of our wealth and the abuse of our eloquence: the last is, if possible, more mischievous than the first; for it seduces those whom money could not corrupt: it is the most pernicious of all our refinements, and the most to be dreaded in a free country. To speak truth is the privilege of a freeman; to do it roundly and plainly, is his glory: thus it was that the ancient Romans debated every thing that concerned the commonwealth, at a time when they best knew how to govern, before Greece had infected them with rhetoric. As nothing was propounded to them with disguise, they easily judged what was

most for their honour and interest. But the thing called Eloquence here is of another kind: it is less the talent of enforcing truth, than of imposing falsehood; it does not depend on a true knowledge of the matter in debate, for generally it aims at nothing more than a specious appearance: nor is wisdom a necessary quality in the composition of an orator; he can do without it very well, provided he has the happy facility of discoursing smoothly, and asserting boldly. I own to thee, Mirza, this account surprised me: we have no knowledge in the east of such an eloquence as this man described; it is our custom to speak naturally and pertinently, without ever imagining that there was an art in it, or that it was possible to talk finely upon a subject which we do not understand.

'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'when these orators you tell me of have been caught two or three times in a lie, do not you treat them with the utmost contempt?'

— 'Quite

— 'Quite the contrary,' answered he; 'the whole merit and pride of their profession is to *deceive*: they are to lay false colours upon every thing; and the greater the imposition is, the greater their reputation. The orator who can only persuade us to act against some of our lesser interests, is but a *genius of the second rate*; but he who can compel us by his eloquence to violate the most essential, is an *ableman indeed*, and will certainly *rise very high*. I suppose it may be your custom in Persia to bestow employments on such persons as have particularly qualified themselves for them: you put the care of the army and the marine into the hands of soldiers and seamen; you make one man secretary of state, because he has been bred in foreign courts, and understands the interests of your neighbouring princes; to another you trust the revenue, because he is skilful in oeconomy, and has proved himself above the temptation of embezzling what passes through his hands.' — 'Yes,' replied I, 'this is surely the right method; and I conclude it must be yours.' — 'No,' said he; 'we are above those vulgar prejudices; such qualifications are not requisite among us: to be fit for any or all of these posts, one must be a *good speaker in parliament*.' — 'How!' said I; 'because I make a fine harangue

upon a treaty of peace, am I therefore fit to superintend an army?' — 'We think so,' answered he. 'And if I can plausibly defend a minister of state from a reasonable charge brought against him, have I thereby a title to be taken into the administration?' — 'Beyond dispute, in this country,' answered he. 'Why then, by Mahomet!' said I, 'your government may well be sick: what a distempered body must that be whose members are so monstrously out of joint, that there is no one part in it's proper place! If my tongue should undertake to do the office of my head and arms, the absurdity and the impotency would be just the same.'

'Yet thus,' said he, 'we go on; lamely enough I must confess; but still admiring our own wise policy, and laughing at the rest of the world.'

'You may laugh,' replied I, 'as you think fit: but if the sultan my master had among his counsellors such an orator as you describe, a fellow that would prate away truth, equity, and common-sense; by the tomb of our holy prophet! he would make a *mute* of him, and set him to watch over the *seraglio* instead of the state.'

At these words I was obliged to take my leave, and our discourse was broke off till another meeting.

LETTER XLIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE next day I saw my friend again, and he resumed the subject of eloquence. 'You cannot imagine,' said he to me, 'of what fatal consequence this art of haranguing has been to all free states: good laws have been established by wise men, who were far from being eloquent; and eloquent men, who were far from being wise, have every where destroyed or corrupted them. Look into history, you will find, that the same period which carried eloquence to it's perfection, was almost always mortal to liberty. The republicks of Greece, and that of Rome, did not see their most celebrated orators till the very moment that their constitutions were overturned. And how indeed should it be other-

wise? When once it becomes a fashion to advance men to dignity and power, not for the good counsel that they give, but for an agreeable manner of recommending bad ones, it is impossible that a government so administered can long subsist. Is any thing complained of as amiss? Instead of redress, they give you an oration: Have you proposed a good and useful law? In exchange for that you receive an oration. Has your natural reason determined you upon any point? Up gets an orator, and so confounds you, that you are no longer able to reason at all. Is any right measure to be obstructed, or wrong one to be advanced? There is an orator always ready, and it is most charmingly per-

formed

formed to the delight of all the hearers.

"I do not know," said I, "what pleasure you may find in being deceived; but I dare say, should these gentlemen undertake to instruct a merchant in his business, or a farmer in his work, without understanding either trade or husbandry, they would only be laughed at for their pains; and yet when they attempt to persuade a nation to commit a thousand senseless faults, they are listened to with great attention, and come off with abundance of applause. But, for my part, I think they deserve nothing but hatred and contempt, for daring to play with such sacred things as truth, justice, and publick good, in so wanton and dissolute a manner."

"Most certainly," answered he, "they are very dangerous to all society; for what is it they profess? Do not they make it their boast that they have the power to soothe or enflame; that is, in proper terms, to make us partial or to make us mad? Are either of these tempers of the mind agreeable to the duty of a judge, or of a counsellor of state? I maintain, that it would be just as proper for us to decide a question of right or wrong after a debauch

of wine or a dose of opium, as after being heated or cooled, to the degree we often are, by the address of one of these skilful speakers.

"Wisely was it done by the Venetians, to banish a member of their senate, (as I have read they did) only because they thought he had too much eloquence, and gained too great an ascendancy in their councils by that bewitching talent. Without such a caution there is no safety; for we are led, when we fancy that we act most freely; and the man who can master our affections will have but little trouble with our reason. But to shew you the power of oratory in it's strongest light, let us see what it does with religion: in itself it is simple and beneficent, full of charity and humility; and yet, let an eloquent Jesuit get up into a pulpit, what monstrous systems will he draw out of it! What pride, what tyranny, will he make it authorize! How much rancour and malignity will he graft upon it! If then the laws of God may be thus corrupted by the taint of eloquence, do we wonder that the laws of men cannot escape?"—"No," said I; "no mischiefs are to be wondered at, where the reason of mankind is so abused."

LETTER XLV.

SALAM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE conversation I repeated to thee in my last letter, was heard by a gentleman that sat near us, who, I have been told, has found his account so much in eloquence, as to be interested in the defence of it. Accordingly, he attacked my friend, and told him, he was afraid he had forgot his history, or he would have recollected that Demosthenes and Cicero, the two greatest orators that ever were, employed their rhetoric in the service of their country. "I might, perhaps," answered he, "make some objections to the integrity of both; but, allowing what you say, it amounts to no more than this, that eloquence may be of service to mankind in the possession of very good men; and so may arbitrary power, of the greatest service: but yet we say in England, that it is wiser not to trust to it; be-

cause, as it is generally managed, it becomes a most grievous oppression. And, I am sure, I can shew you in history as many orators that have abused their eloquence, as kings that have abused their authority: for, besides the wickedness common to human nature, the vanity of making a bad cause appear a good one is in itself a dangerous temptation. When a man sees he is able to impose on the judgments of others, he must be a very honest and very modest one indeed, if he never does it wrongfully."—"Alas, sir!" returned his antagonist, "the generality of men are too weak to bear truth! They must be cheated into happiness."—"I am sure they are often cheated out of it," replied my friend: "nor can I wholly agree to your proposition in the sense you understand it. It may be

' be necessary for the government of mankind, not to tell them the *whole* truth; something may be proper to be hid behind the veil of policy; but it is seldom necessary to tell them *lies*.

' These *pious frauds* are the inventions of very *impious men*; they are the tricks of those who make the publick good a pretence for serving their private vices. Let us consider how mankind was governed in those ages and states where they are known to have been the happiest. How was it in Athens, while the laws of Solon preserved their force? Was it then thought necessary to *lie* for the good of the commonwealth? No; the people were truly informed of every thing that concerned them; and as they judged by their natural understanding, their determinations were right, and their actions glorious: but when the orators had got the dominion over them, and they were *deceived* upon the principle you establish, what was the consequence? Their leaders became factious and corrupt, their government venal, their publick councils uncertain and fluctuating, either too *weakly fearful*,

' or too *rashly bold*; till at last, from generous, high-spirited freemen, they sunk into prating, contemptible slaves. In Rome, the case was much the same; as long as they were a great and free people, they understood not these political refinements. All governments in their first institution were founded in truth and justice, and the first rulers of them were generally honest men; but, by length of time, corruption is introduced, and men come to look upon those frauds as necessary to government, which their forefathers abhorred as destructive to it. — It does not, said I, ' belong to me to decide in this dispute; but it seems to be highly important, that *this power of deriving for the publick good* should be lodged in safe hands. And I suppose that such among you as are trusted with it are very *constant* and *uniform* in their principles. Though the *colours* may vary, the *ground* of their conduct is still the same. What with them is the *essential* and *fundamental* interest of the nation *now*, will certainly be so *next year*: disgrace or favour can make no difference.

LETTER XLVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was the other day in company with a clergyman, who has the education of several young noblemen committed to his care. A trust of this importance made me regard him as one of the most *considerable* men in England. This sage, said I to myself, ' has much to answer for the virtue and happiness of the next age will in a great measure depend on his capacity.' I was very desirous to enter into discourse with him, that I might know if he was equal to his office, and tried all the common topics of conversation; but on none of these was I able to draw a word from him. At last, upon some point being started, which gave him occasion to quote a Latin poet, he opened all at once, and poured forth such a deluge of hard words, composed out of all the learned languages, that though I understood but little of his meaning, I could not help admiring his elocution.

As his scholars were many of them born to an hereditary share in the legislature, I concluded he must be thoroughly acquainted with the English constitution, and able to instruct them in the knowledge of it: but, upon asking him some questions on that subject, I found, to my very great surprise, that he was more a stranger to it than myself, and had no notions of government, but what he drew from the *imaginary republic* of a Greek philosopher. Well, said I, ' you at least instruct your scholars in Grecian and Roman *virtue*; you light up in them a *spirit of liberty*; you exercise them in *justice* and *magnanimity*; you form them to a resemblance of the *great characters* they meet with in ancient authors.' — Far from it, said a gentleman in company; ' they are accustomed to *trample* at a *rod*, to tell *lies* in excuse of *trifling* faults, to *betray* their compa-

nions, to be *spies and cowards*: the natural vigour of their spirits is broke, the natural ingenuity of their tempers varnished over, the natural bent of their genius curbed and thwarted; the whole purpose of their education is to acquire some Greek and Latin words; by this only they are allowed to try their parts; if they are backward in this, they are pronounced dunces, and often made so from discouragement and despair.

'I should think,' said I, 'if words only are to be taught them, they should learn to speak English with grace and elegance, which is particularly necessary in a government where eloquence has obtained so great a sway.'—'That article is never thought of,' answered he: 'I came myself from the college a perfect master of one or two dead languages; but could neither write nor speak my own, till it was taught me by the letters and conversation of a

lady about the court, whom, luckily for my education, I fell in love with.' 'I have heard,' said I, 'that it is usual for young gentlemen to finish their studies in other countries; and indeed it seems necessary enough by the account you have given me of them here: but if I may judge by the greatest part of those whom I have seen at their return, the *foreign masters* are no better than the English, and the *foreign mistresses* not so good. Were I to go back to Persia with an English coat, an English footman, and an English cough, it would amount to just the improvement made in France by one half of the youth who travel thither.'—'Add to these, a taste for music,' replied the gentleman, 'with two or three terms of building and of painting, and you would want but one taste more to be as accomplished as some of the finest gentlemen that Italy sends us back.'

LETTER XLVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

FROM considering the education of English gentlemen, we turned our discourse to that of English ladies. I asked a married man that was in company, to instruct me a little in the course of it, being particularly curious to know the methods which could render a woman in this country so different a creature from one in Persia. 'Indeed, Sir,' said he, 'you must ask my wife, not me, that question: these are mysteries I am not allowed to pry into; when I presume to give my advice about it, she tells me the education of a lady is above the capacity of a man, let him be ever so wise in his own affairs.'—'I should think,' said I, 'that as the purpose of womens breeding is nothing else but to teach them to please men, a man should be a better judge of that than any woman in the world. But pray, Sir, what in general have you observed of this mysterious institution? I do not enquire into the secrets behind the altar, but only the outward forms of discipline which are exposed to the eyes of all the world.'—'Why, Sir,' replied he, 'the first great point

which every mother aims at, is to make her girl a goddess if she can.' 'A goddess!' cried I, in great astonishment.

'Yes,' said he; 'you have none of them in the east; but here we have five or six in every street: there never were more divinities in Egypt than there are at this time in the town of London. In order therefore to fit them for that character, they are made to throw off human nature as much as possible in their looks, gestures, words, actions, dress, &c.'—'But is it not apt to return again?' said I. 'Yes,' replied he; 'it returns indeed again, but strangely distorted and deformed. The same thing happens to their minds as to their shapes; both are cramped by a violent confinement, which makes them swell out in the wrong place. You cannot conceive the wild tricks that women play from this habitual perversion of their faculties; there is not a single quality belonging to them which they do not apply to other purposes than Providence designed it for: hence it is that they are vain of being cowards, and

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afraid of being modest: hence they smile on the man whom they dislike, and look cold on him they love; hence they kill every sentiment of their own, and not only act with the fashion, but really think with it. All this is taught them carefully from their childhood, or else it would be impossible for to conquer their natural dispositions.

I do not know, said I, what the use is of these instructions; but it seems to me, that in a country where the women are admitted to a familiar and constant share in every active scene of life, particular care should be taken in their education, to cultivate their reason, and form their

hearts, that they may be equal to the part they have to act. Where great temptations must occur, great virtues are required; and the giddy situations in which they are placed, or love to place themselves, demand a more than ordinary strength of brain. In Persia a woman has no occasion for any thing but beauty, because of the confinement which she lives under, and therefore that only is attended to: but here, methinks, good sense is so very necessary, that it is the business of a lady to improve and adorn her understanding with as much application as the other sex, and, generally speaking, by methods much the same.

LETTER XLVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON:

I Was this morning with some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who were talking of the attempt that had been made not long ago of setting up a press at Constantinople, and the opposition it had met with from the *Mustis*. They applied to me to know what I thought of it, and whether in Persia also it was our religion that deprived us of so useful an art.

I told them, that policy had more part than religion in that affair; that the press was a very dangerous engine, and the abuses of it made us justly apprehend ill consequences from it.

You are in the right, said one of the company, for this single reason, because your government is a despotick one. But in a free country the press may be very useful, as long as it is under no partial restraint: for it is of great consequence that the people should be informed of every thing that concerns them; and, without printing, such knowledge could not circulate either so easily or so fast. And to argue against any branch of liberty from the ill use that may be made of it, is to argue against liberty itself, since all is capable of being abused. Nor can any part of freedom be more important, or better worth contending for, than that by which the spirit of it is preserved, supported, and diffused. By this appeal to the judgment of the people,

we lay some restraint upon those ministers who may have found means to secure themselves from any other *less incorruptible tribunal*; and sure they have no reason to complain if the publick exercises a right which cannot be denied without avowing that their conduct will not bear enquiry. For though the best administration may be attacked by calumny, I can hardly believe it would be hurt by it, because I have known a great deal of it employed to very little purpose against gentlemen in opposition to ministers who had nothing to defend them but the force of truth. I do not mean by this to justify any scurrilities upon the personal characters either of magistrates or private men, or any *libel properly so called*. Against such abuses of the press the laws have provided a remedy; and let the laws take their course; it is for the interest of liberty they should do so, as well as for the security and honour of government: but let them not be strained into oppression by forced constructions, or extraordinary acts of power, alike repugnant to natural justice, and to the spirit of a free state. Such arbitrary practices no provocation can justify, no precedents warrant, no danger excuse.

The gentleman who spoke thus was contradicted by another of the company, who, with great warmth, and many

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arguments,

arguments, maintained, that the licentiousness of the press was grown of late to such a dangerous height, as to require *extraordinary remedies*; and that, if it were put under the inspection of some discreet and judicious person, it would be far more beneficial to the publick.

'I agree to it,' answered he, 'upon one condition, viz. That there may

'be likewise an *inspector for the press*, as well as one for the *court*; but if *nothing* is to be licensed on one side, and *every thing* on the other, it would be vastly better for us to adopt the eastern policy, and allow *no printing here at all*, than to leave it under such a *partial direction*.'

LETTER XLIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE same gentleman, who, as I told thee in my last, argued so strongly for the liberty of the press, went on with his discourse in the following manner.

'If we have so much reason to be unwilling, that what we *print* should be under the *inspection* of the court, how much more may we complain of a new power assumed within these last fifty years by all the courts in Europe, of *inspecting private letters*, and invading the *liberty of the post*? The secrecy and safety of correspondence is a point of such consequence to mankind, that the least interruption of it would be criminal, without an evident necessity; but that of course, from one year to another, there should be a constant breach of it publicly avowed, is such a violation of the rights of society, as one cannot but wonder at even in this age.'

'You may well wonder,' said I to him, 'when I myself am quite amazed to hear of such a thing; the like of which was never practised among us, whom you English reproach with being *slaves*. But I beg you to inform me what it was that could induce a free people to give up all the secrets of their business, and private thoughts, to the curiosity and discretion of a minister, or his inferior tools in office?'

'They never gave them up,' answered he; 'but those gentlemen have exercised this power by their own authority, under pretence of discovering plots against the state.—'No doubt,' said one of the company, 'it is a great advantage and ease to the government, to be acquainted at all times with the sentiments of considerable persons, because it is possible they may have some ill intent.'—'It is very true,' replied the other; 'and it might be still a greater ease and advantage to the government to have a *licensed spy* in every house, who should report the most private conversations, and let the minister thoroughly into the secrets of every family in the kingdom. This would effectually detect and prevent conspiracies: but would any body come into it on that account? Is it not making a bad compliment to a government, to suppose that it could not be secured without such measures as are inconsistent with the end for which it is designed?'

'But such in general is the wretched turn of modern policy; the most sacred ties of society are often infringed to promote some present interest, without considering how fatal it may prove in it's remoter consequences; and how greatly we may want those useful barriers we have so lightly broken down.'

LETTER L.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

Had lately the pleasure of seeing a sight which filled my mind beyond all the magnificence that our eastern

monarchs can shew; I saw a British fleet under full sail. Nothing can be imagined more pompous, or more august!

gust! The vast size of the ships, and the skill of the sailors, exceed any others now in the universe; nor are they less renowned for their intrepidity. The whole spectacle gave me the highest ideas of the strength of this nation; a strength not confined to their own coasts, but equally formidable to the most distant parts of the globe.

Were I a king of England, I would never receive an ambassador with any solemnity but in the cabin of a *first-rate man of war*. There is the true seat of his empire; and from *that throne* he might awe the whole world, if he understood how to exert his *maritime power* in it's full strength, and was wise enough to aim at *no other*. But, by an unaccountable mistake in their policy, many kings of England have seemed to forget that their dominions had the advantage of being an *island*: they have been as deeply engaged in the affairs of the *continent* as the most *exposed* of the states there; and neglected the sea, to give all their attention to expensive and ruinous wars undertaken at land. Nay,

what is stranger still, they have been fond of *acquisition* made upon the continent; not considering that all *such acquisitions*, instead of encreasing their real strength, are only so many *weak and vulnerable* parts, in which they are liable to be hurt by those enemies who could not possibly hurt them in their natural state, as the sovereigns of a powerful island. Their case is the reverse of that expressed by the poets of Greece in the fable of Antæus. He was (say those poets) *the son of the earth*; and as long as he fought upon her surface, even Hercules, the strongest of heroes, could not overcome him; but being drawn from thence, he was easily vanquished: the English (in the same poetical style) are *the sons of the sea*, and while they *adhere to their mother*, they are invincible; but if they can once be drawn out of *that situation*, their strength forsakes them; and they are not only in danger of being *crushed* by their enemies, but may be *bugged to death* even by their friends.

LETTER LI.

SALIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Am returned to this city, from which I have made a long excursion, and am going to give thee an account how I have passed my time. A friend of mine, who lives in a part of England distant from the capital, invited me to spend the summer at his house: my curiosity to see something new, and a natural love to fields and groves at this season of the year, made me glad to accept of his proposal.

The first thing that struck me in leaving London, was to find all the country cultivated like one great garden. This is the genuine effect of that happy liberty which the English enjoy: where property is secure, industry will exert itself; and such is the force of industry, that, without any particular advantages of soil or climate, the lands about this city are of a hundred times greater profit to their owners, than the best-tempered and most fertile spots of Asia to the subjects of the Sophi or the Turk. Another circumstance, which engaged my attention throughout all my

journey, was the vast number of fine seats that adorned the way as I travelled along, and seemed to express a certain *rural greatness* extremely becoming a free people. It looked to me as if men who were possessed of such magnificent retreats were above depending on a court, and had wisely fixed the scene of their pride and pleasure in the centre of their own estates, where they could really make themselves most considerable. And, indeed, this notion is true in fact; for it has always been the policy of princes that wanted to be absolute, to draw gentlemen away from their country-seats, and place them about a court; as well to deprive them of the popularity which hospitality might acquire, as to render them cold to the interest of the country, and wholly devoted to themselves. Thus we have often been told by our friend Usbec, that the court and capital of France is crowded with nobility, while in the provinces there is scarce a mansion-house that is not falling to ruin; an infallible sign of the

decay and downfall of the nobility itself. Those who remember what England was forty years ago, I speak with much uneasiness of the change they observe in this particular; and complain, that their countrymen are making haste to copy

the French, by abandoning their family seats, and living too constantly in town; but this is not yet sensible to a foreigner.

Thou mayest expect the sequel of my journey in other letters.

LETTER LII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

IT happened when I set out from London, that the parliament, which had sat seven years, was just dissolved, and elections for a new one were carrying on all over England. My first day's stage had nothing in it remarkable, more than what I observed to thee in my last. But when I came to the town where I was to lodge, I found the streets all crowded with men and women, who gave me a lively idea of what I have read of the ancient Bacchanals. Instead of ivy, they carried oaken boughs, were exceeding drunk and mutinous, but at the same time mighty zealous for religion. My Persian habit drew them all about me, and I found they were much puzzled what to make of me. Some said I was a German minister, sent by the court to corrupt the electors; upon which suggestion, I had like to have been torn to pieces: others fancied me a Jesuit; but at last they agreed I was a *mountebank*, and, as such, conducted me to my inn with great respect. When I was safely delivered from this danger, I took a resolution to lay aside my foreign dress, that I might travel with less disturbance; and fell into discourse upon what had passed with a gentleman that accompanied me in my journey. It

seemed to me very strange, that in an affair of so great importance as the choice of a guardian for their liberties, men should drink themselves out of their reason. I asked, whether riots of this kind were common at these times. He answered, that the whole business of the candidates was to pervert and confound the understandings of those that chose them, by all imaginable ways: that from the day they began to make their interest, there was nothing but idleness and debauchery among the common people: the care of their families is neglected; trades and manufactures are at a stand; and such a habit of disorder is brought upon them, that it requires the best part of *seven* years to settle them again. 'And yet,' continued he, 'this evil, great as it is, may be reckoned one of the *least* attending these affairs. Could we bring our electors to content themselves with being made drunk for a year together, we might hope to preserve our constitution; but it is the *sober, considerate corruption*, the cool bargaining for a sale of their liberties, that will be the certain undoing of this nation, whenever a wicked minister shall be the purchaser.'

LETTER LIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE next day brought us into a county town, where the election for the city and the shire were carrying on together. It was with some difficulty that we made our way through two or three mobs of different parties, that obliged us by turns to declare ourselves for their respective factions. Some of them wore in their hats tobacco leaves,

and seemed principally concerned for the honour of that noble plant, which they said had been attacked by the ministry; and in this I heartily joined with them, being myself a great admirer of its virtues, like most of my countrymen. When we came to our inn, I entertained myself with asking my fellow-traveller questions about elections. The

The thing was so new to me, that in many points I could not believe him. As for instance, it seems very odd, that a corporation should take such a sudden liking to a man's face, whom they never saw before, as to prefer him to a family that had served them time out of mind: yet this, I was assured, very often happened; and, what was stranger still, on the recommendation of another person, who was no better known to them than himself. My instructor added, that there was in England ONE MAN so extremely popular, *though he never affected popularity*, that a line from him, accompanied with two or three bits of a particular sort of paper, was enough to direct half the nation in the choice of their representatives.

It would be endless to repeat to thee all the tricks which he told me other gentlemen were forced to use, to get themselves elected. One way of being well with a corporation (which a Persian would hardly conceive) is to *kiss all their wives*. My companion confessed to me, that he himself had formerly been obliged to go through this laborious solicitation; and had met with some old women in his way, who made him pay dear for their interest. 'But these methods,' said he, 'and other arts of popularity, are growing out of fashion every day.' We now court our electors, as we do our mistresses, by sending a notary to them with a proposal; if they like the settlement, it is no matter how they like the man that makes it; but if we disagree about *that*, other pretensions are of very

little use. And to make the comparison the juster, the members thus chosen have no more regard to their venal constituents, than husbands so married to their wives. I asked, if they had no laws against corruption. 'Yes,' said he, 'very strong ones; but corruption is stronger than the laws. If the magistrates in Persia were to sell wine, it would signify very little that your law forbids the drinking it. How is it possible,' said I, 'to bribe a whole nation to the undoing itself?' 'It is not possible,' answered he; 'but the misfortune of our government is, that the majority of the representative body is chosen, not by the whole nation, but by a *small and very mean part of it*. There are a number of boroughs, which have at present no other trade than *sending members to parliament*, and whose inhabitants think the right of *selling themselves and their country* the only valuable privilege of Englishmen. Time has produced this evil, which was quite unforeseen in the original frame of our constitution; and time alone can furnish occasions and means of applying an adequate remedy. Before it can be thoroughly cured, one of two very unlikely things must come to pass: either a court must be so disinterested as to exert all its power for the redressing an evil advantageous to itself; or a popular party, so strong as to give laws to the court, must have virtue enough to venture *disgusting the people*, as well as *offending the crown*, for the sake of *reforming the CONSTITUTION*.

LETTER LIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

ON the third day our travels were at an end, and I arrived at my friend's house with all the pleasure which we receive from retirement and repose, after a life of tumult and fatigue. I was as weary of elections as if I had been a candidate myself, and could not help expressing my surprise that the general disorder on these occasions had not brought some fatal mischief upon the nation. 'That we are not undone by it,' replied my friend, 'is entirely owing to

the happy circumstance of our being an island. Were we seated on the continent, every election of a new parliament would infallibly draw on an invasion. — It is not only from enemies abroad that you are in danger,' answered I; 'one would think that the violence of domestic feuds should of itself overturn your constitution, as it has so many others: and how you have been able to escape so long, is the wonder of all who have

been bred up under absolute monarchies; for they are taught, that the superior advantage of their form of government consists in the strength of union; and that in other states, where power is more divided, a pernicious confusion must ensue. — They argue rightly enough, said the gentleman who came along with me; but they carry the argument too far. No doubt, factions are the natural inconveniences of all free governments, as oppression is too apt to attend on arbitrary power. But the difference lies here, that in an absolute monarchy, a tyrant has nothing to restrain him; whereas parties are not only a controul on those that govern, but on each other; nay, they are even a controul upon themselves, as the leaders of them dare not give a loose to their own particular passions and designs, for fear of hurting their credit with those whom it is their interest to manage and please. Besides, that it is easier to infect a prince with a spirit of tyranny, than a nation with a spirit of factions, and where the discontent is not general, the mischief will be light. To engage a whole people in a revolt, the highest provocations must be given; in such a case, the disorder is not chargeable on those that defend their liberties, but on the aggressor that invades them. Parties in society are like tempests in the natural world; they cause, indeed, a very great disturbance; and, when violent, tear up every thing that opposes them; but then they purge away many noxious qualities, and prevent a stagnation, which would be fatal. All nations that

live in a quiet slavery may be properly said to stagnate; and happy would it be for them, if they were roused and put in motion by that spirit of faction they dread so much; for, let the consequences of resistance be what they would, they can produce nothing worse than a confirmed and established servitude: but, generally, such a ferment in a nation throws off what is most oppressive to it, and settles by degrees into a better and more eligible state. Of this we have received abundant proof; for there is hardly a privilege belonging to us which has not been gained by popular discontent, and preserved by frequent opposition. I may add, that we have known many instances, where parties, though ever so enflamed against each other, have united, from a sense of common danger, and joined in securing their common happiness. And this is more easily done, when the points that were once the great subjects of heat and division are either worn out by time, or changed by the clearer and more temperate medium through which they are seen: for in that case, parties, which thought that they stood at a very great distance from one another, may find themselves brought very near; and the only separation remaining would be the essential and everlasting one, between honest men and knaves, wise men and fools. That this may happen, experience shews; and this, I think, ought to free us from the reproach of sacrificing our country to our divisions; and make those despair of success, that hope by dividing to destroy us.

LETTER LV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

FOR the first month of my being in the country, we did nothing from morning till night, but dispute about the government. The natural beauties round about us were little attended to, so much were we taken up with our enquiries into political defects. My two companions disagreed in many points; though I am persuaded they both meant the same thing, and were almost equally good subjects and good citizens. I sometimes fancied, that I had learned a

great deal in these debates; but when I came to put my learning together, I found myself not much wiser than before. The master of the house was inclined to the side of the court, not from any interested or ambitious views, but, as he said, from a principle of *cubiggi*: this word is one of those distinctions which, for little less than a century, have divided and perplexed this nation. The opposite party are called *toris*. They have as strong an antipathy to each other,

as the followers of Hali to those of Osman. I desired my friend to give me some certain mark by which I might know one from the other. 'The *whigs*,' said he, 'are they that are *now in place*, and the *tories* are they that are *out*.'— 'I understand you,' returned I, 'the difference is only *there*; so that if they who are now *tories*, were *employed*, they would instantly become *whigs*, and if the *whigs* were removed, they would be *tories*.'— 'Not so,' answered he with some warmth; 'there is a great difference in their principles and their conduct.'— 'Ay,' said I, 'let me hear that, and then I shall be able to chuse my party.'— 'The *tories*,' said he, 'are for *advancing the power of the crown*, and making the *clergy* the tools of their ambition. When they were in power, they *weakened our ancient allies*, *disgraced our arms*, *hurt our trade*, *lost our honour*, and were *assiduous to the greatness of France*.'— 'You surprise me!' replied I, 'for I have heard *all this* imputed to *some*, who you assure me are good *whigs*; nay, the very *pillars of whiggism*.'— 'I will explain that matter to you immediately,' said the gentleman that came down with me. 'Whiggism is an

indelible character, like *episcopacy*: for as he who has once been a *bishop*, though he no longer perform any of the offices and duties of his function, is a *bishop* nevertheless; so he who has once been a *whig*, let him act never so contrary to his principles, is nevertheless a *whig*; and as all true churchmen are obliged in conscience to acknowledge the first, so all true *whigs* are in duty bound to *support the last*. 'Very well,' said I, 'but are there none who differ from this *orthodox belief*?'— 'Yes,' said he, 'certain *obscinate people*; but, like other *dissenters*, they are punished for *their separation*, by being excluded from all *places of trust and profit*.'— 'A heavy punishment indeed!' answered I, 'and more likely to *diminish the fact* than any other kind of *persecution*. But if you will allow a stranger to give any advice in your affairs, I think you should pull down at once these *ensigns of party*, which are, indeed, *false colours* hung out by *faction*; and let up, instead of them, one *national standard*, which all who leave, by whatever name they may call themselves, should be considered and used as *deserters*.'

LETTER LVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Went with my country friend, some days ago, to make a visit in a neighbouring county, to the prelate of that diocese. His character is so extraordinary, that not to give it to thee, would be departing from the rule I have laid down, to let nothing that is *singular* escape my notice. In the first place, he *resides* constantly on his diocese, and has done so for many years; he asks nothing of the court for himself or family; he hoards up no wealth for his relations; but lays out the revenues of his see in a decent hospitality, and a charity void of ostentation. At his first entrance into the world, he distinguished himself by a zeal for the liberty of his country, and had a considerable share in bringing on the Revolution that preserved it. His principles never altered by his prefer-

ment: he never prostituted his pen; nor debased his character, by party disputes or blind compliance. Though he is warmly serious in the belief of his religion, he is moderate to all who differ from him: he knows no distinction of party, but extends his good offices alike to whig and tory; a friend to virtue under any denomination; an enemy to vice under any colours. His health and old age are the effects of a temperate life and a quiet conscience: though he is now some years above fourscore, nobody ever thought he lived too long; unless it was out of an impatience to *succeed him*.

This excellent person entertained me with the greatest humanity, and seemed to take a particular delight in being useful and instructive to a stranger. To tell thee

thee the truth, Mirza, I was so affected with the piety and virtue of this teacher*; the Christian religion appeared to me so amiable in his character and manners,

that, if the force of education had not rooted Mahometism in my heart, he would certainly have made a convert of me.

LETTER LVII.

SEPLIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

MY long stay in the country gave me leisure to read a good deal: I applied myself to history, particularly that of England, for rightly to understand what a nation is, one should previously learn what it *has been*. If I complained of the different accounts which are given by the English of themselves in their present circumstances, I have no less reason to complain of their historians: past transactions are so variously related, and with such a mixture of prejudice on both sides, that it is as hard to know truth from their relations, as religion from the comments of divines. The great article in which they differ most, is the ancient power of the crown, and that of the parliament: according to some, the latter is no more than an encroachment on the former; but, according to others, it is as old as the monarchy itself.

This point is debated with great warmth, and a multitude of proofs alleged by either party: yet the importance of the controversy is not so great as some may conceive it. For many hundred years, the point is out of dispute; but suppose it were otherwise, would it follow from thence, that the parliamentary powers are usurpations? No, Mirza, no; if liberty were but a year old, the English would have just as good a right to claim and to preserve it, as if it had been handed down to them from many ages; for, allowing that their ancestors were slaves through weakness or want of spirit, is *slavery so valuable an*

inheritance, that it never must be parted with? Is a long prescription necessary to give force to the natural rights of mankind? If the privileges of the people of England be *concessions* from the crown, is not the power of the crown itself a *concession* from the people? However, it must be confessed, that though a long possession of absolute power can give no right to continue it against the natural claim of the people in behalf of their liberties, whenever that claim shall be made; yet a long possession of freedom serves to establish and strengthen original right, or, at least, makes it more shameful to give it up. I will therefore sketch out to thee, as short as I can, in my next letters, the result of what I have read, and what I have thought on this subject, not with the minute exactness of a political critick, who of all criticks would tire thee most, but by such a general view of the several changes this government has undergone, as may set the true state of it pretty clearly before thee. Further than this it would be almost impossible for a stranger to go upon that subject, or for one so distant as thou art either to receive or desire information: nor, indeed, were it more feasible, should I think it of use to engage in a much larger detail. It is with enquiries into the constitutions of nations; as with enquiries into the constitution of the universe; those who are most nicely curious about particular and trifling parts, are often those who see least of the whole.

* The translator supposes that the author means Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester. [This venerable prelate died March 8, 1743, aged ninety-three; having been a Bishop almost fifty-three years.]

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

IT has been an usual piece of vanity in the writers of every nation, to represent the original constitutions of their respective states as founded on deep-laid systems and plans of policy, in which they imagine that they discover the utmost refinements of human wisdom; whereas, in truth, they are often the effects of downright chance, and produced by the force of certain circumstances, or the simple dictates of nature itself, out of a regard to some present expediency, and with little providence to the future.

Such was the original of the celebrated Gothick government, that was formerly spread all over Europe. It was produced, not in a cabinet, but a camp; and owes much less to the prudence of a legislator, than to the necessity of the times which gave it birth.

The people that introduced it into Britain, and every where else, were a multitude of soldiers, unacquainted with any thing but war: their leader, for the better carrying it on, was invested with a sort of regal power; and when it happened that the war continued long, he acquired a prescriptive authority over those who had been accustomed to obey his orders; but this authority was directed by the advice of the other officers, and dependant on the good liking of the army, from which alone it was derived: in like manner, the first revenues of this leader were nothing more than a title to a larger share in the common booty, or the voluntary contributions of the soldiers out of the wealth acquired under his command: but had he attempted to take a horse or cow, or any part of the plunder, from the meanest soldier, without his free consent, a mutiny would certainly have ensued, and the violation of property been revenged. From these principles, we may naturally draw the whole form of the Saxon or Gothick government. When these invaders became masters of kingdoms, and not only ravaged them, but settled there, the general was changed into a king, the officers into nobles, the council of war

into a council of state, and the body of the soldiery itself into a general assembly of all the freemen. A principal share of the conquests, as it had been of the spoils, was freely allotted to the prince, and the rest by him distributed according to rank and merit among his troops and followers, under certain conditions agreeable to the Saxon customs. Hence the different tenures, and the services founded upon them; hence the vassalage, or rather servitude, of the conquered, who were obliged to till the lands which they had lost, for the conquerors who had gained them, or at best to hold them of those new proprietors on such hard and slavish terms as they thought fit to impose. Hence likewise the riches of the clergy, and their early authority in the state: for those people, being ignorant and superstitious in the same degree, and heated with the zeal of a new conversion, thought they could not do too much for their teachers, but, with a considerable share of the conquered lands, admitted them to a large participation of dominion itself. Thus, without any settled design, or speculative skill, this constitution in a manner formed itself; and it was *the better* for that reason, as there was more of nature in it, and little of *political mystery*, which, wherever it prevails, is the bane of publick good. A government so established could admit of no pretence of a *power in the king transcendent to law*, or an *unalterable right in the succession*. It could never come into the heads of such a people, that they were to submit to a *tyranny for conscience sake*; or, that their liberties were not every way as *sacred* as the prerogative of their prince. They could never be brought to understand, that there was such a thing as *reason of state* distinct from the common reason of mankind; much less would they allow pernicious measures to pass unquestioned, or unpunished, under the ridiculous sanction of that name.

LETTER LIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I gave thee in my last a short account of the first rise and construction of the Saxon government, on very plain and simple foundations. It was, perhaps, the *most free* of all the limited monarchies that have been known in the world. The nobles and people had such a share in the legislature, and such a weight in the government, that the king could do nothing but with their assistance, and by their advice. He could not oppress them by force, because they were armed and he was not, unless when they employed *their arms* in his service for the defence of the kingdom. He could not corrupt them; for all offices of power or judicature were then *elective*, the estate of the crown was held unalienable, and only sufficed to maintain the expence of the royal household and civil government. No causes were tried but by juries, even in spiritual matters; so that the lives and properties of the people could not be touched *without their own co-operation*, either by the king, the nobles, or clergy. To all this was joined the best police that any nation ever enjoyed, except the Chinese, among whom many of the same regulations have been established with a conformity very surprising, as it is certain that neither copied the other. Such was the Saxon constitution, when by the wisdom and virtue of two or three great kings it had received its final perfection. The only essential defect of it was, the *excessive immunities* granted to churchmen, which made them too independent upon the civil authority, and very burthensome to the state. This form of government continued unaltered in its principal parts, till the Norman invasion, which, like a foreign weight roughly laid upon the springs, disturbed and obstructed its

proper motions: yet, by degrees, it recovered itself again; and, how ill soever the Saxon people might be treated, under the notion of a conquest, the Saxon constitution was never wholly subdued. The new comers relished slavery no better than the old inhabitants; and gladly joined with them, upon a sense of mutual interest, to force a confirmation of their freedom and the ancient laws. Indeed, there was so great a conformity between the government of Normandy and that of England, the customs of both nations were so much the same, that, unless the Normans by conquering this island had lost their original rights, and fought on purpose to degrade themselves and their posterity, it was impossible their kings could have a right to absolute power. So far was that nation from owning any such right, that, in conjunction with the English, they demanded and obtained of their kings charters declaring their liberties, not as *grants* derived from the favour, or *innovations* forced from the weakness, but as *acknowledgments* due from the justice, of the crown. As such the best and greatest princes considered those charters; as such they confirmed and observed them: and when they were disputed, or broken by others of a different character, civil wars ensued, which ended to the disadvantage of the crown. But the misfortune was, that, in all these struggles, the *bishops* and *nobles* treated for the people, not the people for themselves; and therefore their interests were much neglected, and the advantages gained from the king were much more beneficial to the church and nobility than to those who were under their patronage.

I will say more on this head when I write next.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THOU wilt be surprized to hear that the period when the English nation enjoyed the greatest happiness, after the Norman invasion, was under the influence of a *woman*. As much as we Persians should despise a female ruler, it was not till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that the government came to an *equal balance*, which is it's true state of perfection.

Though the commons of England had regained, *by degrees*, and in a *different shape*, that share of the legislature, which was in a great measure lost by them under the first Norman kings, yet their power was not so great as it had been in the Saxon witenagemote, or general assembly, nor their condition so happy in many respects; for the chief strength of the government resided in the great lords and the clergy, who supremely directed all publick affairs.

The proceedings of the commons could not be free in their *representative body*, while in their *collective body* they were weak and oppressed. The laws of vassalage, the authority of the church, the poverty and dependancy in which they lived, hung heavy upon them; so that they were obliged to act in subserviency to the nobles and bishops, even when they shewed most vigour against the crown, following the passions of both upon many occasions in the parliament and in the field, and making or unmaking kings as *these their immediate masters* desired. But, in return for their services, they often obtained a redress of their grievances, revenged themselves upon bad ministers, and obtained good laws for the commonwealth. To whatever purposes their strength might be used, though to the purposes of faction, *by being used it increased*. The crown at last *itself* assisted the growth of it, in opposition to that of the church and the nobility. The bonds of vassalage were broke or lightened; the barons were by different laws encouraged and enabled to part with their lands; the weight of property was transferred to the side of the people. Many accidents concurred to the same effect. A reformation in religion was begun, by which that mighty fabrick of church power, erected on the ruins of publick liberty, and adorned

with the spoils of the crown itself, was happily attacked and overturned. A great part of the immense possessions of the clergy was taken away, and most of it sold to the commons upon easy terms. They had now a very considerable share of the lands of England, and a still greater treasure in their commerce, which they were beginning to extend and improve. Their riches secured their independency; the clergy feared them, and the nobles could not hurt them. In this state Queen Elizabeth found the *parliament*: the lords and commons were nigh upon a level, and the church in a decent subordination. She was the head of this well-proportioned body, and supremely directed all it's motions. Thus, what in mixed forms of government seldom happens, there was no contest for power in the legislature; because no part was so high as to be uncontrollable, or so low as to be oppressed. A reformation of religion was completely established by this excellent princess; which entirely rescued the nation from that *foreign yoke* the pope had imposed upon it for so many centuries, and from the dominion of superstition, *the worst of all slavery*. The next great benefits that she conferred upon her subjects, were the extension of commerce into all parts of the world, and the foundation of their *maritime power*, which is *their true, natural greatness*. Under her it began; and she lived to carry it to such a height, as to make them really *lords of the sea*, an empire more glorious than that of the Sophi our master, and *richer* than that of the Mogul. In doing this, she did more for England than her greatest predecessors had ever done; far more than those who conquered France, though they could have secured it to their posterity. These were the *arts*, by which she ruled, and by these she was able to preserve her authority; nay, and to extend it further upon certain occasions than very absolute princes could do, even while she assisted her people in the corroborating and confirming their liberty. The strength of *her power* was *their satisfaction*; and every other happiness followed *that*, as every misfortune and disgrace is sure to attend on their discontent.

LETTER LXI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Ended my last letter with the felicity of Elizabeth's reign. Very different was that of her successor James the First: for his character and conduct were the reverse of her's. He endeavoured to break the balance of the government, by her so wisely fixed; and wanted to be *greater than her*, without one quality that could render him capable of filling her place. He had neither courage, ability, nor address: he was contemned both at home and abroad; his very favourites did not love him, though he was governed by them in every thing; nor did they maintain their dominion by his affections so much as by his fears. Yet this *meanest of kings* made great advances towards *absolute power*; and would have compleatly obtained it, if he could have found means to have introduced the *same luxury* into the nation as he did into the court, with the constant attendant of luxury, the *same corruption*. But the virtue infused by Elizabeth into the mass of the people, and the indigence of the crown, stoped the contagion from spreading so far: the commons resisted it, though the lords and the bishops did not; and some check was given to the designs of the King, yet not enough for the securing of liberty, or preventing the evils *his conduct* prepared for the following reign. The clergy, whom he attached to his interests by favouring theirs, or what they took to be theirs, more than a *wise prince would*, or a *good prince ought* to have done, were very assitant to him, by preaching up notions which he and they seem to have borrowed from *our religion*, of a right divine in kings, neither derived from human laws, nor to be limited by them; and other such Mahometan tenets, that had never been heard of before in this country: yet there were many who disliked these innovations, and their opposition hindered them from taking deep root in any minds but those of the royal family. These obstinate protestants and patriots were branded with the name of Puritans, and much hated by James, and Charles his son, who, upon the decease of the

former, succeeded to his kingdoms, his notions, and his designs.

He had many better qualifications than his father, but as wrong a judgment, and greater obstinacy. He carried his affection for the clergy, and abhorrence of the Puritans, to an excess of bigotry and rage. He agreed so ill with his parliaments, that he soon grew weary of them, and resolved to be troubled with no more; none were called for twelve years together, and all that time he governed as despotically as the Sophi of Persia. The laws were either openly infringed, or explained in the manner he directed: he levied money upon his subjects against privileges expressly confirmed by himself. In short, his passion for power might have been fully gratified, if his more prevailing one to bigotry had not engaged him in a senseless undertaking, of forcing the same form of worship upon his subjects in Scotland, as he had declared himself so warmly for in England. It is safer to attack men in their civil rights, than their religious opinions: the Scots, who had acquiesced under tyranny, took up arms against persecution. Their insurrection made it necessary to call a parliament; it met, but was instantly dissolved by the intemperate folly of the court. All hopes of better measures were put an end to by this last provocation. The Scots marched into England, and were received by the English, not as enemies, but as brothers and allies: the king, unable to oppose them, was compelled to ask the aid of another parliament. A parliament met, exasperated with the oppressions of fifteen years: the principal members were men of the greatest capacity, courage, and virtue, firmly united among themselves, and whom the court could neither *corrupt* nor *intimidate*. They resolved to make use of the opportunity, to *redress their grievances*, and *secure their liberty*; the king granted every thing that was necessary to either of those ends, except such *securities* as might have been turned *against himself*; but what, perhaps, was really *concession*, had the appearance of *constraint*, and there-

fore gained neither *gratitude* nor *confidence*: the nation could no longer trust the king; or, if it might, *particular men* could not; and the support of those particular men was become a *national concern*: they had exposed themselves by serving the publick; the publick therefore judged that it was bound in justice to defend them. Nor indeed was it possible, when the work of reformation was begun, after so long a denial of justice, to keep a people, fore with the remembrance of injuries received and satisfaction refused, within the bounds of a proper moderation. Such a sobriety is much easier in speculation than it ever was in practice. Thus, partly for the safety of their leaders, and partly from a jealousy of his intentions too justly conceived, the parliament drew the sword against the king: but the sword, when drawn, was no longer theirs; it was quickly turned against them by those to whose hands they trusted it: the honestest and wisest of both parties were out-witted and overpowered by villains; the king perished, and the constitution perished with him.

A private man, whose genius was called forth by the troubles of his country, and formed in the exercise of faction, usurped the government. His character was as extraordinary as his fortune: he had an air of enthusiasm, which gained all those who were real enthusiasts, (the number of whom was great in those days) and put him at their head. That he was one himself in some degree may be supposed, notwithstanding the prudence with which he conducted all his designs; because the same spark of enthusiasm which makes common men mad, may, in certain conjunctures, only capacitate others of superior abilities to undertake and perform extraordinary things. Whether Cromwell was one of these, or acted entirely from political cunning, the times he lived in could not discover; and much less can the present. Thus far is certain, that, by an uncommon appearance of zeal, by great address, and great valour, he first enflamed the spirit of liberty into extravagance, and afterwards duped and awed it into submission. He trampled on the laws of the nation, but he raised the glory of it; and it is hard to say which he deserved most, a *batter* or a *crayon*.

If the enthusiasts of his own party

would have permitted him to have taken the title of king as well as the power, it is probable the royalty might have been fixed in his family by a well-modelled and lasting establishment. He shewed a great desire to carry that point; and I have heard him compared in this instance to Julius Cæsar, a great Roman general, who, like him, having mastered his country by it's own arms, and being possessed of more than the *power of a king*, was so fond of adding the *name* to it, that it cost him his life. But the two cases were totally different. What in the Roman was a weak vanity, and below the rest of his character, was in the Englishman solid good sense. The one could not take that name without destroying the *forms of the Roman constitution*; the other could not preserve the *forms of the English constitution* without taking that name. He therefore did wisely in seeking it; but not being able to bring his own friends to consent to it, or to do it against their opposition, he could make no settlement of the government to out-last his own life: for it is hardly possible, from the nature of things, that a dominion newly acquired should long be maintained in any country, if the ancient forms and names are not kept up. Immediately after the death of this great man, all order was lost in the state: various tyrannies were set up, and destroyed each other; but all shewed a *republick to be impracticable*. At last the nation, growing weary of such wild confusion, agreed to recal the banished son of their murdered king, not for *his sake*, but for *the sake of the monarchy*, which all the nation desired to restore; and so inconsiderate was the zeal of those times, that they restored it without any limitations, or any conditions made for the publick. Thus the fruits of a tedious civil war were lightly and carelessly thrown away by too hasty a passion for repose. The constitution revived indeed again, but revived *as sickly as before*: the ill humours, which ought to have been purged away by the violent remedies that had been used, continued as prevalent as ever, and naturally broke out in the same disorders. The king wanted to set himself above the law; wicked men encouraged this disposition; and many good men were weak enough to comply with it, out of aversion to those principles of resistance which they had seen so fatally abused.

LETTER LXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE methods pursued by Charles the Second, in the conduct of his government, were in many respects different from his father's, though the purpose of both was much the same. The father always *bullied* his parliaments; the son endeavoured to *corrupt* them: the father obstinately refused to change his ministers, because he really esteemed them as honest men; the son very easily changed *his*, because he thought they were all *alike* dishonest, and that his designs might as well be carried on by one *knave* as by another: the father was a tool of the clergy, and a persecutor, out of zeal for his religion; the son was almost indifferent to religion, but served the passions of his clergy against the dissenters from motives of policy: the father desired to be absolute at home, but to make the nation respectable abroad; the son assisted the King of France in his invasions on the liberties of Europe, that, by his help, he might master those of England; nay, he was even a pensioner to France, and, by so vile a prostitution of his dignity, set an example to the nobility of his realm, to sell *their honour likewise for a pension*; an example, the ill effects of which have been felt too sensibly ever since.

Yet, with all these vices and imperfections in the character of Charles the Second, there was something so bewitching in his behaviour, that the charms of it prevailed on many to connive at the faults of his government: and, indeed, nothing can be so hurtful to a country, which has liberties to defend, as a prince who knows how at the same time to make himself *despotick* and *agreeable*: this was eminently the talent of Charles the Second; and what is most surprizing, he possessed it without any great depth of understanding.

But the principal instrument of his bad intentions, was a general depravity of manners, with which he took pains to infect his court, and they the nation. All virtues, both publick and private, were openly ridiculed; and none were allowed to have any talents for wit or

business, who pretended to any sense of honour, or regard to decency.

The king made great use of these new notions; and they proved very pernicious to the freedom, as well as morals, of his subjects: but an indolence, natural to his temper, was some check to his designs; and, fond as he was of arbitrary power, he did not pursue it any farther than was consistent with his *pleasure and repose*.

His brother, who bore a great sway in his government, had changed his religion abroad, as the king himself had also done: but with this difference, that the latter retained almost as little of that which he embraced, as of that which he forsook; whereas the former was a bigot to popery, and known to be such, while the change of the king was a secret to most of his subjects. The fear of a *popish successor* raised great discontent, and great disorders in the nation: the House of Commons passed a bill for excluding that prince from the crown, founded undoubtedly in justice and reason; but the firmness of the king in *that single point*; the complaisance of the lords, the jealousy the church entertained of the dissenters, the scruples of those who thought hereditary right *divine and indefeasible*; and, above all, the fear of being involved in a new civil war, which alarmed many well-meaning people, from a mixture of *faction* that had discovered itself in some of the characters; and in some of the measures, by which the national cause was then carried on, frustrated the attempt to *change the succession*, as the obstinacy of those engaged in that attempt did all expedients to *limit the successor*. The unhappy advantages all this gave to the king made him a great deal more absolute in the last years of his reign than in all the foregoing ones; and, upon his demise, brought his brother in *peace and triumph* to the throne. He had not been long seated there, before he convinced the most attached to his party, that the apprehensions conceived of him, and the design of excluding him, had been too just. All

that the spirit of bigotry could add to a temper in itself *barb* and *violent*, appeared in his government: all that a *weak understanding*, *madly conducted*, could undertake, was undertaken: arbitrary power was the means used, and the end designed was a change of religion. Happy was it for England that this end so plainly declared itself: it roused even those whom no danger to liberty could have ever alarmed, and taught the preachers of *non-resistance* to

refra. A revolution was evidently necessary to save the whole, and that necessity produced one.

King James the Second lost his crown, and the nation gave it to their deliverer the Prince of Orange: the government was settled on a firmer foundation, agreeable to the ancient Saxon principles from which it had declined; and, by a *happiness* peculiar to itself, grew stronger from the shocks it had sustained.

LETTER LXIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE first advantage gained by the English nation, in the change of their government, was the utter extinction of those vain and empty phantoms of *hereditary indefeasible right*, and a power *superior to law*, which King James the First had conjured up, to the great disturbance and terror of his people.

With James the Second they were expelled; nor can they ever be brought back again with any prospect of success, but by *that family alone*, which *claims from him*: for which reason, it will eternally be the interest of the people of England, not to suffer such a *claim* to prevail; but to maintain an establishment, which is founded on the basis of their liberty, and from which their liberty cannot be separated unless the rights of both are destroyed.

As the parliament plainly disposed of the crown in altering the succession, the princes who have reigned since that time could pretend to none but a *parliamentary title*; and the same force as the legislature could give to that, it also gave to the privileges of the subject.

The word *loyalty*, which had long been misapplied, recovered it's original and proper sense: it was now understood to mean no more than a due obedience to the authority of the king, in conformity to the laws; instead of a bigotted compliance to the will of the king, in opposition to the laws.

How great an advantage this would be, will appear, by reflecting on the mischiefs that have been brought upon this country in particular, from the wrong interpretation of *certain names*,

But this is not the only benefit that ensued from that happy revolution. The prerogative of the crown had been till then so ill defined, that the full extent of it was rather stopped by the degree of *prudence* in the government, or of *impatience* in the people, than by the letter of the law: nay, it seemed as if in many instances the law allowed a power to the king, entirely destructive to itself. Thus princes had been often made to believe, that what their subjects complained of as oppression, was a legal exercise of the rights of the crown: and no wonder if, in disputable points, they decided the question in favour of their own authority.

But now the bounds of prerogative were marked out by express restrictions; the course of it became regular and fixed; and could no longer move obliquely, to the danger of the general system.

Let me also observe to thee, that whereas before, *to govern by parliaments* was the policy only of good and wise princes; after this period, it may be considered in a different light, because all expedients of *governing otherwise* are plainly impracticable, and it may not always imply a *conforming the government to the sense of the people*. I will explain this to thee more distinctly when I write again. In the mean while, let me a little recal thy thoughts from past events, and the *history of England*, to the remembrance and love of thy faithful Selim, who is not become so much an Englishman as to forget his native Persia; but perpetually fights for his friends and country, amidst all that engages his attention in a foreign land.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE ancient revenues of the kings of England consisted chiefly in a large demesne of lands, and certain rights and powers reserved to them over the lands held of the crown; by means of which, they supported the royal dignity without the immediate assistance of the people, except upon extraordinary occasions. But, in process of time, the extravagance of princes and the rapaciousness of favourites having wasted the best part of this estate, and their successors endeavouring to repair it by a tyrannical abuse of those rights and powers, some of them which were found to be most grievous, were bought off by the parliament, with a fixed establishment for the maintenance of the household, composed of certain taxes yearly raised, and appropriated thereto.

But, after the *expulsion of the Stuarts*, the expence of the government being augmented for the defence of the succession, the crown was constrained to apply to parliament, not only for the maintenance of its household, which was settled at the beginning of every reign,

and in every reign *considerably increased*; not only for extraordinary supplies, to which end parliaments anciently were called; but for the ordinary service of the year.

Thus a continual dependance on the people became necessary to kings; and they were so truly the *servants* of the publick; that they received the *wages* of it in form, and were obliged to the parliament for the means of exercising the royalty, as well as for the right they had to claim it. Nor can this salutary dependance ever cease, except the parliament itself should give it up, by empowering the king to raise money, without *limiting the sum, or specifying the services*. Such concessions are absurd in their own nature; for if a prince is afraid to trust his people with a power of supplying his necessities, upon a thorough knowledge of them, the people have no encouragement to trust their prince, or, to speak more properly, his minister, with so blind and undetermined an authority.

LETTER LXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

YOU have seen in my last, that, from the time of King James's expulsion, annual meetings of parliament were become necessary to the carrying on of the government. But that the representatives of the people, from too long a delegation of their authority, might not forget *by what*, and *for what*, it was given them; and that the people might be enabled to correct a *bad choice*, which experience should prove to be such; it was thought expedient not long after to pass a law for the chusing a *new parliament* at the end of every *three years*. This term has been since prolonged to *seven*, I think for very good reasons; because the country interest could not support the redoubled expence of contesting with court-corruption so

much oftener than now, and there are no good grounds to suppose that the efforts on that side would be much less for a triennial than a septennial parliament, a majority in *that* being equally necessary to a court as in *this*: so that the attacks would be the same, or near the same, and the resistance much weaker on the side of the people. If then the good proposed by shortening the term be very uncertain, it must be considered that very great and certain evils attend upon frequent elections; viz. the enflaming of party divisions, depraving the morals of the people, and many other inconveniences of no little weight. However, this is a point about which I have found the best men differ, and which thou wilt therefore consider as more problematical

blematical than others I have mentioned before. I now return to my history.

Among other advantages gained to liberty at *this it's happy restoration*, a free exercise of their religion was allowed to those who differ from the rites of the English church; which has been continued and secured to them ever since; with some short interruptions, which even the party that caused them is now *ashamed of*. Nor has any thing contributed more than this to the peace and happiness of the government; by gaining it the affection of all it's subjects, and taking from the spirit of faction a pretence; and a strength, of which it has often made a very bad use.

I must also observe to thee, that from this period a different temper has shewn itself in the *clergy* of England. They are become better friends to liberty, better subjects, better Englishmen, than they had usually been either before or since the Reformation. Some among them have written in defence of the religious and civil rights of mankind; with as free a spirit, and as much force of learning and argument, as any layman has ever done; a merit peculiar to themselves, and to *which no other clergy in the whole world can pretend*. The generality of them are now very moderate, quiet, and *useful members of the commonwealth*, in due submission to the civil authority, and desiring nothing but, what they deserve, the *protection of government in the enjoyment of their just rights*. They who would deny them that, are themselves *persecutors, disturbers of government, and very bad members of the commonwealth*.

This succession was facilitated and secured by the union of Scotland with England; and Great Britain became infinitely stronger, by being undivided, entire, and *wholly an island*.

One condition of that union was, the admitting sixteen Scotch peers, chosen by the whole body of the peerage, into the English House of Lords, but upon a tenure very different from the rest, being to sit there only for the duration of the parliament, at the end of which a new election must be made. If those elections are *free and uninfluenced*, this

alteration in the English constitution may prove very much to it's advantage, because such a number of independent votes will balance *any part of the House of Peers* over which the court may have obtained too great an influence; but if they should ever be *chosen by corruption*, and have no hopes of *sitting there again* except by an *unconstitutional dependence* on the favour of a court, then such a number added to the *others* would grievously endanger the constitution; and the House of Lords, instead of being, as it ought, a *mediating power* between the crown and the people, would become a sort of *antichamber to the court*, a mere office for executing and *authorizing* the purposes of a *minister*.

I have now, my dear Mirza, traced thee out a general plan of the English constitution; and I believe thou wilt agree with me, upon the whole, that a *better can hardly be contrived*; the only misfortune is, that *so good a one can hardly be preserved*.

The great distinction between the ancient plan of it and that which has taken place since the expulsion of the Stuarts is this, that the first was *left perfect*; but better secured, because the nobility and people had the *sword in their hands*; whereas the last is more *regular*, subject to *fewer disorders*, and in the frame of it *more free*, but ill secured, the sword being *only in the hands of the king*; to which is added a vast increase of the *wealth* of the crown, and a mighty influence gained to it by the debts of the publick, which have brought on new *taxes*, new powers for the raising those taxes, of a very dangerous nature, and a prodigious multiplication of *officers* wholly dependent upon the court; from all which the court has acquired new means of *corruption*, without any new *effectual* securities against that corruption being yet gained on the side of the people. And this sort of power is so much more to be feared than any other, as it cannot be exercised without *depraving the morals*, and *debasing the spirit*, of the whole people; which in the end would not only enslave them, but render their servitude *voluntary, deserved, and remediless*.

LETTER LXVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

IN former reigns, when parliaments were laid aside for any length of time, the whole authority of the state was lodged in a privy council, by the advice and direction of which all affairs were carried on. But these counsellors, being *chosen* by the king, and *depending* on his favour, were too apt to advise such things only as they knew would be most agreeable; and thus the interests of the nation were often sacrificed to the profit and expectations of a few particulars. Yet still, as on extraordinary occasions the king might be forced to call a parliament, the fear of it was some check to their proceedings; and a degree of caution was natural to men who foresaw they should sooner or later be called to an account. But let us suppose, that any future prince could wholly influence the election of a parliament, and make the members of it *dependent on himself*, what would be the difference between *that parliament* and a privy council? Would it speak the sense of the nation, or of the court? Would the interest of the people be considered in it, or that of their representatives? They would only differ in this respect, that *one*, having no power above it, *might be absolutely free from all restraint*, which, with the terror of a parliament hanging over it, the *other never could*.

This is the only imaginable method, by which the liberty of the English nation can be attacked with any success. But thou wilt ask, To what end should an attack of this nature be made? Why should a king of England go about to destroy a constitution, the maintenance of which would render him both great and happy?

I reply, that a king indeed can have no reasonable inducement to make such an experiment; but a minister may find it necessary for his own support: and happy would it have been for many countries, if the *master's* interest had

been considered by the *servant* half so warmly as the *servant's* by the *master*.

If a man who travels through Italy was to ask, what advantage all the wealth in religious houses, and all the idolatrous worship paid there, are to the saints they are dedicated to; the answer must be, *Of none at all*. But the priests, who are really gainers by them, know that they abuse the people to very good purpose; and make use of a *venerable name*, not from any regard they have to it, but to raise their own greatness, swell their own pride, and *cover and secure* their own extortion.

It is only therefore by the weakness of princes, the arts of ministers, and the seduction of the people against their own interests, the constitution of England can perish, and probably will perish at last. This will happen sooner or later, as more or less care is taken by those whose duty it is to watch over it. I am not ignorant that there are some visionary men, who dream of schemes to perpetuate it beyond all possibility of future change: but I have always thought the same of political projects to render a government, as of chemical projects to render a man *immortal*. Such a *grand elixir* cannot be found; and those who would tamper with states, in hopes of procuring them that *immortality*, are the most unfit to prescribe to them of all men in the world. But, at the same time that I know this, I also know, that the date of a government may be *prolonged* by proper and salutary remedies, applied by those who understand it's true nature, and join to speculative wisdom *experience* and *temper*. Nor should I think it at all a better excuse for assisting to ruin the constitution of my country, that it *must come to an end*, and perhaps *begins to decay*, than for joining in the murder of my father, that he *must die at last*, and *begins to grow old*.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE other morning, a friend of mine came to me, and told me, with the air of one who brings an agreeable piece of news, that there was a lady who most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance, and had commissioned him to carry me to see her. I will not deny to thee, that my vanity was a little flattered with this message: I fancied she had seen me in some publick place, and had taken a liking to my person; not being able to comprehend what other motive could make her send for a man she was a stranger to, in so free and extraordinary a manner. I painted her in my own imagination very young and very handsome, and set out, with most pleasing expectations, to see the conquest I had made: but when I arrived at the place of assignation, I found a little old woman, very dirty, encircled by four or five strange fellows, one of whom had a paper in his hand, which he was reading to her with all the emphasis of an author.

My coming in obliged him to break off, which put him a good deal out of humour; but the lady, understanding who I was, received me with great satisfaction, and told me, she had long had a curiosity to be acquainted with a Mahometan: 'For you must know,' said she, 'that I have applied myself particularly to the study of *theology*, and by profound meditation and enquiry have formed a religion of my own, much better than the vulgar one in all respects. I never admit any-body to my house, who is not distinguished

from the common herd of Christians by some extraordinary notion in divinity: all these gentlemen are eminently heretical, each in a way peculiar to himself; they are so good to do me the honour of instructing me in their several points of faith, and submit their opinions to thy judgment. Thus, Sir, I have composed a private system, which must necessarily be perfecter than any, because it is collected out of all; but to compleat it, I want a little of the *Koran*, a book which I have heard spoken of mighty handsomely by many learned men of my acquaintance: and I assure you, Sir, I should have a very good opinion of Mahomet himself, if he were not a little too hard upon the ladies. Be so kind therefore to initiate me in your mysteries, and you shall find me very docile and very grateful.'

'Madam,' replied I in great confusion, 'I did not come to England as a missionary, and was never versed in religious disputation. But if a Persian tale would entertain you, I could tell you one that the eastern ladies are mighty fond of.'

'A Persian tale!' cried she; 'have you the insolence to offer me a Persian tale? Really, Sir, I am not used to be so affronted.'

At these words, she retired into her closet, with her whole train of metaphysicians; and left my friend and me to go away, as unworthy of any further communion with her.

LETTER LXVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

WOULDEST thou know, Mirza, the present state of Europe? I will give it thee in a very few words.

There is one nation in it, which thinks of nothing but how to prey upon the others, while the others are entirely taken up with preying upon themselves.

There is one nation where particulars take a pride in the glory of their country; while in the others no glory is considered, but that of raising or improving a vast estate.

There is one nation which, though able in negotiation, puts its principal

K 2 confidence

confidence in the sword; while the others trust wholly to the pen, though much less capable of using it with advantage.

There is one nation which invariably pursues a great plan of general dominion, while the others are pursuing little interests, through a labyrinth of changes and contradictions.

What, Mirza, dost thou think will

be the consequence? Is it not probable that this nation will in the end be lord of all the rest? It certainly must. One thing only can hinder it, which is, that the fear of falling under that yoke, when the peril appears to be imminent, may raise a different spirit in all those nations, and work out their safety from their danger itself.

LETTER LXIX.

SALIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was the other day in a coffee-house, where I found a man declaiming upon the present state of Persia, and so warm for the interests of Tamas Kouli Kan, our invincible general*, that, if it had not been for his language and dress, I should have taken him for a Persian.

'Sir,' said I, 'are you acquainted with Tamas Kouli Kan, that you concern yourself thus about him?'

'No,' said he, 'I was never out of England; but I love the Persians, for being enemies to the Turks.'

'What hurt have the Turks done you,' answered I, 'that you bear such enmity against them?'

'Sir,' replied he, 'I am afraid they should hurt the emperor, whose friend I have always declared myself.'

I enquired of a gentleman that sat by me, who this FRIEND OF THE EMPEROR might be; and was told that he was a dancing-master in St. James's Street.

'For my part,' said a young gentleman finely dressed, that stood sipping a dish of tea by the fire-side, 'I do not care if Tamas Kouli Kan, and the great Turk, and all the Persians and emperors in Europe, were at the bottom of the sea, provided Farinelli be but safe.'

The indifference of this gentleman surprized me more than the importance of the other.

'If you are concerned for Farinelli,' said a third, (who they told me was a chemist) 'persuade him to take my drop; and that will secure him from the humidity of the English air, which may very much prejudice his voice.'

'Will it not also make a man of him again?' said a gentleman to the doctor. 'After the miracles we have been told it has performed, there is nothing more wanting but such a cure to complement its reputation.'

LETTER LXX.

SALIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON:

A Friend of mine was talking to me, some days ago, of the spirit of enthusiasm, which appeared so strongly in the first professors of our religion; and, as he pretended, in the prophet himself: to that chiefly he ascribed their mighty conquests; and observed, that there needed nothing more to render them invincible, such a spirit being constantly attended with a contempt of pleasure and of ease, of danger and of pain.

'If,' said he, 'the enthusiasts of this country, in the reign of Charles the First, had been united among themselves, like the Arabians under Mahomet and his successors, I make no doubt but they might have conquered all Europe: but unhappily their enthusiasm was directed to different points; some were bigots to the Church of England; some to Calvin; some to particular whimsies of their own; one

* By these words it appears, that these Letters were written before Tamas Kouli Kan usurped the throne.

set of them ran mad for a republick, others were no less out of their wits in the love of monarchy; so that, instead of making themselves formidable to their neighbours, they turned the edge of their fury against each other, and destroyed all peace and order here at home. Yet, as much as our ancestors suffered then by the wrong direction of their zeal, I wish the present age may not suffer more by the total want of it among us. There is so cold and lifeless an unconcern to every thing but a narrow, private interest; we are so little in earnest about

religion, virtue, honour, or the good of our country; that, unless some spark of the ancient fire should revive, I am afraid we shall jest away our liberties, and all that is serious to our happiness. If the great Mr. Hampden had conversed with our modern race of wits, he would have been told, that it was a *ridiculous enthusiasm*, to trouble himself about a trifling sum of money, because it was raised against the privileges of the people; and that he might get a thousand times more than he disputed for, by a *prudent submission*.

LETTER LXXI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is a new science produced in Europe of late years, entirely unknown to any former age, or to any other part of the world, which is called *TREATY LEARNING*. I have been let into a general idea of it by a very ingenious friend of mine, who has acquired a considerable talent in it, having served an apprenticeship of twenty years under different masters in foreign courts, and made, in a political sense, *the tour of Europe*. He tells me, it is a very extensive study; for not only *the rights* of every prince, but *their inclinations to the rights of any other*, are therein set forth and comprehended. This has branched itself out into an infinity of *separate and secret articles, engagements, counter-engagements, memorials, remonstrances, declarations*; all which the learned in this science are required to know perfectly by heart, that they may be ready upon occasion to apply them, or elude their application, as the interest of their masters shall demand.

He shewed me ten or twelve volumes lately published, consisting only of the treaties which have been made since the beginning of this century, four or five of which were quite filled with those of England.

'Sure,' said I, 'this huge heap of negotiations could never have been employed about the business of this little spot of earth for so small a space of time as *thirty years*! No—the affairs of all Europe must be settled in them, for the next century at least.—

'For the next session of parliament,' answered he; '*these political machines* are seldom mounted to go longer than *that period*, without being taken to pieces, or new wound-up.'

'But how,' said I, 'could England, which is an island, be enough concerned in what passes on the continent, to undergo all this labour in adjusting it?'

'O,' replied he, 'we grow weary of being confined within the narrow verge of our own interests; we thought it looked more considerable, to *expatiate*, and give our talents room to play. But this was not the only end of our continual and restless agitation: it may frequently be the interest of a minister, if he finds things in a calm, to *trouble the waters*, and work up a storm about him; if not to perplex and confound those above him, yet to embarrass and intimidate the competitors or rivals of his power.'

'Perhaps too there might be a still deeper motive: these engagements are for the most part pretty chargeable; and those who are obliged to make them good, complain that they are much *the poorer for them*; but it is not sure, that *those who form them* are so too.'

'As far,' said I, 'as my little observation can enable me to judge of these affairs, the multiplicity of your treaties is as hurtful as the multiplicity of your laws. In Asia, a few plain words are found sufficient to settle the differences

* differences of particulars in a state, or
 * of one state with another. But here
 * you run into volumes upon both: and
 * what is the effect of it? Why, after
 * great trouble and great expence, you
 * are as far from decision as before; nay,
 * often more puzzled and confounded.
 * The only distinction seems to be, that
 * in your law-suits, perplexing as they

* are, there is at last a rule of equity to
 * resort to; but in the other disputes, the
 * last appeal is to the iniquitous rule of
 * force; and princes treat by the mouths
 * of their great guns, which soon de-
 * molish all the paper on both sides,
 * and tear to pieces every cobweb of ns-
 * gociation.

LETTER LXXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was lately at a tavern with a sett of
 company very oddly put together:
 there was a country gentleman, a man
 of honest principles, but extremely a
 bigot to his religion, which was that of
 the Church of Rome; there was a law-
 yer, who was a very good Protestant,
 moderate to those who differed from him
 in points of belief, but zealous in the
 cause of civil liberty; there was a cour-
 tier, who seemed not to believe any
 thing, and to be angry with every body
 that did.

This last very rudely attacked the
 faith of the poor country gentleman,
 and laid open to him the frauds of the
 Roman priesthood, who, by slow but
 regular degrees, had erected such a ty-
 ranny over the minds and spirits of the
 people, that nothing was too gross for
 them to impose, or too arrogant to as-
 sume. He set forth the vast difference
 between a bishop in the primitive ages of
 Christianity, and a pope, with a triple
 crown upon his head, and half the
 wealth of Christendom in his treasury.
 He lamented the simplicity of those
 who, without looking back to the ori-
 ginal of things, imagine that all is right
 which they find established; and mistake
 the corruptions of a system for the system
 itself: he inveighed against the pusillani-
 mity of others, who though they see the
 corruptions, and detest them, yet suffer
 them to continue unreformed, only be-
 cause they have been tolerated so long;
 as if any evil was less dangerous, by
 being grown habitual.

He concluded by declaiming very
 eloquently on the use and advantage of
 free-thinking; that is, of doubting and
 examining every article proposed to our
 belief, which alone could detect these
 impositions, and confound the ill pur-

poses of their authors; mixing, in the
 course of his talk, with these just re-
 flexions, many licentious witticisms
 against what all religion and all philoso-
 phy have ever accounted sacred and ve-
 nerable.

His antagonist had little to reply; but
 entrenched himself in the necessity of
 submitting to the authority of the church,
 and the danger of allowing private
 judgment to call in question her deci-
 sions.

The dispute would have been turned
 into a quarrel, by the zeal of one and
 the asperity of the other, had not the
 lawyer very seasonably interposed, who,
 addressing himself to the advocate for
 freedom, desired to know, whether li-
 berty in temporals was not of import-
 ance to mankind, as well as liberty in
 spirituals. How then comes it, that
 you, who are so warm for the main-
 tenance of the last, are so notoriously
 indifferent to the first? To what shall
 we ascribe the mighty difference be-
 tween your POLITICAL and RELI-
 GIOUS FAITH? and whence is it that
 the former is so easy, and the latter so
 intractable? Can those who are thus
 quick-sighted in the frauds of ecclesi-
 astical dominion, see no juggling at all
 in their civil rulers? Are the imposi-
 tions less glaring, or more tolerable,
 which they both acquiesce in and sup-
 port, than those which they so violent-
 ly oppose? Let us take the very in-
 stance you have given. Is a pope
 more unlike to a christian bishop, than
 a sole minister to an officer of a free
 state? If you look back to the original
 of things, what traces will you find
 of such an office? In what ancient
 constitution can you discover the foun-
 dations of such a power? Is not this
 a most

' a most manifest corruption, growing
' out of ten thousand corruptions, and
' naturally productive of ten thousand
' more? If you say, these are *mysteries*
' of state, and therefore not to be ex-
' amined; I am sure the *mysteries* you
' attack have yet a better title to your
' respect, and less mischief will attend
' on their remaining not subject to en-
' quiry.

' Or will you borrow the arguments
' of your adversary, and plead the ne-
' cessity of submission, and the danger of
' setting up *reason* against *authority*?
' If so, I would only put you in mind,
' that all *authority flows from reason*,
' and ought to lose it's force in propor-
' tion as it deviates from it's source.

' It is a jest to say, that mankind can-
' not be governed without *these imposi-*
' *tions*; they were governed happily be-
' fore *these were invented*, much more
' happily than they have been ever since:
' as well it may be said, that Christian
' piety, which was established in plain-
' dealing and simplicity, must be sup-
' ported by the knavery and pageantry
' introduced in late ages by the Church
' of Rome. But the truth is, that most
' men do in the state just what you say
' has been done in the Church; they
' maintain abuses by *prescription*, and
' make the bad condition things are in
' an argument for letting them grow
' worse.

' I cannot,' said I, ' debate with the
' gentleman who has attacked the abuses
' of ecclesiastical power upon the parti-

' cular facts he has asserted; nor will I
' wholly deny the conclusions he draws
' from those facts. But it seems to
' me, that he has often confounded two
' things entirely different; a just regard
' to religion, without which no society
' can long subsist, and a weak attach-
' ment to what either folly or knavery
' may have grafted upon religion, and
' sanctified under that name. To dis-
' tinguish these, is the part of a man of
' sense, and a good man; but to attack
' both without any distinction, to attack
' the first because of the last, is at least
' as far from true wisdom as superstition
' itself. Can a worse corruption, or a
' more dreadful disorder, arise in any
' government, than an open contempt
' of religion, avowed and professed? A
' nation where *that* prevails, is on the
' brink of destruction. What degree
' of respect or submission is due to par-
' ticular religious opinions, even to
' those which are not *essential*, I will
' not take upon me now to dispute; but
' this I am sure of, that a *blind confi-*
' *dence in temporal affairs* agrees very
' ill with *doubt in spirituals*. A free
' enquirer into points of speculation
' should, beyond all others, be ashamed
' of a tame compliance in points of
' action.

' The *unthinking* may be passive from
' delusion, or, at least, from inadver-
' tency; but the *greatest monster* and
' *worst criminal in society* is a FREE-
' THINKING SLAVE.

LETTER LXXIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

EVERY nation has some peculiar
excellence, by which it is distin-
guished from it's neighbours, and of
which without vanity it may boast. Thus
Italy produces the finest *fingers*; Eng-
land the stoutest *boxers*; Germany
the profoundest *theologians*; and France
is incomparable for it's *COOKS*. This
last advantage carries the palm from all
the rest; and that nation has great reason
to be proud of it, as a talent of univer-
sal currency, and for which all other
countries do them homage: on this
single perfection depends the pleasure,
the magnificence, the pride, nay the re-

putation, of every court in Europe;
without a good French *cook*, there is no
ambassador can possibly do his master's
business, no secretary of state can hold
his office, no man of quality can sup-
port his rank and dignity. A friend of
mine, who frequently has the honour
to dine at the tables of *the great*, for
which he pays no higher price than *his*
vote in parliament, has sometimes
obliged me with a bill of fare, and (as
near as he could) an estimate of the
charge which these genteel entertain-
ments are attended with. I told him,
that their dinners put me in mind of
what

what I had heard about their politicks : they are artificial, unsubstantial, and *unwholesome*, but at the same time most *ruinously expensive*. ' Sure,' said I, ' your great men must have *digestions* prodigiously sharp and strong, to carry off such a load of various meats as are served up to them every day ! they must not only be made with *heads* and *hearts*, but with *stomachs*, very different from other people !'

' Not in the least,' answered he. ' They seldom touch any of the dainties that are before them : those dainties, like the women in your seraglios, are more intended for ornament than use. There is always a plain dish set in a corner, a homely joint of English beef or mutton, on which the master of the feast makes his dinner, and two or three choice friends, who are allowed to have a cut with him out of special grace and favour, while the rest are languishing in vain for such a happiness, and piddling upon ortolans and truffles.

' I have seen a poor country gentleman sit down to one of these fine dinners with an extreme dislike to the French cookery; yet, for fear of being counted unpolite, not daring to refuse any thing that was offered him, but cramming and sweating with the struggle between his aversion and civility.

' Why then,' said I, ' this continual extravagance ? Why this number of victims daily sacrificed to the dæmon of luxury ? How is it worth a man's while to undo himself, perhaps to undo his country, that his board may be graced with *patés* of perigord, when his guests had rather have the fowl from his barn-door ? Your comparison of the seraglio will not hold ; for though indeed there is an unnecessary variety, yet they are not all served up to us *together* ; we content ourselves with *one* or *two* of them at a meal, and reserve the rest for future entertainments.'

I concluded, with repeating to him a story, which is taken out of the annals of our kings.

' Shah Abbas, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became so great a prince. One might have judged of the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his

table: some were sent him from the Euphrates and Persian Gulph, others from the Oxus and Caspian Sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the Three Tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office; but instead of falling-to, and eating heartily, as *holy men* are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and fell a weeping. Shah Abbas, surprized at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company: he would fain have been excused; but the sophi ordered him, on pain of his displeasure, to acquaint them with the cause of his disorder.

' Know, then,' said he, ' O monarch of the earth ! that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather vision, which was sent me from the prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when, methought, the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest heaven, where the messenger of God, on whom be peace ! was sitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals, of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against thee, Shah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand.

' It was alledged by them, that ten or twelve of them were often murdered, to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate; some gave their tongues only, some their bowels, some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared, such constant waste was made of them, that, unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The prophet, hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him: they instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, and examined whether it was bigger or more capacious

“capacious than those of other men :
 “when it was found to be just of the
 “common size, he permitted all the ani-
 “mals to make reprisals on the body
 “of their destroyer; but, before one in
 “ten thousand could get at thee, every
 “particle of it was devoured; so ill-

“proportioned was the offender to the
 “offence.”

“This story made such an impression
 “on the sophi, that he would not suffer
 “above one dish of meat to be brought
 “to his table ever after.”

LETTER LXXIV.

TO IBRAHIM MOLLAC, AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

YES, holy Mollac, I am more and more convinced of it; infidelity is certainly attended with a spirit of infatuation. The prophet hurts the understandings of those who refuse to receive his holy law; he punishes the hardness of their hearts, by the depravation of their judgments. How can we otherwise account for what I have seen since my arrival among Christians?

I have seen a people, whose very being depends on commerce, suffer *luxury* and the *heavy load of taxes* to ruin their manufactures at home, and turn the balance against them in foreign trade!

I have seen them glory in the greatness of their wealth, when they are reduced every year to carry on the expences of government by robbing the very *fund* which is to ease them of a debt of *fifty millions*!

I have seen them *fit out fleets*, augment their *forces*, express continual *fears* of an *invasion*, and suffer continual depredations upon their merchants from a contemptible enemy; yet all the while hug themselves in the notion of being blest with a *profound and lasting peace*!

I have seen them wrapped up in full

security, upon the flourishing state of *publick credit*, only because they had a *prodigious stock of paper*, which now, indeed, they circulate as money; but which the first alarm of a calamity may, in an instant, make *mere paper* of again!

I have seen them constantly busied in *passing laws* for the better regulation of their *police*, and never taking any care of their *execution*; loudly declaring the abuses of their government, and quietly allowing them to encrease!

I have seen them distressed for *want of hands* to carry on their husbandry and manufactures; yet permitting thousands of their people to be destroyed, or rendered useless and hurtful to society, by the abominable use of *spirituous liquors*!

I have seen them make such a *provision for their poor*, as would relieve all their wants if well applied; and suffer a third part of them to *starve*, from the roguery and riot of those entrusted with the care of them!

But the *greatest* of all the *wonders* I have seen, and which most of all proves their *infatuation*, is, that *they profess* TO MAINTAIN LIBERTY BY CORRUPTION.

LETTER LXXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Felicitate thee, Mirza, on thy new dignity; I bow myself reverently before thee, not with the heart of a flatterer, but a friend; the favour of thy master shines upon thee; he has raised thee to the right-hand of his throne; the treasures of Persia are committed to thy custody: if thou behavest thy-

self honestly and wisely, I shall think thee much *greater* from thy *advancement*; if otherwise, much *lower* than before. Thou hast undertaken a charge very important to thy prince and to his people; both are equally concerned in thy administration, both have equally a right to thy fidelity. If ever thou shalt
 L separate

separate their interests, if thou shalt set up the one against the other, know, it will end in the ruin of *both*. Do not imagine that thy master will be richer by draining his subjects of their wealth: such *gains* are *irreparable losses*; they may serve a present sordid purpose, but dry up the sources of opulence for futurity.

I would recommend to thy attention and remembrance, the saying of a famous English *treasurer* in the happy reign of Queen Elizabeth. 'I do not *love*,' said that truly able minister, 'to see the treasury swell like a distempered spleen, when the other parts of the state are in a consumption.' Be it thy care to prevent such a decay; and, to that end, not only save the publick all unnecessary expence, but so *digest* and *order* what is needful, that *perplexity* may not serve to cover *fraud*, nor *incapacity* lurk behind *confusion*. Rather submit to any difficulty and distress in the conduct of thy ministry, than *anticipate* the revenues of the government without an absolute necessity; for such expedients are a *temporary ease*, but a *permanent destruction*.

In relieving the people from their taxes, let it also be thy glory to relieve them from the infinite number of *tax-gatherers*, which, far worse than the Turkish or Russian armies, have *barraged* and *plundered* our poor country.

As thou art the distributor of the bounties of the crown; make them the reward of service and merit; not the hire of parasites and flatterers to thy master or *thyself*. But, above all, as thou art now a *publick person*, elevate thy mind beyond any *private view*; try to enrich the publick before thyself; and think less of establishing thy family at the head of thy country, than of setting thy country at the head of Asia.

If thou canst steadily persevere in such a conduct, thy prince will want *thee* more than thou dost *him*: if thou buildest thy fortune on any *other basis*, how high soever it may rise, it will be tottering from the *weakness* of its *foundation*.

He alone is a *minister of state*, whose services are *necessary* to the *publick*; the rest are the *creatures of caprice*, and feel their *slavery* even in their *power*.

LETTER LXXVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE virtuous Abdallah is returned to England, after having been absent fourteen moons. I yesterday restored to him his lovely Zelis, the *wife* whom he had given me at his departure, and whom I had treated like a *sister*. Nothing ever was so moving as the scene, when I joined their hands again after a separation which they had feared would prove eternal*. The possession of the finest woman in the world could not give me so much pleasure as this act of humanity and justice: I made two people happy, who deserved it; and am secured of the affections of both to the last moment of their lives.

When the transports of their joy were a little over, Abdallah gave me the following relation of all that had happened to him since he left us.

THE HISTORY OF ABDALLAH.

YOU know that I sailed from England with an intent to redeem my father from captivity. As soon as I came to Malta, I went and threw myself at the feet of the grand master, beseeching him to take the ransom I had brought, and set my father free.

He answered me, that the person for whom I sued was no longer in a condition to be ransomed, being condemned to die the next day. I was ready to die myself at this account; and, desiring to know his offence, was informed, that, being unable to redeem himself, he was put to the oar like a common slave, without any regard to his innocence or age: that during an engagement with a Turk-

* See Page 45.

ish ship, he had persuaded the other slaves to quit their oars, and fight against the Christians; but that, being overpowered, he was brought to Malta, and condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as an example to the other captives in the galleys; that this dreadful sentence was to be executed upon him the morning after my arrival, and no ransom could be accepted for his life.

'O Heaven!' said I, 'did I come so far to no other purpose, but to be witness of the death of my wretched father, and a death so full of horror! Would the waves of the sea had swallowed me up, before I reached this fatal and accursed shore!—O Abderamen! O my father! what avails to thee the piety of thy son? How shall I bear to take my leave of thee for ever, at our first meeting, after an absence which seemed so long? Can I stand by, and give thee up to torments, when I flattered myself that I arrived to bring thee liberty? Alas! my presence will only aggravate thy sufferings, and make the bitterness of death more insupportable!'

In this extremity, I offered the grand master, not only to pay down all the ransom I had promised before, but to yield myself a voluntary slave, and serve in the galleys all my life, if Abderamen's might be spared.

He seemed touched with my proposal, and inclined to pity me; but was told by a Jesuit, who was his confessor, that an example of severity was necessary; and that he ought to pardon my father on no other terms but renouncing Mahometism, and being converted immediately to the *Church of Rome*.

'No,' cried I, 'if that is to be the price of a few unhappy years, it is better both of us should perish than accept them. But can you,' said I to the priest, 'who profess an holiness superior to other men, can you obstruct the mercy of your prince, and compel him to destroy a wretched man, whose only crime was the natural love of liberty? Is this your way of making converts to your faith, by the terror of racks and wheels, instead of reason?'

My reproaches signified nothing but to incense him, and I quitted the palace in despair. I was going to the prison, to see my father, for the first and last

time, when a Turkish slave accosted me, and bade me follow him. I refused to do it; but he assured me it was of moment to the life of Abderamen. I followed him, and he led me by a back way to a woman's apartment in the palace. I continued there till past midnight without seeing any body, in agitations not to be conceived: at last there came to me a lady richly dressed in the habit of my own country. After looking at me attentively some time—'O Abdallah!' said she, 'have you forgot Zoraide, the sister of Zelis?'

These words soon brought her to my remembrance, though I had not seen her for many years: I embraced her tenderly, and desired to hear what fortune had carried her to Malta.

'You know,' said she, 'that my family is of the island of Cyprus, and that I was married young to a rich merchant of Aleppo. I had by him two children, a son and daughter; and lived very happily some years, till my husband's business carrying him to Cyprus, I persuaded him to let me go, and make a visit to my relations in that island. In our passage a violent storm arose, which drove us westward beyond the isle of Candia; and before we could put into any harbour, a Maltese pirate attacked us, killed my husband, and carried me to Malta. My beauty touched the heart of the grand master; which is the more surprising, as I took no pains to set it off, thinking of nothing but the loss I had sustained: he bought me of the knight whose prize I was; and I thought it some comfort in my captivity, that I was delivered from the hands that had been stained in my husband's blood. The passion of my new lord was so excessive, that he used me more like a princess than a slave. He could deny me nothing I asked him, and was so liberal, that he never approached me without a present. You see the pomp and magnificence in which I live: my wealth is great, and my power in this place superior to any-body's. Hear then, Abdallah, what my friendship has done for you; and remember the obligation you have to me. I have employed all my interest with my lover to save the life of Abderamen: he has consented to it; and, moreover, to set him free upon the payment of the ran-

'son you proposed. But, in recompence for the aid which I have given you, you must promise to assist me in an affair that will probably be attended with some danger.' I assured her, there was nothing I would not risk, to do the sister of Zelis any service.

'You shall know,' said she, 'what it is I require of you, when the time comes to put it in execution; till then, remain at Malta, and wait my orders.'

At these words, she delivered to me a pardon under the seal of the grand master, and bid me carry it instantly to my father. I was so transported that I could not stay to thank her: I ran, I flew, to the prison of Abderamen; and, shewing the order I brought with me to his guards, was admitted to the dungeon where he lay.

The poor old man, expecting nothing but death, and believing I was the officer that came to carry him to the place of execution, fainted away before I had time to discover to him either my person or my errand. While he lay in that state of insensibility, I unbound his chains, and bore him into the open air, where with a good deal of difficulty he recovered. 'O my father!' said I to him, when I perceived that his senses were returned, 'do you not know your son Abdallah, who is come hither to save your life, who has obtained your pardon, and redeemed you from captivity?' The surprize of joy that seized him in that instant, at my sight and words, was too sudden and violent for his age and weakness to support. He struggled some time to make an answer; but at last, straining me in his arms, and muttering some half-formed sounds, he sunk down, and expired on my bosom.

When I saw that he was dead, I lost all patience; and, covering myself with dust, bewailed my folly, in not telling him my good tidings by degrees.

By this time it was broad day; and the whole town, being informed of my affliction, was gathered about me in great crowds. The grand master himself, taking pity of me, sent to tell me, that he would permit me to bear away my father's body to Aleppo, and excuse me the ransom I had offered, since death had delivered him without it. This indulgence comforted me a little; and I

would have embarked immediately for the Levant, if I had not been stopped by my promise to Zoraide. Several days passed without my hearing any news of her. I had already hired a small vessel, and put on board the remains of Abderamen; when, late one night, I was waked out of my sleep by Zoraide in the habit of a man, who told me, that she was come to claim my promise. I asked what she required me to do.

'To carry me to Aleppo,' answered she, 'that I may see my dear children once again, and enrich them with the treasures which I have gained from the bounty of my lover. Those treasures are useless to me without them; in the midst of all my pomp and outward pleasure, I am perpetually pining for their loss; *the mother's heart* is unsatisfied within; nor will it let me enjoy a moment's peace, till I am restored to them in my happy native land.' As she said this, she shewed me some bags of gold, and a casket filled with jewels of great value. 'I must insist, Abdallah,' continued she, 'that you set sail this very night, and take me along with you. The weather is tempestuous, but that circumstance will favour my escape; and I had rather venture to perish in the sea, than live any longer from my family.'

The sense of the obligation I had to her made me consent to do what she desired, how perilous soever it appeared to me. As I had a permission from the grand master to go away as soon as I thought fit, I put to sea that night without any hindrance; and the wind blowing hard off the shore, in a little while we were out of sight of Malta. The water was so rough for two or three days, that we thought it impossible our barque could weather it out; but at length, the storms abating, we pursued our voyage with a very fair wind, and arrived safe in the port of Scanderoon. Zoraide was transported with the thought of being so near Aleppo and her children; she embraced me in the most affectionate manner, and expressed a gratitude for the service I had done her far beyond what it deserved. But how great was her disappointment and affliction, when we were told by the people of Scanderoon, that the plague was at Aleppo, and had destroyed a third part of the inhabitants!

'Ah

' Ah, wretched Zoraide!' cried she, weeping, ' where are now all thy hopes of being blest in the sight of thy two children? Perhaps those two children are no more; or, if they still live, it is in hourly expectation of dying with the rest of their fellow-citizens. Perhaps at this moment they begin to sicken; and want the care of their mother to tend upon them, when they are abandoned by every other friend.'

Thus did she torture herself with dreadful apprehensions; and, often turning her eyes towards Aleppo, gave herself up to all the agonies of grief.

I said every thing I could think of to relieve her, but she would not be comforted.

The next morning the servants I had put about her came and told me that she was not to be found: they also brought me a letter, which informed me, that, not being able to endure the uncertainty she was in about her children, she had stolen away by night, and gone to Aleppo to share their danger with them; that, if she and her family escaped the sickness, I should hear from her again; but that, if they died, she was resolved not to survive them. She added, that she had left me a box of diamonds worth two thousand pistoles, being a fourth part of the jewels which she had brought from Malta by my assistance.

You may imagine how deeply I was affected at reading this letter. I resolved to stay at Scanderoon till I had some news of her, notwithstanding my passionate desire to return to Zelis. I had waited five weeks with great impatience, when we received accounts that the infection was ceased, and the commerce with Aleppo restored again. I immediately went to visit my native town; but, alas! I had little pleasure in the sight of it, after so dismal a calamity. My first enquiry was about Zoraide and her children. They carried me to her house, where I found her son, a youth of sixteen. When I made myself known to him, he fell a weeping, and told me his mother and sister were both dead. I very sincerely joined with him in his grief, and offered to restore to him the jewels she had given me. ' No,

' Abdallah,' said he, ' I am rich enough in what I inherit from my father and Zoraide. But these riches cannot comfort me for her death, nor any time wear out of my remembrance the uncommon affection which occasioned it. O, Abdallah! what a mother have I lost, and what a friend are you deprived of! When she came hither,' continued he, ' from Scanderoon, my sister and I believed we had seen a spirit: but when we found it was really Zoraide, our hearts melted with tenderness and joy. That joy was soon over; for, the third day after her arrival at Aleppo, I found myself seized with the distemper. She never quitted my bedside during my illness; and to the care she took of me I owed my life: but it proved fatal to her and my poor sister, who both caught the infection by nursing me; and, having weaker constitutions, were not able to struggle with it so well. My sister died first, and Zoraide quickly followed: when she perceived herself just expiring, she called me to her, and bade me endeavour to find you out at Scanderoon, and let you know, that she bequeathed to you the portion she had intended for my sister, amounting to five thousand pieces of gold, as to the man in the world she most esteemed: she added, that to you she recommended me with her latest breath, imploring you to take care of me for her sake, and the sake of her sister Zelis.'

The poor boy was not able to go on with his story any further. I accepted the legacy, and did my utmost to discharge worthily the trust conferred upon me: but my first care was, to bury Abderramen with all the pomp that our customs will admit. After some time spent in settling the affairs of my pupil, and my own, I took a passage on board an English ship, and arrived happily in London.

I am now possessed of a fortune that is sufficient to maintain Zelis in the manner I desire; and have nothing more to ask of Heaven but an opportunity of repaying you, O Selim, the friendship and goodness you have shewn me.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Am going, in the confidence of friendship, to give thee a proof of the weakness of human nature, and the unaccountable capriciousness of our passions. Since I delivered up Zelis to her husband, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace. Her beauty, which I saw without emotion while she continued in my power, now she is out of it, has fired me to that degree that I have almost lost my reason. I cannot bear to see her in the possession of the man to whom I gave her: if shame, if despair, did not hinder it, I should ask him for her again. In this uneasiness and disorder of my mind, there remains but one part for me to take: I must fly from her charms and my own weakness; I must retire into Persia, and endeavour, by absence and different objects, to efface the impressions she has made. Alas! what shall I find there? a seraglio composed of beautiful slaves; the mercenary prostitutes, or reluctant victims, to gross and tyrannical lust! What rational commerce can I hope for with these, what true affection, what solid peace, what heart-felt delight? But, were Zelis my wife, in such a wife I should find the most endeared, most pleasing, most faithful friend. All the precautions of eastern jealousy would then be unnecessary; those wretched precautions, which, while they bar the door against dishonour, shut out esteem, the life of friendship; and confidence, the soul of love.

Thou wilt be surprized at my talking thus: but what I feel for Zelis, and

what I have seen in England, has overcome my native prejudices: I have seen here wives, over whose conduct, though perfectly free, religion, honour, and love, are stricter guards than legions of eunuchs, or walls of brass: I have seen, by consequence, much happier husbands than any Persian can possibly be. We will discourse on this subject more fully when I am with thee: and it will be my greatest pleasure, to try to remove out of thy mind all those prepossessions of which my own has been cured by my abode in this country. If I bring thee home truth, I am sure thou wilt think that I have travelled to better purpose, than if I came back fraught with the gold of Peru, or the diamonds of Golconda.

I have more than completed the four years stay I proposed making in England; and am now determined to pass through France as far as Marseilles, and embark from thence for the Levant, as soon as the business with which I am charged on the part of some of my friends, with the Turkey merchants there, will permit. It is my fixed resolution to go away without giving Zelis the least intimation of the cause of my departure. Abdallah shall never know that I am his rival; it would take too much from the character of a friend. Thou art the only one to whom I dare confide my folly; and since it has hurt nobody but myself, I hope thou wilt rather pity than blame me for it.

LETTER LXXVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Am just on the point of leaving England: Abdallah and Zelis have received my adieus. The combat is past; my resolutions strengthen, and thou mayest expect ere long to see thy friend, with a mind a good deal altered by his travels; but a heart, which to thee, to his country, and to his duty, is still the same.

It would be unjust and ungrateful in me to quit this island, without expressing a very high esteem of the good sense, sincerity, and good-nature, I have found among the English: to these qualities I might also add politeness, which certainly they have as good a title to as any of their neighbours; but I am afraid that this accomplishment has been acquired too

too much at the expence of other virtues more solid and essential. Of their *industry*, their commerce is a proof; and for their *valour*, let their *enemies* declare it. Of their *faults* I will at present say no more, but that many of them are *newly introduced*, and so contrary to the genius of the people, that one would hope they might be easily rooted out. They are undoubtedly, all circumstances considered, a very *great*, a very *powerful* and *happy* nation; but how long they shall *continue* so, depends entirely on the *preservation of their liberty*. To the *constitution* of their government alone are attached all these blessings and advantages: should that ever be *depraved* or *corrupted*, they must expect to become the most *contemptible* and most *unhappy* of mankind. For what can so much aggravate the wretchedness of an

oppressed and ruined people, as the remembrance of former freedom and prosperity? All the images and traces of their liberty, which it is probable no change will quite destroy, must be a perpetual reproach and torment to them, for having so degenerately parted with *their birth-right*. And, if slavery is to be endured, where is the man that would not rather chuse it under the warm sun of Agra or Isfahan, than in the northern climate of England?

I have therefore taken my leave of my friends here, with this affectionate, well-meant advice, That they should vigilantly *watch over their constitution*, and guard it by those strong bulwarks which alone are able to secure it, *a firm union of all honest men, justice upon publick offenders, national and private frugality*.

F I N I S.

